THE TIN TRUMPET;

OR,

HEADS AND TAILS FOR THE WISE AND WAGGISH.

A NEW AMERICAN EDITION, WITH ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS.

"Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem."—HORACE.

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THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

Ad Candidum Lectorem.

Cum legis hunc nostrum, Lector studiose, libellum,
Decedat vultu tetrica ruga tuo.
Non sunt hæc tristi conscripta Catonibus ore,
Non Heraclitis, non gravibus Curiis:
Sed si Heracliti, Curii, si fortè Catones,
Adjicere huc oculos et legere ista velint,
Multa hic invenient quæ possint pellere curas,
Plurima quæ mæstos exhilarare queant.

AMERICAN EDITOR'S PREFACE.

The "Tin Trumpet," by the late Paul Chatfield, M.D., edited by Jefferson Sanders, Esq., was first published in London, in the year 1836. It was immediately republished in this country, but owing to the fact that much of its matter was of purely English, local, and temporary interest, referring to the political and religious squabbles of the times, the success of the work here was but temporary, and it has long been entirely out of print. It contained, however, a sufficient quantity of wit and wisdom, original and selected, to make its resuscitation at this time appear desirable. The American Editor to whom was intrusted the office of preparing it for republication has thought fit, while pruning the original of all that appeared superannuated and of no present and lasting interest, to embody with what remained such selections from his Commonplace-book as appeared to him to come legitimately within the design of the author. The original plan of the book—an alphabetically arranged collection of the wit and wisdom of many of the best writers, ancient and modern—has not been changed.

Such as it now is, the book is committed to the American public, with the belief that while it will become a mine of easy quotations to many of our ready writers, it will yet more serve to while away pleasantly and not unprofitably a summer afternoon or winter evening to the general reader.

AM. ED.

THE TIN TRUMPET.

A. B. C.—It seems, at first sight, very singular that a blind child should be taught to read; but observe what the common process is with every child: a child sees certain marks upon a plain piece of paper, which he is taught to call A, B, C; but if you were to raise certain marks in relief upon pasteboard, as you may of course do, and teach a blind child to call these marks which he felt A, B, C, a blind child would as easily learn his alphabet by his fingers as another would do by his eyes, and might go on feeling through Homer or Virgil as we do by persevering in looking at the book. Just in the same manner, says Sydney Smith, I should not be surprised if the alphabet could be taught by a series of well-contrived flavors; and we may even live to see the day when men may be taught to *smell* out their learning, and when a fine scenting day shall be (which it certainly is not at present) considered as a day peculiarly favorable to study.

A.B.C.DARIAN—seems to have been an ancient term for pedagogue. Wood, in his Athenæ Oxoniensis, speaking of Thomas Farnabie, says—"When he landed in Cornwall, his distresses made him stoop so low, as to be an A.b.c.darian, and several were taught their hornbooks by him." By assuming his title, its wearer certainly proves himself to be a man of letters; but my friend T. H. suggests, that the school-

master who wishes to establish his aptitude for his office, instead of taking the three first, had better designate himself by the two last letters of the alphabet.

ABLUTION—a duty somewhat too strictly inculcated in the Mahometan ritual, and sometimes too laxly observed in Christian practice. As a man may have a dirty body, and an undefiled mind, so may he have clean hands in a literal, and not in a metaphorical sense. All washes and cosmetics without, he may yet labor under a moral hydrophobia within. Pleasant to see an im-puritan of this stamp holding his nose, lest the wind should come between an honest scavenger and his gentility, while his own character stinks in the public nostrils. Oh, if the money and the pains that we bestow upon perfumes and adornments for the body, were applied to the purification and embellishment of the mind! Oh, if we were as careful to polish our manner as our teeth, to make our temper as sweet as our breath, to cut off our peccadilloes as to pare our nails, to be as upright in character as in person, to save our souls as to shave our chins, what an immaculate race should we become! Exteriorly, we are not a filthy people. We throw so much dirt at our neighbours, that we have none left for ourselves. We are only unclean in our hearts and lives. As occasional squalor is the worst evil of poverty and labor, so should constant cleanliness be the greatest luxury of wealth and ease; yet even our aristocracy are not altogether without reproach in this respect. It is well known that the celebrated Lord Nelson had not washed his hands for the last eight years of his life. Alas! upon what trifles may our reputation for cleanliness depend! Even a foreign accent may ruin us. In a trial, where a German and his wife were giving evidence, the former was asked by the counsel, "How old are you?"—"I am *dirty*."—"And what is your wife?"—"Mine wife is *dirty-two*."—"Then, Sir, you are a very nasty couple, and I wish to have nothing further to say to either of you."

ABRIDGMENT—anything contracted into a small compass; such, for instance, as the abridgment of the statutes in

twenty volumes, folio. To make a good abridgment, requires as much time and talent as to write an original work; a fact of which the reader will find abundant proof as he proceeds! When Queen Anne told Dr. South that his sermon had only one fault—that of being too short,—he replied, that he should have made it shorter if he had had more time. How comes it that no enterprising bookseller has ever thought of publishing "an Abridgment of the Lives of the Fathers?" I know not whether the religious public would give it encouragement, but I am confident, that in England, the land of primogeniture and entailed estates, there is not an heir in the three kingdoms who would not exert himself to insure its success.

ABSCESS—a morbid tumor, frequently growing above the shoulders, and swelling to a considerable size, when it comes to a head, with nothing in it. It is not always a natural disease, for nature abhors a vacuum; yet fools, fops, and fanatics are very subject to it, and it sometimes attacks old women of both sexes. "I wish to consult you upon a little project I have formed," said a noodle to his friend. "I have an idea in my head—" "Have you?" interposed the friend, with a look of great surprise; "then you shall have my opinion at once: *keep it there!*—it may be some time before you get another."

ABSOLUTE GOVERNMENT—There is a simplicity and unity in despotism, which is not without its advantages, if every despot were to be a Titus or a Vespasian—to unite great talents with a clement and benevolent heart. But the chances against such a fortunate conjunction are almost incalculable; and even where it occurs, its effects may be suddenly defeated, and the best sovereign be converted into the worst by an attack of gout, or a fit of indigestion. Besides, there are few who think of unrestrained power, without being intoxicated, or, perhaps, maddened. Nero, before he succeeded to the crown, was remarkable for his moderation and humanity. So true is that ditum of Tacitus, that the throne of a despot is generally ascended by a wild beast. Free institutions are the best,

indeed the only security, both for the governed and the governor; for there is no remedy against a tyrant but assassination, of which *ultima ratio populi*, even our own times have furnished instances at St. Petersburg and Constantinople. Few modern despots can calculate on being so fortunate as the Turk Mustapha, who having rebelled against his brother, was taken prisoner, and ordered for execution on the following morning The Sultan, however, being suddenly seized with the cholic, accompanied, perhaps, with some fraternal, as well as internal qualms, ordered the decapitation to be deferred for two days, during which he died, and his imprisoned brother quietly succeeded to the throne. "O happy Mustapha!" exclaimed the Sultaness, "you were born to be lucky, for you have not only derived life from your mother's stomach, but from your brother's!"

ABSURDITY—anything advanced by our opponents contrary to our own practice, or above our comprehension,—and, therefore, a term very liberally used, because it is implied in exact proportion to our own ignorance. Nothing to which we are so quick-sighted in another, so blind in ourselves, not only individually, but nationally. "*Comment!*" exclaims the French sailor in Josephus Molitor, when he saw Ironmonger Lane written on the corner of a street in London, which he read "*Irons manger l'ane.*"—"*Comment! Es ce qu'on mange des anes dans ce pays ci? Mais, quelle absurdité!*" How many of us, in travelling, exhibit our own, in imputing an imaginary absurdity to others! "How ridiculous!" exclaims the travelled servant in one of Dr. Moore's novels, "to dress the French regiments of the line in blue,—a colour which, as all the world knows, is only proper for Oxford Blues and the Artillery." Some of our highest classes are unconscious imitators of the knight of the shoulder-knot.

Of the *Reductio ad absurdum*, a very useful weapon of logic in arguing with ultras of any class, I know not a happier illustration than the Duke of Buckingham's reply to Dryden's famous line—

"My wound is great, because it is so small."
"Then 'twould be greater were it none at all."

ACCENT—is to the voice what money is to the purse. There are individuals who through an incorrect ear are unable even to modulate their voices correctly, and who thus produce the most ludicrous effects without knowing it themselves. Such was the clergyman who read from the pulpit: "Saddle *me*, the *ass;* and they saddled *him*." Rebuking one for swearing, this clergyman said, "Do you not know the commandments: "Swear not at *all?*" "I do not swear at *all*," was the reply; "but only at those who annoy me."

ABUSE—intemperate, excites our sympathies, not for the abuser, but the *abusee*, a fact which some of our virulent critics and political writers are very apt to forget. Like other poisons, when administered in too strong a dose, it is thrown off by the intended victim, and often relieves, where it was meant to destroy. If the wielder of the weapon be such an unskilful sportsman as to overcharge his piece, he must not be surprised if it explode, and wound no one but himself. Dirt wantonly cast, only acts like fuller's earth, defiling for the moment, but purifying in the end; so that those who are the most bespattered, come out the most immaculate. Pleasant was the well-known revenge of the vilipended author, who having in vain endeavored to propitiate his critic by returning eulogy for abuse, sent him at last the following epigram:—

"With industry I spread your praise,
With equal you my censure blaze;
But faith! 'tis all in vain we do,
The world believes nor me, nor you."

ACCOMPLISHMENTS—In women all that can be supplied by the dancing-master, music-master, mantua-maker and milliner. In men, tying a cravat, talking nonsense, playing at billiards, dressing like a real, and driving like an amateur coachman. The latter is an excusable ambition, even in our modern gentlemen, for it shows that they know themselves, and have found a more proper place, and more congenial elevation than the Senate. Some there are, who, deeming dissolute manners an accomplishment, endeavor to show by their profli-

gacy that they know the world, an example which might be dangerous, but that the world knows them. Accomplishments are sociable—but nothing so sociable as a cultivated mind.

ACTION—is Life. It is not work that kills men: but worry. Work is healthy and invigorating; you can scarce put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution, but the friction, which wears out machinery.

Carlyle says, "men do less than they ought, unless they do all that they can." And again, "the kind of speech in a man betokens the kind of action you will get from him."

Also, it is written, "of every noble action, the intent is to give worth reward—vice punishment."

ACTOR—Vivid conception, and keen sensibility, will not of themselves make a good actor; but it may be questioned whether a good actor can be made without them. Rare indeed is the physical and moral combination that produces a superior performer, as will at once appear if we compare the best amateur with a second or even a third-rate professional actor. What miserable mummery are private theatricals! At those given last year at Hatfield House, old General G—— was pressed by a lady to say whom he liked best of all the actors. Notwithstanding his usual bluntness, he evaded the question for some time, but being importuned for an answer, he at length growled,—"Well, madam, if you will have a reply, I liked the prompter the best, because I heard the most of him, and saw the least of him!"

ADDRESS—Generally a string of fulsome compliments and professions, indiscriminately lavished upon every king or individual in authority, in order to assure him of the particular, personal, and exclusive veneration in which he is held by those who, being the very obedient humble servants of circumstances, would pay equal homage to Jack Ketch, if he possessed equal power. In the latter case, they would perhaps attempt to dignify his person and his office by some courteous periphrase,

or concealing both beneath the appropriate veil of a *dead* language, would speak of him as—*Vir excellentissimus, strangulandi peritus.*

In a Shrewsbury Address to James I., his loyal subjects expressed a wish that he might reign over them as long as sun, moon, and stars should endure.—"I suppose, then," observed the monarch, "they mean my successor to reign by candle-light."

ADMIRATION—We always love those who admire us, says Rochefoucauld, but we do not always love those whom we admire. From the latter clause an exception might have been made in favor of *self*, for self-love is the source of self-admiration; and this is the safest of all loves, for most people may indulge it without the fear of a rival.

ADVERSITY—is very often a blessing in disguise, which by detaching us from earth and drawing us towards heaven, gives us, in the assurance of lasting joys, an abundant recompense for the loss of transient ones. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." Many a man in losing his fortune has found himself, and been ruined into salvation; for though God demands the whole heart, which we could not give him when we shared it with the world, he will never reject the broken one, which we offer him in our hour of sadness and reverse. Misfortunes are moral bitters, which frequently restore the healthy tone of the mind, after it has been cloyed and sickened by the sweets of prosperity. The spoilt children of the world, like their juvenile namesakes, are generally a source of unhappiness to others, without being happy in themselves.

ADMITTING yourself out of court, a legal phrase, signifying a liberality of concession to your opponent by which you destroy your own cause. This excess of candor was well illustrated by the Irishman, who boasted that he had often skated sixty miles a day. "Sixty miles!" exclaimed an auditor—"that is a great distance: it must have been accom-

plished when the days were longest."—"To be sure it was; I admit that," cried the ingenious Hibernian.

ADVICE—Almost the only commodity which the world is lavish in bestowing, and scrupulous in receiving, although it may be had *gratis*, with an allowance to those who take a quantity. We seldom ask it until it is too late, and still more rarely take it while there is yet time to profit by it. Great tact and delicacy are required, either in conferring or seeking this perilous boon, for where people do not take your counsel they generally take offence; and even where they do, you can never be sure that you have not given pain in giving advice. We have our revenge for this injustice. If an acquaintance pursue some unfortunate course, in spite of our dissuasions, we feel more gratified by the confirmation of our evil auguries, than hurt by the misfortunes of our friend; for that man must be a sturdy moralist who does not love his own judgment better than the interest of his neighbors. This may help to explain Rochefoucauld's dictum, that there is something, even in the misfortunes of our best friends, which is not altogether displeasing to us.

To decline all advice, unless the example of the giver confirms his precepts, would be about as sapient as if a traveller were to refuse to follow the directions of a finger-post, unless it drew its one leg out of the ground, and walked, or rather hopped after its own finger.

Good Advice is one of those injuries which a good man ought, if possible, to forgive; but at all events to forget at once.

ADULTERER—One who has been guilty of perjury, commonly accompanied with ingratitude and hypocrisy, an offence softened down by the courtesy of a sympathizing world, into "a man of gallantry, a gay person somowhat too fond of intrigue;" or a woman "who has had a little slip, committed a *faux pas*," &c.—"Pleasant but wrong," was the apology of the country squire, who being detected in an intrigue with the

frail rib of his groom, maintained that he had not offended against the law, since we are only commanded not to sin with another man's wife, whereas, this was his own man's wife.

AFFECTION—filial—an implanted instinct, exalted by a feeling of gratitude and a sense of duty.—The Roman daughter who nourished her imprisoned father, when condemned to be starved to death, from her own breast, has generally been adduced as the noblest recorded instance of filial affection; but the palm may almost be contested by an Irish son, if we may receive without suspicion the evidence of a fond and doting father—"Ah now, my darlint!" exclaimed the latter, when his boy threatened to enlist in the army—"would you be laving your poor ould father that dotes upon ye? You, the best and the most dutiful of all my children, and the only one that never struck me when I was down!"

AFFLICTION—A French writer, arguing, perhaps, from the analogy of the English language, wherein two negatives constitute an affirmative, observes that *deux afflictions mises ensemble peuvent devenir une consolation*, an experiment which few, we apprehend, will be anxious to try. Man has been termed the child of affliction, an affiliation of which the writer does not recognize the truth; but for the benefit of those who hold a contrary opinion, he ventures to plagiarize a few stanzas versified from a prose apologue of Dr. Sheridan:

Affliction one day, as she hark'd to the roar
Of the stormy and struggling billow,
Drew a beautiful form on the sands of the shore,
With the branch of a weeping willow.

Jupiter, struck with the noble plan,
As he roamed on the verge of the ocean,
Breathed on the figure, and calling it Man,
Endued it with life and motion.

A creature so glorious in mind and in frame,
So stamp'd with each parent's impression,
Among them a point of contention became,
Each claiming the right of possession.

"He is mine," said Affliction; "I gave him his birth,
I alone am his cause of creation"—
"The materials were furnished by me," answered Earth—
"I gave him," said Jove, "animation."

The gods, all assembled in solemn divan,
After hearing each claimant's petition,
Pronounced a definitive verdict on man,
And thus settled his fate's disposition.

"Let Affliction possess her own child, till the woes
Of life cease to harass and goad it;
After death give his body to earth, whence it rose,
And his spirit to Jove, who bestowed it."

AGE—old—an infirmity which nobody knows. Nothing can exceed our early impatience to escape from youth to manhood, and appear older than we are, except our subsequent anxiety to obtain the reputation of being younger than we are. The first longing is natural, for Hope is before us, and it seems possible to anticipate that which we must soon reach; but the second is a weakness, not less strange than general, for we cannot expect to recover that from which we are perpetually flying, or avoid that to which we are incessantly approaching. If by putting back our own date we could arrest the great clock of time, there would be an intelligible motive for our conduct. Alas! the time-piece of old Chronos never stops.

Women, who imagine their influence to depend upon their personal attractions, naturally wish to preserve their youth. It is in their power to do so; for she who captivates the heart and the understanding, never grows old: and as men are generally estimated by their moral and intellectual, rather than their baptismal recommendations; as a philosopher of fifty is preferred, by all those whose preference is worth having, to a fool of twenty, there is something very contemptible in a male horror of senility. So prevalent, however, is the feeling, that, with the exception of one individual, who has obtained an enviable immortality as "*middle age* Hallam," we have no chronology for man and women at, or beyond the meridian of life. They are all "persons of a certain age," which is the most

*un*certain one upon record. Complimentary in every thing, the French say of a woman thus circumstanced, that she is *femme d'un age raisonnable*, as if she had gained, in her reasoning faculties, what she had lost in personal charms; and this, doubtless, ought to be the process with us all. To our mind, as to a preserving green-house, should we transfer, in the winter of life, the attractions of our spring and summer.

As variety is universally allowed to be pleasing, the diversity occasioned by the progress of age should, in itself, be a source of delight. Perpetual sunshine would soon be found more annoying than an alternation of the seasons; so would a continuous youth be more irksome than the gradual approach of old age. Existence may be compared to a drum, which has only one single tone; but change of time gives it variety and cheerfulness enough.

The infirmity of falsifying our age is at least as old as Cicero, who, hearing one of his contemporaries attempting to make himself ten years younger than he really was, drily observed—"Then at the time you and I were at school together, you were not born."

ALCHEMIST—The true possessor of the philosopher's stone is the miner, whose iron, copper, and tin, are always convertible into the more precious metals. Agriculture is the noblest of all alchemy, for it turns earth, and even manure into gold, conferring upon its cultivator the additional reward of health. Most appropriate was the rebuke of Pope Leo X., who, when a visionary pretended to have discovered the philosopher's stone, and demanded a recompense, gave him an empty purse.

ALDERMAN—A ventri-potential citizen, into whose mediterranean mouth good things are perpetually flowing, although none come out. His shoulders, like some of the civic streets, are "widened at the expense of the corporation." He resembles Wolsey; not in ranking himself with princes, but in being a man "of an unbounded stomach." A tooth is the only wise thing in his head, and he has nothing particularly good

about him except his digestion, which is an indispensable quality, since he is destined to become great by gormandizing, to masticate his way to the Mansion-house, and thus, like a mouse in a cheese, to provide for himself a large dwelling, by continually eating. His talent is in his jaws; and like a miller, the more he grinds the more he gets. From the quantity he devours, it might be supposed that he had two stomachs, like a cow, were it not manifest that he is no ruminating animal.

ALMS—To this word there is no singular, in order to teach us that a solitary act of charity scarcely deserves the name. Nothing is won by one gift. To render our bounties available, they must be in the plural number. It is always wise to be charitable, but it is almost peculiar to my friend L—— that he is often witty in his bounties. He was about to assist with a sum of money a scribbler in distress, when he was reminded that he had on more than one occasion been libelled and maligned by the intended object of his bounty. "Pooh," said L——, "I have so long known all his slanders by heart, that they have quite gone out of my head."

ALPHABET—Twenty-six symbols which represent singly, or in combination, all the sounds of all the languages upon earth. By forming letters into words, which are the signs of ideas, we are enabled to embody thought, to render it visible, audible, perpetual, and ubiquitous. Embalmed in writing, the intellect may thus enjoy a species of immortality upon earth, and every man may paint an imperishable portrait of his own mind, immeasurably more instructive and interesting to posterity than those fleeting likenesses of the face and form entrusted to canvas, or even to bronze and marble. What myriads have passed away, body and mind, leaving not a wreck behind them, while the mental features of some contemporary writer survive in all the freshness and integrity with which they were first traced. Were I a literary painter how often should I be tempted in the pride of my heart, to exclaim with the celebrated artist, "*Ed io anche sono Pittore.*"

Although the word be derived from the two first letters of the Greek, every ALPHABET now in use may be traced with historical certainty to one original—the Phenician or Syriac. "Phenicia and Palestine," says Gibbon, "will forever live in the memory of mankind; since America, as well as Europe, has received letters from the one and religion from the other."

One of the earliest French princes being too indolent or too stupid to acquire his alphabet by the ordinary process, twenty-four servants were placed in attendance upon him, each with a huge letter painted upon his stomach; as he knew not their names he was obliged to call them by their letter when he wanted their services, which in due time gave him the requisite degree of literature for the exercise of the royal functions.

AMBIGUITY—A quality deemed essentially necessary to the clear understanding of diplomatic writings, acts of Congress, and law proceedings.

AMBITION—A mental dropsy, which keeps continually swelling and increasing until it kills its victim. Ambition is often overtaken by calamity, because it is not aware of its pursuer, and never looks behind. "Deeming naught done while aught remains to do," it is necessarily restless; unable to bear any thing above it, discontent must be its inevitable portion, for even if the pinnacle of worldly power be gained, its occupant will sigh, like Alexander, for another globe to conquer. Every day that brings us some advancement or success, brings us also a day nearer to death, embittering the reflection, that the more we have gained, the more we have to relinquish. Aspiring to nothing but humility, the wise man will make it the height of his ambition to be unambitious. As he cannot effect all that he wishes, he will only wish for that which he can effect.

AMBLE—Of this indefinite and intermediate pace, which, (to adopt the Johnsonian style,) "without the concussiveness

of the trot, or the celerity of the canter, neither contributes to the conservation of health, nor to the economy of time, nothing can be pronounced in eulogy, and little, therefore, need be said in description." To those elderly gentlemen, nevertheless, who are willing to sacrifice the perilous reputation of a good seat for the comfort of a safe one; an ambling nag has always been an equestrian beatitude. Such was the feeling of the Sexagenarian, who took his horse to the *ménage*, that it might be taught the "old gentleman's pace." As the riding-master, after several trials, could not immediately succeed in his object, the owner of the animal petulantly cried out—"Zooks, Sir, do you call this an amble?"—"No, Sir," was the reply, "I call it a pre-amble."

ANCESTRY—

> "They who on length of ancestry enlarge,
> Produce their debt instead of their discharge."

They search in the root of the tree for those fruits which the branches ought to produce, and too often resemble potatoes, of which the best part is under ground. Pedigree is the boast of those who have nothing else to vaunt. In what respect, after all, are they superior to the humblest of their neighbors? Every man's ancestors double at each remove in geometrical proportion, so that, after only twenty generations, he has above a million of progenitors. A duke has no more; a dustman has no less.

A river generally becomes narrower and more insignificant as we ascend to its source. The stream of ancestry, on the contrary, often vigorous, pure, and powerful at its fountain head, usually becomes more feeble, shallow, and corrupt as it flows downwards. Some of our ancient families, whose origin is lost in the darkness of antiquity, and into whose hungry maws the tide of patronage is forever flowing, may be compared to the Nile, which has many mouths, and no discoverable head. *Nobles* sometimes illustrate that name about as much as an Italian Cicerone recalls that idea of Cicero.

It is a double shame for a man to have derived distinction

from his predecessors, if he bequeath disgrace to his posterity.

> "Heraldic honors on the base,
> Do but degrade their wearers more,
> As sweeps, whom May-day trappings grace,
> Show ten times blacker than before."

ANCIENTS—Dead bones used for the purpose of knocking down live flesh. Every puny Samson thinks he may wield his ass's jaw-bone in assaulting his contemporaries, by comparing them with their predecessors. If architects attempt any thing original, they are ridiculed for their pains, and desired to stick to the five orders. This is the sixth order of the public. If artists follow the bent of their own genius, they are tauntingly referred by their new masters to the old masters, and desired not to indulge their own crude *capriccios.* Authors are schooled and catechized in the same way; but when either of the three conform to the instructions of their critics, they are instantly and unmercifully assailed as servile imitators, without a single grain of originality. Whether, therefore, they allow the ancients to be imitable or inimitable, it is manifest that they only exalt them in order to lower their contemporaries, and that their suffrages would be reversed, if the ancients and moderns were to change places. With a similar jealousy we give a preference to old wine, old books, and an old friend, unless the latter should appear in the form of an old joke, when he is treated with the utmost scorn and contumely. As this is equally reprehensible and inconsistent, I shall endeavor to cure my readers of any such propensity, by habituating them to encounters with some of their old Joe Miller acquaintance.

ANGER—Punishing ourselves for the faults of another; or committing an additional error, if we are incensed at our own mistakes. In either case, wrath may aggravate, but was never known to diminish our annoyance. "I wish," says Seneca, "that anger could always be exhausted, when its first weapon was broken, and that like the bees, who leave their stings in the wound they make, we could only inflict a single

injury." To a certain extent this wish is often fulfilled, for the same writer observes, that anger is like a ruin, which, in falling upon its victim, breaks itself to pieces.

Without any other armor than an offended frown, an indignant eye, and a rebuking voice, decrepit age, timid womanhood, the weakest of our species, may daunt the most daring; for there is something formidable in the mere sight of wrath; even where it is incapable of inflicting any chastisement upon its provoker. It has thus a preventive operation, by making us cautious of calling it forth, and restrains more effectually by the fear of its ebullitions, than it could by their actual outbreakings; while it still retains a positive influence when aroused. Anger, in short, is a moral power, which tends to repair the inequalities of physical power, and to approximate the strong and the weak towards the same level.

So carefully, however, are our constitutional instincts guarded against abuse, that the moral and physical vigor imparted to us by anger as a salutary means of defence, is immediately lessened, when by its intemperate and reckless exercise, we would pervert it into a dangerous instrument of aggression. Blind and ungovernable rage, approaching to the nature of madness, not only obscures the reason, but often paralyzes, for the moment, the bodily energies; a paroxysm which fortunately serves as a protection both to ourselves and others. This seasonable arrest of our functions gives us time to sanify, and we are allowed to recover them, when their exercise is no longer dangerous. Protective nature makes us sometimes blind and weak, when highly excited; for the same reason that the fleet grayhound has no sense of smell, and the quick-scented bloodhound no swiftness of foot.

Queen Elizabeth discovered qualities in anger which may not be obvious to common observers. "What does a man think of when he thinks of nothing?" her Majesty demanded of a choleric courtier, to whom she had not realized her promise of promotion. "He thinks, madam, of a woman's promise," was the tart reply. "Well, I must not confute him,"

said the Queen, walking away, "anger makes men witty, but it keeps them poor."

ANGLER—A fish-butcher—a piscatory assassin—a Jack Ketch—catcher of Jack, an impaler of live worms, frogs, and flies, a torturer of trout, a killer of carp, and a great gudgeon who sacrifices the best part of his life in taking away the life of a little gudgeon. Every thing appertaining to the angler's art, is cowardly, cruel, treacherous, and cat-like. He is a professional dealer in "treasons, stratagems, and plots;" more subtle and sneaking than a poacher, and more exclusively devoted to snares, traps, and subterfuges; he is at the same time infinitely more remorseless, finding amusement and delight in prolonging, to the last gasp, the agonies of the impaled bait, and of the wretched fish writhing with a barb in its entrails.

The high priest of anglers is that demure destroyer, old Izaak Walton, who may be literally termed the HOOKER of their piscatory polity. Because he could write a line as well as throw one, they would persuade themselves that he has shed a sort of classical dignity on their art, and even associated it with piety and poetry,—what profanation! The poet is not only a lover of his species, but of all sentient beings, because he "looks through nature up to Nature's God." But how can an angler be pious! How can a tormentor of the creature be a lover of the Creator? Away with such cant! Old Izaak must either have been a demure hypocrite, or a blockhead, unaware of the gross inconsistency between his profession and his practice. If he saw a fine trout, and wished to trouble him with a line, just to say he should be very happy to see him to dinner, he must first torture his postman, the bait, and make him carry the letters of Bellerophon. Hark how tenderly the gentle ruffian gives directions for baiting with a frog: "Put your hook through the mouth, and out of his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk, sew the upper part of his leg, with only one stitch to the arming wire of the hook, and in so doing, *use him as though you loved him.*"

Tender hearted Izaak!—What would be his treatment of animals whom he did *not* love?

An angler may be meditative, or rather musing, but let him not ever think that he thinks, for if he had the healthy power of reflection, he could not be an angler. If sensible and amiable men are still to be seen squatted for hours in a punt, "like patience on a monument smiling at grief," they are as much out of their element as the fish in their basket, and could only be reconciled to their employment by a resolute blinking of the question. In one of the admirable papers of the "Indicator," Leigh Hunt says—"We really cannot see what equanimity there is in jerking a lacerated carp out of the water by the jaws, merely because it has not the power of making a noise; for we presume, that the most philosophic of anglers would hardly delight in catching shrieking fish." This is not so clear. Old Izaak, their patriarch, would have probably maintained that the shriek was a cry of pleasure. We willingly leave the anglers to their rod, for they deserve it, and we allow them to defend one another, not only because they have no other advocates, but because we are sure that the rest of the community would be glad to see them *hang together*, especially if they should make use of their own lines.

Averse as we are from extending the sphere of the angler's cruelty, we will mention one fish which old Izaak himself had never caught. A wealthy tradesman having ordered a fish-pond at his country house to be cleared out, the foreman discovered, at the bottom, a spring of ferruginous colored water; and, on returning to the house, told his employer that they had found a chalybeate. "I am glad of it," exclaimed the worthy citizen, "for I never saw one. Put it in the basket with the other fish, I'll come and look at it presently."

ANNUALS—illustrated.—The second childhood of literature, the patrons of which carefully look over the plates, and studiously overlook the letter-press. Its object is to substitute the visible for the imaginative, a sensual for an intellectual pleasure, and to teach us to read engravings instead of writings.

ANSWERS—*to* the point are more satisfactory to the interrogator, but answers *from* the point may be sometimes more entertaining to the auditor. "Were you born in wedlock?" asked a counsel of a witness. "No, Sir, in Devonshire," was the reply.—"Young woman," said a magistrate to a girl who was about to be sworn, "why do you hold the book upside down?"—"I am obliged, Sir, because I am left-handed."—See Josephus Molitor. A written *non sequitur*, not less amusing, was involved in the postscript of the man who hoped his correspondent would excuse faults of spelling, if any, as he had no knife to mend his pens.

ANTINOMIANS—An antithesis to the Society for the Suppression of Vice. If we did not know that the best things perverted become the worst, we might wonder that the Christian religion should have ever generated a sect, whose doctrines are professedly anti-moral. Many, however, are still to be found, who, maintaining that the moral law is nothing to man, and that he is not bound to obey it, avow an open contempt for good works, and affirm, that as God sees no sin in believers, they are neither obliged to confess it, nor to pray for its forgiveness. In this most perilous spirit many tracts have been published,

> "Which, in the semblance of devotion,
> Allure their victim to offence,
> And then administer a potion,
> To soothe and lull his conscience;
> Teaching him, that to break all ties,
> May be a wholesome sacrifice;
> That saints, like bowls, may go astray,
> Better to win the proper way;
> Indulge in every sin at times,
> To prove that grace is never lacking:
> And purify themselves by crimes,
> As dirty shoes are cleaned by blacking."

ANTIQUARY—Too often a collector of valuables that are worth nothing, and a recollector of all that Time has been glad to forget. His choice specimens have become rarities, simply because they were never worth preserving; and he attaches

present importance to them in exact proportion to their former insignificance. A worthy of this unworthy class was once edifying the French Academy with a most unmerciful detail of the comparative prices of commodities at various remote periods, when La Fontaine observed, "Our friend knows the value of every thing,—except time." We recommend this anecdote to the special consideration of the *ci-devant* members of the Roxburgh Club, as well as to the resuscitators of the dead lumber of antiquity.

ANTIQUITY—The stalking horse on which knaves and bigots invariably mount, when they want to ride over the timid and the credulous. Never do we hear so much solemn palaver about the time-hallowed institutions, and approved wisdom of our ancestors, as when attempts are made to remove some staring monument of their folly. Thus is the youth, nonage, ignorance, and inexperience of the world invested by a strange blunder, which Bacon was the first to indicate, with the reverence due to the present times, which are its true old age.

Antiquity is the young miscreant, the type of commingled ignorance and tyranny, who massacred prisoners taken in war, sacrificed human beings to idols, burnt them in Smithfield as heretics or witches, believed in astrology, demonology, sorcery, the philosopher's stone, and every exploded folly and enormity; although his example is still gravely urged as a rule of conduct, and a standing argument against innovation, —that is to say, improvement! If the seal of time were to be the signet of truth, there is no absurdity, oppression, or falsehood, that might not be received as gospel; while the Gospel itself would want the more ancient warrant of Paganism. Never was the world so old, and consequently so wise, as it is to-day; but it will be older, and, therefore, still wiser, to-morrow.

In one generation, the most ancient individual has generally the most experience; but in a succession of generations, the youngest, or last of them, is the real Methuselah and Mentor. To this obvious distinction, nothing can blind us but

gross stupidity, or the most miserable cant. To plead the authority of the ancients, is to appeal from civilized and enlightened Christians, to fierce, unlettered Pagans; for no one has decided where this boasted wisdom begins or ends, though all agree that it is of great age. Every elderly man is an ancestor to his former self. Let him compare his boyish notions and feelings with his matured judgment, and he will form a pretty correct notion of the wisdom of our ancestors; for what the child is to the man, are the past generations to the present.

Let us learn to distinguish the uses from the abuses of antiquity. Not to know what happened before we were born, is always to remain a child: to know, and blindly to adopt that knowledge, as an implicit rule of life, is never to be a man.

APOLOGY—As great a peacemaker as the word "if." In all cases, it is an excuse rather than an exculpation, and if adroitly managed, may be made to confirm what it seems to recall, and to aggravate the offence which it pretends to extenuate. A man who had accused his neighbor of falsehood, was called on for an apology, which he gave in the following amphibological terms:—"I called you a liar,—it is true. You spoke truth: I have told a lie."

APPEARANCES—keeping up. A moral, or, rather, immoral uttering of counterfeit coin. It is astonishing how much human bad money is current in society, bearing the fair impress of ladies and gentlemen. The former, if carefully weighed, will always be found light, or you may presently detect if you *ring* them, though this is a somewhat perilous experiment. Both may be known by their assuming a more gaudy and showy appearance than their neighbors, as if their characters were brighter, their impressions more perfect, and their composition more pure, than all others.

APPETITE—a relish bestowed upon the poorer classes, that they may like what they eat, while it is seldom enjoyed by the rich, because they may eat what they like.

ARCHITECTURE—Why we should continue to enslave ourselves to the five orders of Vitruvius, I cannot well see. To the art of the statuary there is a conceivable limit, but that of the architect seems to admit a much wider range, and greater variety, than can be circumscribed within five orders. All structures should be adapted to the climate.

Is there any valid reason why the Doric capital should be peculiar to a pillar whose height is precisely eight diameters, the Ionic volute to one of nine, and the Corinthian foliage to one of ten? Custom has assigned these ornaments and proportions, but one can imagine others which would be equally, or, perhaps, more agreeable to an unprejudiced eye. The first columns were undoubtedly trees, which diminished as they ascended. The stems of the branches, where they were cut off, suggested the capital; the iron or other bandages at top and bottom, to prevent the splitting of the wood, were the origin of the fillets; the square tile which protected the lower end from the wet, gave rise to the plinth. But why should a stone pillar be made to imitate a tree, by lessening as it rises? Custom alone has reconciled us to an unmeaning deviation, which throws all the inter-columnar spaces out of the perpendicular, and presents us with a series of long inverted cones, the most ungraceful of all forms. As if sensible of this defect, the Egyptians made the outline of some of their temples conform to the diminution of the columns, rendering the whole structure slightly pyramidical, and thus preserving the consistency of its lines.

Observing some singular pilasters at Harrowgate, surmounted with the Cornua Ammonis, I ventured to ask the builder to what order they belonged. "Why, Sir," he replied, putting his hand to his head, "the horns are a little order of my own." Knowing him to be a married man, I concluded that he had good reason for appropriating that peculiar ornament to himself, and made no further objections to his architecture.

ARGUMENT—With fools, passion, vociferation, or violence; with ministers, a majority; with kings, the sword; with fanatics, denunciation; with men of sense, a sound reason.

ARISTOCRACY—In ancient Greece this word signified the government of the best; but in modern England the term seems to have fairly "turned its back upon itself," and to have become the antithesis to its original import; even as beldam, (or *belle dame*,) formerly expressive of female beauty, is now defined by Dr. Johnson as, "a term of contempt, marking the last degree of old age with all its faults and miseries."

If we have noblemen whose titles are their honor, we have others who are an honor to their titles. Happy he, who, deriving his patent from nature, as well as from his sovereign, may be dubbed, "*inter doctos nobilissimus,—inter nobiles doctissimus,—inter utrosque optimus.*"

ARITHMETIC—The science of figures cuts but a poor figure in its origin, the term calculation being derived from the *calculus* or pebble used as a counter by the Romans, whose numerals, stolen from the ancient Etruscans, and still to be traced on the monuments of that people, seem to have been suggested in the first instance by the five fingers. Indeed, the term *digit* or finger, applied to any single number, sufficiently indicates the primitive mode of counting. The Roman V is a rude outline of the five fingers, or of the outspread hand, narrowing to the wrist; while the X is a symbol of the two fives, or two hands crossed. In all probability the earliest numerals did not exceed five, which was repeated, with additions, for the higher numbers; and it is a remarkable coincidence that to express six, seven, eight, the North American Indians repeat the five, with the addition of one, two, three, on the same plan as the Roman VI., VII., VIII. Our term eleven is derived from the word *ein* or one, and the old verb *liben*, to leave; so that it signifies one, leave ten. Twelve means two, after reckoning or laying aside ten; and our termination of *ty*, in the words twenty, thirty, &c., comes from the Anglo-Saxon *teg*, to draw; so that twenty, or twainty, signifies two drawings, or that the fingers have been twice counted over, and the hands twice closed.

From the hands also, or other parts of the human body, were derived the original rude measurements. The *uncia*, or

inch, was the first joint of the thumb, which being repeated four times, gave the breadth of the hand; and this product trippled, furnished the measure of the foot. The *passus*, or pace, was the interval between two steps, reckoned at six feet; and a mile, as the word imports, consisted of a thousand paces. Other portions of the human body furnished secondary measures; the width of the hand gave the palm, reckoned at three inches:—the distances of the elbow from the tips of the fingers, the cubit; the entire length of the arm, the yard; and the extreme breadth of the extended arm, across the shoulders, the fathom, or six feet.

The Arabic numerals, derived, in all probability, from the Persians, and brought into Europe by the Moors, were a great improvement upon the clumsy system of the Romans; but it is to be regretted that we have not adopted the duodecimal in preference to the decimal scale, as it mounts faster, and being more often divisible in the desending series, would express fractions with a great simplicity.

ART—Man's nature. Of all cants defend me from that cant of Art which substitutes a blind and indiscriminate reverence of the painter, provided he be dead, for a judicious admiration of his paintings. Our connoisseurs reverse the old adage, and prefer a dead dog to a living lion. They are Antinomian in their critical creed; they susbstitute faith for *good works*, and will fall prostrate before any daub provided it be sanctified by a popular name.

It may be objected that no artist would have acquired a great name unless he had been a great painter; a position to which there are exceptions, although we will grant it for the sake of argument. But an artist who might command universal admiration in the olden times, is no necessary model for the present. Surely our protrait painters need not study Holbein. Many of the old masters, avowedly deficient in drawing and composition, were celebrated for their coloring, a merit which the mere effects of time, in the course of three or four centuries, must inevitably destroy; and yet Titian, the great colorist of his day, but whose pictures have mostly

faded into a cold dimness, is still held up to admiration, because his bright and blended hues delighted the good folks of the fifteenth century. The pictures of Rubens preserve the richness of their broad tints, which we can admire without being blind to the vulgarity of his taste and his bad drawing, for his females are little better than so many Dutch Vrowes—coarse, flabby, and clownish. To a genuine connoisseur, however, every one of them is, doubtless, a Venus de Medici; not because she is handsome or well-proportioned, for she is neither, but because she is painted by Rubens.

This idolatry of the artist and indifference to art, has had a very mischievous effect in England, first, by withdrawing encouragement from our countrymen and contemporaries, and, secondly, by injuring their taste in holding up as models for imitation, not the paintings of nature, but old Continental pictures, which, even supposing them to be genuine, have often lost the sole distinction that once conferred a value upon them. But in many instances they are spurious, for the high prices which we so absurdly lavish upon them, has called into existence, in the chief Italian towns, manufactories of copies and counterfeits for the sole supply of England, in which happy and discerning country may be found ten times more pictures of each of the old masters than could have been painted in a long life. Neither the most experienced artist, nor knowing virtuoso, can guard against this species of imposition. It is well known that Sir Joshua Reynolds, even in that branch of the art with which he was most conversant, was perpetually deceived, his collections swarming with false Correggios, Titians, and Michael Angelos. What wonder, then, that an old picture, as often happens, shall sell to-day for a thousand pounds, and that to-morrow, stripped of its supposed authenticity, *stat nominis umbra*, and shall not fetch ten? and yet it is as good and as bad one day as it was the other, viewed as a work of art. So besotting is the magic of a name.

To these pseudo-connoisseurs, who bring their own narrow professional feelings to the appreciation of a work of art, we recommend the following authentic anecdote :—A thriving

tailor, anxious to transmit his features to posterity, inquired of a young artist what were his terms for a half length. "I charge twenty-five guineas for a head," was the reply. The protrait was painted and approved, when the knight of the thimble, taking out his purse, demanded how much he was to pay. "I told you before that my charge for a head was twenty-five guineas."—"I am aware of that," said Snip; "but how much more for the coat?—it is the best part of the picture."

ASCETIC—Dr. Johnson has observed that the shortness of life has afforded as many arguments to the voluptuary as to the moralist, and there can be no doubt that the ascetic, in his cell, is seeking his own happiness with as much selfishness as the professed epicurean: one betakes himself to immediate, the other to remote gratifications; one devotes himself to sensuality, the other to mortification; one to bodily, the other, perhaps, to intellectual pleasures; one to this world, the other to the next; but the principle of action is the same in both parties, and the ascetic is, perhaps, the most selfish calculator of the two, inasmuch as the reward he claims is infinitely greater and of longer endurance. He is usurious in his dealing with heaven, and does not put out the smallest mortification except upon the most enormous interest. His very self-denial is selfish, for the odds are incalculably in favor of the man who bets body against soul.

They who imperiously imagine that the happiness of the Creator consists in the unhappiness of the creature, are thus offending Him in their very fear of giving offence, since they find sweetness even in their sourness, and a joy in the very want of it. Well for them, too, if they go not astray, in their over anxiety to walk straight. "As for those that will not take lawful pleasures," says old Fuller, "I am afraid they will take unlawful pleasure, and by lacing themselves too hard, grow awry on one side."

To the same purport we may quote the observation of the French writer, Balzac: "*Si ceux qui sont ennemis des divertissemens honnêtes avoient la direction du monde, ils voudroient*

ôter le printemps et la jeunesse,—l'un de l'année, et l'autre de la vie." If these enemies of innocent amusement had the ruling of the world, they would abolish spring-time and youth—the one from the year, the other from life.

ATHEIST—Supposing such an anomaly to exist, an atheist must be the most miserable of beings. The idea of a fatherless world, swinging by some blind law of chance, which may every moment expose it to destruction, through an infinite space, filled, perhaps, with nothing but suffering and wretchedness, unalleviated by the prospect of a future and a happier state, must be almost intolerable to a man who has a single spark of benevolence in his bosom. "All the splendor of the highest prosperity," says Adam Smith, "can never enlighten the gloom with which so dreadful an idea must necessarily overshadow the imagination; nor in a wise and virtuous man can all the sorrow of the most afflicting adversity ever dry up the joy which necessarily springs from the habitual and thorough conviction of the truth of the contrary system."

The word atheist has done yeoman's service as a nick-name wherewith to pelt all those who disapprove of the thirty-nine articles, or who venture to surmise that there are abuses in the Church which need reform; but this sort of dirt has been thrown until it will no longer stick, except to the fingers of those who handle it. The real atheist is the Mammonite, who, making "godliness a great gain," worships a golden calf, and calls it a God: or the miserable fanatic, who, endowing the phantom of his own folly and fear with the worst passions of the worst men, dethrones the deity to set up a demon, and curses all those who will not curse themselves by joining in his idolatry.

AUDIENCE—A crowd of people in a large theatre, so called because they cannot hear. The actors speak to them with their hands and feet, and the spectators listen to them with their eyes.

AUTHOR—original—One who, copying only from the works of the great Author of the world, never plagiarises, except from the book of nature; whereas the imitator derives his inspiration from the writings of his fellow-men, and has no thought except as to the best mode of purloining the thoughts of others. Authors are lamps, exhausting themselves to give light to others; or rather may they be compared to industrious bees, not because they are armed with a sting, but because they gather honey from every flower, only that their hive may be plundered when their toil is completed. By the iniquitous law of copyright, an author's property in the offspring of his own intellect, is wrested from him in the end of a few years; previously to which period, the bookseller is generally obliging enough to ease him of the greater portion of the profit.

Against the former injustice, however, most writers secure themselves by the evanescent nature of their works; and as to the latter, we must confess after all, that the bookseller is the best Mæcenas.

For the flattery lavished upon a first successful work, an author often pays dearly by the abuse poured upon its successors; for we all measure ourselves by our best production, and others by their worst. Writers are too often treated by the public, as crimps serve recruits,—made drunk first, only that they may be safely *rattaned* all the rest of their lives.

An author is more annoyed by abuse than gratified by praise; because he looks upon the latter as a right and the former as a wrong. And this opens a wider question as to the constitution of our nature, both moral and physical, which is susceptible of pain in a much greater and more intense degree than of pleasure. We have no bodily enjoyment to counterbalance the agony of an acute tooth-ache; nor any mental one that can form a set-off against despair. Nowhere is this more glaringly illustrated than in the descriptions of our future rewards and punishments, the miseries and the anguish of hell being abundantly definite and intelligible, while the heavenly beatitudes are dimly shadowed forth, as being beyond the imagination of man to conceive.

An author's living purgatory is his liability to be consulted

as to the productions of literary amateurs, both male and female. The annoyance of reading them can only be equalled by that of pronouncing upon their merits. Oh, that every scribbler would recollect the dictum of Dr. Johnson upon this subject: "You must consider beforehand, that such effusions may be bad as well as good; and nobody has a right to put another under such a difficulty, that he must either hurt the person by telling the truth, or hurt himself by telling what is not true."

Between authors and artists there should be no jealousy, for their pursuits are congenial; one paints with the pen, the other writes with a brush; and yet it is difficult for either to be quite impartial, in weighing the merits of their different avocations. The author of the "Pleasures of Hope," being at a dinner party with Mr. Turner, R. A., whose enthusiasm for his art led him to speak of it and of its professors as superior to all others, the bard arose, and after alluding with mock gravity to his friend's skill in varnishing painters as well as paintings, proposed the health of Mr. Turner, and the worshipful company of Painters and Glaziers. This (to use the newspaper phrase) called up Mr. Turner, who with a similar solemnity expressed his sense of the honor he had received, made some good-humored allusions to blotters of foolscap, whose works were appropriately bound in calf; and concluded by proposing in return, the health of Mr. Campbell, and the worshipful company of Paper-stainers—a rejoinder that excited a general laugh, in which none joined more heartily than the poet himself.

AUTHORS—*origin of*—a most difficult question to decide. For if there were no readers there certainly would be no writers. Clearly, therefore, the existence of writers depends upon the existence of readers; and of course, as the cause must be antecedent to the effect, readers existed before writers. Yet, on the other hand, if there were no writers there could be no readers, so it should appear that writers must be antecedent to readers. This seems much on a par with the profound discovery of Lucretius, that eyes were

not made to see with, but being formed by a fortuitous concurrence of atoms, sight followed as an unforeseen accident; for, quoth he, if eyes were made to see withal, then seeing must have existed before eyes, and if seeing existed before eyes, what could be the use of eyes; and if seeing did not exist before eyes, how could eyes be made for that which is not—that is, for nothing? Clearly, therefore, eyes were not made to see with. In the same dilemma appears the matter of reading and writing. Perhaps it is safest to say that both are results of a fortuitous concurrence of atoms.

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY—Drawing a portrait of yourself with a pen and ink, carefully omitting all the bad features that you have, and putting in all the good ones that you have not, so as to ensure an accurate and faithful likeness! Publishing your own authentic life in telling flattering lies of yourself, in order, if possible, to prevent others from telling disparaging truths. No man's life is complete till he is dead, an auto-biography is therefore a *mis-nomer*. As such works, however, generally fall still-born from the press, an author may fairly be said to have lost his life as soon as he is delivered of it, so that this objection is, in fact, removed.

AUTO DE FÉ—OR ACT OF FAITH—Roasting our fellow creatures alive, for the honor and glory of a God of mercy. The horrors of this diabolical spectacle, which was invariably beheld by both sexes and all ages with transports of triumph and delight, should eternally be borne in mind, that we may see to what brutal extremities intolerance will push us, if it be not checked in the very outset. Thanks to the progress of opinion, the inquisition and its tortures are abolished; but fanatics, whether Romish or Reformed, still reserve the right of punishing heretics, (that is all those who differ from themselves on religious points,) with fire, pillory, imprisonment, and odium in this world; while they carefully retain the parting curse of the inquisition, "*Jam animam tuam tradimus Diabolo*," and consign them to eternal fire in the next. This moral inquisition remains yet to be suppressed. It is

only a postponed *auto de fé*. And all this hateful irreligion for the sake of religion! How truly may Christianity exclaim —"I fear not mine enemies, but save, oh! save me from my pretended friends."

AVARICE—The mistake of the old, who begin multiplying their attachments to the earth, just as they are going to run away from it, thereby increasing the bitterness without protracting the date of their separation. What the world terms avarice, however, is sometimes no more than a compulsory economy; and even a wilful penuriousness is better than a wasteful extravagance. Simonides being reproached with parsimony, said he would rather enrich his enemies after his death, than borrow of his friends in his lifetime.

There are more excuses for this "old gentlemanly vice," than the world is willing to admit. Its professors have the honor of agreeing with Vespasian, that—"*Auri bonus est odor ex re qualibet*," and with Dr. Johnson, who maintained that a man is seldom more beneficially employed, either for himself or others, than when he is making money. Wealth, too, is power, of which the secret sense in ourselves, and the open homage it draws from others, are doubly sweet, when we feel that all our other powers, and the estimation they procured us, are gradually failing. Nor is it any trifling advantage, in extreme old age, still to have a pursuit that gives an interest to existence; still to propose to ourselves an object, of which every passing day advances the accomplishment, and which holds out to us the pleasure of success, with hardly a possibility of failure, for it is much more easy to make the last *plum* than the first thousand. So far from supposing an old miser to be inevitably miserable, in the Latin sense of the word, it is not improbable that he may be more happy than his less penurious brethren. No one but an old man who has withstood the temptation of avarice, should be allowed to pronounce its unqualified condemnation.

BACHELOR—one who is so fearful of marrying, lest his wife should become his mistress, that he not unfrequently

finishes his career by converting his mistress into a wife. "A married man," said Dr. Johnson, "has many cares; but a bachelor has no pleasures." Cutting himself off from a great blessing, for fear of some trifling annoyance, he has rivalled the wiseacre who secured himself against corns by amputating his leg. In his selfish anxiety to live unincumbered, he has only subjected himself to a heavier burthen; for the passions, who apportion to every individual the load that he is to bear through life, generally say to the calculating bachelor—"As you are a single man, you shall carry double."

We may admire the wit, without acknowledging the truth of the repartee utterd by a bachelor, who, when his friend reproached him for his celibacy, adding that bachelorship ought to be taxed by the Government, replied, "There I agree with you, for it is quite a luxury!"

BAIT—one animal impaled upon a hook, in order to torture a second, for the amusement of a third. Were the latter to change places, for a single day, with either of the two former, which might generally be done with very little loss to society, it would enable him to form a better notion of the pastime he is in the habit of pursuing.—N. B. To make some approximation towards strict retributive justice, he should gorge the bait, and his tormenter should have all the humanity of an experienced angler!

BALLADS—Vocal portraits of the national mind. The people that are without them may literally be said not to be worth an old song. The old Government of France was well defined as an absolute monarchy, moderated by songs; and the acute Fletcher of Saltoun was so sensible of their importance, as to express a deliberate opinion, that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who made the laws of a nation. They who deem this an exaggerated notion, will do well to recollect the silly ballad of Lilliburlero, the noble author of which publicly boasted, and without much extravagance in the vaunt, that he had rhymed King James out of his dominions.

BANDIT—an unlegalized soldier, who is hanged for doing that which would get him a commission and a medal, had he taken the king's money, instead of that of travellers. "*Ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema.*"

BAR—INDEPENDENCE OF THE—Like a ghost, a thing much talked of and seldom seen. If a barrister possesses any professional or moral independence, it cannot be worth much, for a few guineas will generally purchase it. It must be confessed that he is singularly independent of all those scruples which operate upon the consciences of other men. Right and wrong, truth and falsehood, morality and profligacy, are all equally indifferent to him. Dealing in law, not justice, his brief is his bible, the ten guineas of his retaining fee are his decalogue; his glory, like that of a cook-maid, consists in wearing a silk gown, and his heaven is in a judge's wig. Head, heart, conscience, body and soul, all are for sale; the forensic bravo stands to be hired by the highest bidder, ready to attack those whom he had just defended, or defend those whom he had just attacked, according to the orders he may receive from his temporary master. Looking to the favor of the judge for favor with their clients, and to the government for professional promotion, barristers have too often been the abject lickspittles of the one, and the supple tools of the other.

M. de la B——, a French gentleman, seems to have formed a very correct notion of the independence of the bar. Having invited several friends to dine on a *maigre* day, his servant brought him word that there was only a single salmon left in the market, which he had not dared to bring away, because it had been bespoken by a barrister.—"Here," said his master, putting two or three pieces of gold into his hand, "go back directly, and buy me the barrister and the salmon too."

BARRISTER—a legal servant of all work. One who sometimes makes his gown a cloak for browbeating and putting down a witness, who, but for this protection, might oc-

casionally knock down the barrister. Show me the conscientious counsellor, who, refusing to hire out his talents that he may screen the guilty, overreach the innocent, defraud the orphan, or impoverish the widow, will scrupulously decline a brief, unless the cause of his client wear at least a semblance of honesty and justice—who will leave knaves and robbers to the merited inflictions of the law, while he will cheerfully exert his eloquence and skill in redressing the wrongs of the injured. Show me such a Phœnix of a barrister, and I will admit that he richly deserves—not to have been at the bar!

"Does not a barrister's affected warmth and habitual dissimulation impair his honesty?" asked Boswell of Dr. Johnson. "Is there not some danger that he may put on the same mask in common life, in the intercourse with his friends?"—"Why no, sir," replied the Doctor. "A man will no more carry the artifice of the bar into the common intercourse of society, than a man who is paid for tumbling upon his hands will continue to do so when he should walk on his feet." Perhaps not; but how are we to respect the forensic tumbler, who will walk upon his hands, and perform the most ignoble antics for a paltry fee?

All briefless barristers will please to consider themselves excepted from the previous censure, for I should be really sorry to speak ill of any man *without a cause.*

BATHOS—sinking when you mean to rise. The waxen wings of Icarus, which instead of making him master of the air, plunged him into the water, were a practical bathos. So was the miserable imitation of the Thunderer by Salmoneus, which, instead of giving him a place among the Gods, consigned him to the regions below.

Of the written bathos, an amusing instance is afforded in the published tour of a lady, who has attained some celebrity in literature. Describing a storm to which she was exposed, when crossing in the steamboat from Dover to Calais, her ladyship says,—"In spite of the most earnest solicitations to the contrary, in which the captain eagerly joined, I firmly persisted in remaining upon deck, although the tempest had

now increased to such a frightful hurricane, that it was not without great difficulty I could—hold up my parasol!"

As a worthy companion to this little *morçeau*, we copy the following affecting advertisement from a London newspaper:—"If this should meet the eye of Emma D——, who absented herself last Wednesday from her father's house, she is implored to return, when she will be received with undiminished affection by her almost heart-broken parents. If nothing can persuade her to listen to their joint appeal—should she be determined to bring their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave—should she never mean to revisit a home where she has passed so many happy years—it is at least expected, if she be not totally lost to all sense of propriety, that she will, without a moment's further delay,—send back the key of the tea-caddy."

Sydney Smith cites a French traveller who was much given to the vice of declaiming upon common-place subjects:—"He goes on, mingling bucolic details and sentimental effusions, melting and measuring, crying and calculating, in a manner which is very bad, if it is poetry, and worse if it is prose. In speaking of the modes of cultivating potatoes, he cannot avoid calling the potato *a modest vegetable:* and when he comes to the exportation of horses from the duchy of Holstein, we learn that 'these animals are dragged from the bosom of their peaceable and modest country, to hear, in foreign regions, the sound of the warlike trumpet; to carry the combatant amid the hostile ranks; to increase the éclat of some pompous procession; or drag, in gilded car, some favorite of fortune.'"

How different from this is that truly pathetic passage in Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh's Journal of Travel from Cornhill to Grand Cairo, when taking leave of the steamer he feelingly describes his affection for his fellow-voyagers, from the captain and purser, "down even to the greasy old cook, who with a touching affection used to bring us locks of his hair in the soup."

BEAUTY—has been not unaptly, though somewhat vul-

garly, defined by T. H. as "all my eye," since it addresses itself solely to that organ, and is intrinsically of little value. From this ephemeral flower are distilled many of the ingredients in matrimonial unhappiness. It must be a dangerous gift, both for its possessor and its admirer, if there be any truth in the assertion of M. Gombaud, that beauty "*représente les Dieux, et les fait oublier.*" If its possession, as is too often the case, turns the head, while its loss sours the temper; if the long regret of its decay outweighs the fleeting pleasure of its bloom, the plain should rather pity than envy the handsome. Beauty of countenance, which, being the light of the soul shining through the face, is independent of feature or complexion, is the most attractive, as well as the most enduring charm. Nothing but talent and amiability can bestow it, no statue or picture can rival, time itself cannot destroy it.

Wants are seldom blessings, and yet the want of a common standard of beauty has incalculably widened the sphere of our enjoyment, since all tastes may thus be gratified by the infinite variety of minds, and the endless diversities in the human form. Father Buffier maintains that the beauty of every object consists in that form and color most usual among things of that particular sort to which it belongs. He seems to have thought that there was no inherent beauty in any thing except the *juste milieu*, the happy mean. "The beauty of a nose," says Adam Smith, following out the same idea in his Theory of Moral Sentiments, "is the form at which Nature seems to have aimed in all noses, which she seldom hits exactly, but to which all her deviations still bear a strong resemblance. Many copies of an original may all miss it in some respects, yet they will all resemble it more than they resemble one another. So it is with animated forms; and thus beauty, though, in one sense, exceedingly rare, because few attain the happy mean, is, at the same time, a common quality, because all the deviations have a greater resemblance to this standard than to one another."

Even this, however, is not a certain criterion, for our estimate of beauty, depending mainly upon association, will be influenced by the predominant feeling in the mind of the spec-

tator, whether he be contemplating a woman or a landscape. Brindley, the civil engineer, considered a straight canal a much more picturesque and pleasing object than a meandering river. "For what purpose," he was asked, "do you apprehend rivers to have been intended?"—"To feed navigable canals," was the reply. Dr. Johnson maintained that there was no beauty without utility, but he was not provided with a rejoinder when the peacock's tail was objected to him. What so beautiful as flowers, and yet we cannot always perceive their utility in the economy of nature. There are belles to whom the same remark may be applied.

As the want of exterior generally increases the interior beauty, we should do well to judge of women as of the impressions on medals, and pronounce those the most valuable which are the plainest.

BEER—Small—An undrinkable drink, which if it were set upon a cullender to let the water run out, would leave a residuum of—— nothing. Of whatever else it may be guilty, it is generally innocent of malt and hops. Upon the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*, it may be termed liquid bread, and the strength of corn. Small-beer comes into the third category of the honest brewer, who divided his infusions into three classes—strong table, common table, and *lamen-table*. An illiterate vendor of this commodity wrote over his door at Harrowgate, "Bear sold here!" "He spells the word quite correctly," said T. H., "if he means to apprise us that the article is his own *Bruin!*"

"What will be the best method of saving this small-beer from depredation?" said a lady to her butler.—"Placing a cask of strong beer at the side of it," was the reply.

BENEFICENCE—may exist without benevolence. Arising from a sense of duty, not from sympathy or compassion, it may be a charity of the hand rather than of the heart. And this, though less amiable, is, perhaps, more certain than the charity of impulse, inasmuch as a principle is better to be depended upon than a feeling. There is an apparent benefi-

cence which has no connection either with right principle or right feeling, as, when we throw alms to a beggar, not to relieve him of his distress, but ourselves of his importunity or of the pain of beholding him; and there is a charity which is mere selfishness, as when we bestow it for the sole purpose of ostentation. We need not be surprised that certain names should be so pertinaciously blazoned before the public eye in lists of contributors, if we bear in mind that "charity covereth a multitude of sins."

"BENEVOLENCE"—said S. S., in a charity sermon—"is a sentiment common to human nature. A never sees B in distress without wishing C to relieve him."

BENTLEY—Doctor.—In the lately published life of this literary Thraso, the editor has omitted to insert an anecdote which is worth preserving, if it were only for the pun that it embalms. Robert Boyle, afterwards Earl of Cork, having, as it was generally thought, defeated Bentley in a controversy concerning the authenticity of the letters of Phalaris, the Doctor's pupils drew a caricature of their master, whom the guards of Phalaris were thrusting into his brazen bull, for the purpose of burning him alive, while a label issued from his mouth with the following inscription: "Well, well! I had rather be roasted than *Boyled*."

BIGOT—Camden relates that when Rollo, Duke of Normandy, received Gisla, the daughter of Charles the Foolish, in marriage, he would not submit to kiss Charles's foot; and when his friends urged him by all means to comply with that ceremony, he made answer in the English tongue—Ne se by God—*i. e.—Not so by God.* Upon which the king and his courtiers deriding him, and corruptly repeating his answer, called him *bigot*, which was the origin of the term. Though modern bigots resemble their founder in being wedded to the offspring of a foolish parent, viz., their own opinion, they are unlike him in every other particular; for they not only insist upon kissing the foot of some superior authority, the Pope of

their own election, but they quarrel with all the world for not following their example. A Bigot is a man of respectable opinions, but very ordinary talents; defending what is right without judgment, and believing what is holy without charity. Generally obstinate in proportion as he is wrong, he thinks he best shows his love of God by hatred of his fellow-creatures, and his humility by lauding himself and his sect. Vain is the endeavor to argue with men of this stamp—

For steel'd by pride from all assaults,
They cling the closer to their faults,
And make self-praise supply an ointment
For every wound and disappointment,
As dogs by their own licking cure
Whatever soreness they endure.
Minds thus debased by mystic lore,
  Are like the pupils of the eye,
Which still contract themselves the more,
  The greater light that you supply.
Others by them are praised or slander'd,
Exactly as they fit their standard,
And as an oar, though straight in air,
  Appears in water to be bent,
So men and measures, foul or fair,
  Viewed through the bigot's element,
(Such are the optics of their mind,)
They crooked or straightforward find.

BIRTH—Low—An incitement to high deeds and the attainment of lofty station. Many of our greatest men have sprung from the humblest origin, as the lark, whose nest is on the ground, soars the nearest to heaven. Narrow circumstances are the most powerful stimulant to mental expansion, and the early frowns of fortune the best security for her final smiles. A nobleman who painted remarkably well for an amateur, showing one of his pictures to Poussin, the latter exclaimed—"Your lordship only requires a little poverty to make you a complete artist." The conversation turning upon the antiquity of different Italian houses, in the presence of Sextus V. when Pope, he maintained that his was the most illustrious of any, for being half unroofed, the light entered on all sides, a circumstance to which he attributed his having been enabled to exchange it for the Vatican.

BLIND—The—see—nothing.

BLOOD—The oil of our life's lamp:—the death signature of the destroying angel. Of blood, eight parts in ten consist of pure water, and yet into what an infinite variety of substances is it converted by the inscrutable chemistry of nature! All the secretions, all the solids of our bodies, life itself, are formed from this mysterious fluid.

T. H., who, whenever he gets beyond his depth in argument, seeks to make his escape by a miserable pun, was once maintaining that the blood was not originally red, but acquired that color in its progress.—"Pray, sir," demanded his opponent, "what stage *does* the blood turn red in?"—"Why, sir," replied T. H., "in the *Reading Stage*, I presume."

BLUSHING—a suffusion—least seen in those who have the most occasion for it.

BODY—That portion of our system which receives the chief attention of Messrs. Somebody, Anybody, and Everybody, while Nobody cares for the soul.—Body and mind are harnessed together to perform in concert the journey of life, a duty which they will accomplish pleasantly and safely if the coachman, Judgment, do not drive one faster than the other. If he attempt this, confusion, exhaustion, and disease are sure to ensue. Sensualists are like savages, who cut down the tree to pluck all the fruit at once. Writers and close thinkers, on the contrary, who do not allow themselves sufficient relaxation, and permit the mind to "o'er-inform its tenement of clay," soon entail upon themselves physical or mental disorders, generally both. We are like lamps; if we wind up the intellectual burner too high, the glass becomes thickened or discolored with smoke, or it breaks, and the unregulated flame, blown about by every puff of wind, if not extinguished altogether, throws a fitful glare and distorting shadows over the objects that it was intended to illuminate. The

bow that is the oftenest unbent, will the longest retain its strength and elasticity.

——— "Quandam citharà tacentem
Suscitat musam, neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo."

BON-MOT—See the present work—*passim*. "Collectors of *ana* and *facetiæ*," says Champfort, "are like children with a large cake before them; they begin by picking out the plums and titbits, and finish by devouring the whole." He might also have compared their works to a snow-ball, which, in our endeavors to make it larger, takes up the snow first, and then the dirt.

Sheridan, when shown a single volume, entitled "The Beauties of Shakspeare," read it for some time with apparent satisfaction, and then exclaimed, "This is all very well, but where are the other seven volumes?"

BOOK—a thing formerly put aside to be read, and now read to be put aside. The world is, at present, divided into two classes—those who forget to read, and those who read to forget. Bookmaking, which used to be a science, is now a manufacture, with which, as in every thing else, the market is so completely overstocked, that our literary operatives, if they wish to avoid starving, must eat up one another. They have, for some time, been employed in cutting up each other, as if to prepare for the meal. Alas! they may have reason for their feast, without finding it a feast of reason.

BOOKS—Prohibited—Attempting to put the sun of reason into a dark lantern, that its mighty blaze may be hidden or revealed, according to the will of some purblind despot. When W. S. R. published his admirable "Letters from the North of Italy," they were found so little palatable to the Austrian emperor, that they were prohibited throughout his dominions. This honor the author appreciated as he ought, only regretting that the interdict would prevent his sending copies to some of his Italian friends; a difficulty, however,

which was soon overcome. Cancelling the original title-page, he procured a new one to be printed, which ran as follows:—"A Treatise upon Sour Krout, with full directions for its preparation, and remarks upon its medicinal properties." On their arrival at the frontiers, the inspector compared the books with the Index Expurgatorius, but as he did not find any imperial anathema against sour krout, they were forwarded without further scrutiny, and safely reached their respective destinations.

Rabelais said, that all the bad books ought to be bought, because they would not be reprinted; a hint which has not been thrown away upon our Bibliomanians, who seem to forget, that, since the invention of printing, no good book has ever become scarce.

BOOKSELLER—There is this difference between the heroes of Paternoster Row and the Scandinavian warriors in the Hall of Valhalla,—that the former drink their wine out of the skulls of their friends, the authors, whereas the latter quaffed theirs out of the skulls of their enemies. In ancient times, the *Vates* was considered a prophet as well as bard, but now he is barred from his profit, most of which goes to the bookseller, who, in return, generously allows the scribbler to come in for the whole of the critical abuse. It has been invidiously said, that as a bibliopolist lives upon the brains of others, he need not possess any himself. This is a mistake. He has the wit to coin the wit that is supplied to him, and thus proves his intellectual by his golden talents. Many a bookvendor rides in his own carriage; but I do not know a single professional bookwriter who does not trudge a-foot. "*Sic vos non vobis*"—the proverb's somewhat musty.—If they take our honey, they cannot quarrel with us if we now and then give them a sting.

BORE—a brainless, babbling button-holder. A wretch so deficient in tact that he cannot adapt himself to any society, nor perceive that all agree in thinking him disagreeable. Sydney Smith, who had a very keen scent for that kind of game,

speaks thus pertinently of the worst specimen of that class, the Titled Bore: "a heavy, pompous, meddling peer, occupying a large share of the conversation—saying things in ten words which required only two, and evidently convinced that he is making a great impression; a large man, with a large head, and very learned manner; knowing enough to torment his fellow-creatures, not to instruct them—the ridicule of young ladies, and the natural butt and target of wit. It is easy to talk of carnivorous animals and beasts of prey; but does such a man who lays waste a whole party of civilized beings by prosing, reflect upon the joy he spoils, and the misery he creates, in the course of his life? and that any one who listens to him through politeness, would prefer toothache or earache to his conversation? Does he consider the extreme uneasiness which ensues, when the company have discovered a man to be an extremely absurd person, at the same time that it is absolutely impossible to convey, by words or manner, the most distant suspicion of the discovery? And then, who punishes this bore? What sessions and what assizes for him? What bill is found against him? Who indicts him? When the judges have gone their vernal and autumnal rounds —the sheep-stealer disappears—the swindler gets ready for the Bay—the solid parts of the murderer are preserved in anatomical collections. But, after twenty years of crime, the bore is discovered in the same house, in the same attitude, eating the same soup—unpunished, untried, undissected—no scaffold, no skeleton—no mob of gentlemen and ladies to gape over his last dying speech and confession." Nevertheless, we forgive the man who bores us much more easily than the man who lets us see that we are boring him. Towards the former, we exercise a magnanimous compassion; but our wounded self-love cannot tolerate the latter. A newly-elected M. C. lately consulted his friend as to the occasion that he should select for his maiden speech. A very important subject was suggested, when the modest member expressed a fear that his mind was hardly of sufficient calibre to embrace it. "Poh! poh!" said the friend,—"don't be under any apprehensions

about your calibre: depend upon it, they will find you *bore* enough."

BREATH—air received into the lungs by many young men of fashion for the important purposes of smoking a cigar and whistling a tune.

BREVITY—the soul of wit, which accounts for the tenuity of the present work! Into how narrow a compass has Seneca compressed his account of the total destruction of Lyons by fire: "*Inter magnam urbem et nullam nox una interfuit*,"—between a great city and none, only a single night intervened!

BREVITY—the soul of wit. Brevity is in writing what charity is to all the other virtues. Righteousness is worth nothing without the one, nor authorship without the other. There is an event recorded in the Bible, which men who write books should keep constantly in their remembrance. It is there set forth, that many centuries ago, the earth was covered with a great flood, by which the whole of the human race, with the exception of one family, were destroyed. It appears also that from thence a great alteration was made in the longevity of mankind, who from a range of seven or eight hundred years, which they enjoyed before the flood, were confined to their present period of seventy or eighty years. This epoch in the history of man gave birth to the twofold division of the antediluvian and the postdiluvian style of writing, the latter of which naturally contracted itself into those inferior limits which were better accommodated to the abridged duration of human life and literary labor. Now, to forget this event,—to write without the fear of the deluge before his eyes, and to handle a subject as if mankind could lounge over a pamphlet for ten years, as before their submersion,—is to be guilty of the most grievous error into which a writer can possibly fall. An author should call in the aid of some brilliant pen, and cause the distressing scenes of the deluge to be portrayed in the most lively colors for his use. He should gaze at Noah

and be brief. The ark should constantly remind him of the little time there is left for reading; and he should learn, as they did in the ark, to crowd a great deal of matter into a very little compass.

Upon the memorable dark day, 19th March, 1790, a lady wrote to the celebrated Dr. Byles, in Boston, as follows:—"Dear Doctor, how do you account for this darkness?" To which he replied, as wittily as briefly:—"Dear Madam, I am as much in the dark as you are."

BRIEF—the excuse of counsel for an impertinence that is often inexcusable.

BRUTES—Philosophers have been much puzzled about the essential characteristics of brutes, by which they may be distinguished from men. Some define a brute to be an animal that never laughs, or an animal incapable of laughter; some say they are mute animals. The Peripatetics allowed them a sensitive power, but denied them a rational one. The Platonists allowed them reason and understanding; though in a degree less pure and less refined than that of men. Lactantius allows them every thing which men have, except a sense of religion; and some sceptics have gone so far as to say they have this also. Descartes maintained that brutes are mere inanimate machines, absolutely destitute, not only of all reason, but of all thought and reflection; and that all their actions are only consequences of the exquisite mechanism of their bodies. This system, however, is much older than Descartes; it was borrowed by him from Gomez Pereira, a Spanish physician, who employed thirty years in composing a treatise on this subject, which he very affectionately called by the name of his father and mother—"Antoniana Margarita." Poor Gomez was so far from having opponents, that he had not even readers: his theory, in the hands of Descartes, excited a controversy which reached from one end of Europe to the other; many, who maintained the opposite hypothesis to Descartes, contended that brutes are endowed with a soul, essentially inferior to that of man; and to this soul some have im-

piously allowed immortality. But the most curious of all opinions, respecting the understanding of beasts, is that advanced by Père Bougeant, a Jesuit, in a work entitled "Philosophical Amusement on the Language of Beasts." In this book he contends that each animal is inhabited by a separate and distinct devil; that not only this was the case with respect to cats, which have long been known to be very favorite residences of familiar spirits, but that a peculiar devil swam with every turbot, grazed with every ox, soared with every lark, dived with every duck, and was roasted with every chicken.

Sydney Smith, from whom I quote the above, says: "I should be very sorry to do injustice to the poor brutes, who have no professors to revenge their cause by lecturing on *our* faculties; and at the same time I know there is a very strong anthropical party, who view all eulogiums on the brute creation with a very considerable degree of suspicion; and look upon every compliment which is paid to the ape as high treason to the dignity of man. But I confess I feel myself so much at my ease about the superiority of mankind,—I have such a marked and decided contempt for the understanding of every baboon I have yet seen,—I feel so sure that the blue ape without a tail will never rival us in poetry, painting, and music,—that I see no reason whatever, why justice may not be done to the few fragments of soul, and tatters of understanding, which they may really possess. I have sometimes, perhaps, felt a little uneasy at Exeter 'Change, from contrasting the monkeys with the 'prentice-boys who are teasing them; but a few pages of Locke, or a few lines of Milton, have always restored me to tranquillity, and convinced me that the superiority of man had nothing to fear."

BUFFOON—A professional fool, whereas a wag is an amateur fool.

BULL—A bull is exactly the counterpart of a witticism; for as wit discovers real relations that are not apparent, bulls admit apparent relations that are not real. The pleasure

arising from bulls proceeds from our surprise at suddenly discovering two things to be dissimilar in which a resemblance might have been suspected. The same doctrine will apply to wit and bulls in action. Practical wit discovers connection or relation between actions, in which duller understandings discover none; and practical bulls originate from an apparent relation between two actions which more correct understandings immediately perceive to have none at all. In the late rebellion in Ireland, the rebels, who had conceived a high degree of indignation against some great banker, passed a resolution that they would burn his notes;—which they accordingly did, with great assiduity; forgetting, that in burning his notes they were destroying his debts, and that for every note which went into the flames, a correspondent value went into the banker's pocket. A gentleman, in speaking of a nobleman's wife, of great rank and fortune, lamented very much that she had no children. A medical gentleman who was present observed, that to have no children was a great misfortune, but he thought he had remarked it was *hereditary* in some families.

Louis XIV. being extremely harassed by the repeated solicitations of a veteran officer for promotion, said one day, loud enough to be heard, "that gentleman is the most troublesome officer I have in my service." "That is precisely the charge," said the old man, "which your Majesty's enemies bring against me."

An English gentleman was writing a letter in a coffee-house, and perceiving that an Irishman stationed behind him was taking that liberty which Parmenio used with his friend Alexander, instead of putting his seal upon the lips of the *curious impertinent*, the English gentleman thought proper to reprove the Hibernian, if not with delicacy, at least with poetical justice. He concluded writing his letter in these words: "I would say more, but a damned tall Irishman is reading over my shoulder every word I write." "You lie, you scoundrel," said the self-convicted Hibernian.

A copious and amusing book might be made, by collecting the bulls and blunders of all nations, except the Irish, whom

we would exclude, upon the principle that determined Martial not to describe the nose of Tongilianus, because "*nil præter nasum Tongilianus habet.*" Of the French bulls, there are few better than the following: A Gascon nobleman had been reproaching his son with ingratitude. "I owe you nothing," said the unfilial young man; "so far from having served me, you have always stood in my way; for if you had never been born, I should at this moment be the next heir of my rich grandfather."

Worthy of a place by the side of this Gallic Hibernicism is the *niaiserie* of Captain Baudin, the commander of a French expedition of discovery. On opening a box of magnetic needles, they were found to be much rusted, which sensibly impaired their utility. "What else can you expect?" exclaimed the irritated captain; "all the articles provided by government are shabby beyond description. Had they acted as I could have wished, they would have given us silver instead of steel needles."

An Irishman may be described as a sort of Minotaur, half man and half bull. "*Semibovemque virum, semivirumque bovem,*" as Ovid has it. He might run me into a longer essay than Miss Edgeworth's, without exhausting the subject; I shall therefore content myself with a single instance of his felicity in this figure of speech. In the examination of a Connaught lad, he was asked his age.—"I'm just twenty, your honor; but I would have been twenty-one, only my mother miscarried the year before I was born."

In a debate on the leather-tax, in 1794, in the Irish House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Sir John Parnell) observed with great emphasis, "that in prosecution of the present war, every man ought to give his *last* guinea to protect the *remainder.*" Mr. Vandeclure said, that "however that might be, the tax on leather would be *severely felt* by the *barefooted peasantry* of Ireland." To which Sir Boyle Roche replied, that "this could be very easily remedied, by making the *under leather of wood.*"

Digby sat a long time very attentive, considering a cane-bottom chair. At length he said,—"I wonder what fellow

took the trouble to find all them holes and put straws around them!"

BURGLARY—If the burglar who craftily examines a house or a shop, to see how he may best break into it and steal its contents, be a knave, what name should we bestow upon the Old Bailey barrister, who, in the defence of a confessed thief, sifts and examines the laws to ascertain where he may best evade or break through them, for the purpose of defrauding justice and of letting loose a felon to renew his depredations upon society? Bentham compares the confidence between a criminal and his advocate to a compact of guilt between two confederated malefactors.

CAGE—An article to the manufacture of which our spinsters would do well to direct their attention, since, according to Voltaire, the reason of so many unhappy marriages is, that young ladies employ their time in making nets instead of cages. Putting the same thought in another form, we might say that our damsels, in fishing for husbands, rely too much upon their personal and too little on their mental attractions, forgetting that an enticing bait is of little use unless you have a hook, line, and landing-net, that may secure the prey.

CANDIDATES—for Holy Orders, are sometimes persons claiming authority to show their fellow-creatures the way to heaven, because they have been unable to make their own way upon earth.

Some of the clamorers against the abuses of the Church object that the greatest dunce in families of distinction is often selected for the ministry. How unreasonable! is it not better that the ground should be ploughed by asses, than remain untilled? I cannot, by any means, approve the fastidiousness, any more than the bad pun of the Canadian bishop, who, finding, after examining one of the candidates for holy orders, that he was grossly ignorant, refused to ordain him. "My lord!" said the disappointed aspirant, "there is no imputation upon my moral character—I have a due sense of

religion, and I am a member of the *Propaganda* Society."—"*That* I can easily believe," replied the bishop, "for you are a *proper goose.*"

CANDIDATES—for Congress, self-trumpeters. In addressing the electors it is amusing to observe how invariably, and how very impartially, each candidate, when describing the sort of representative whom the worthy and enlightened constituents ought to choose, *draws a portrait of himself*, blazoning the little nothings that he has achieved, and, sometimes, like the Pharisee, introducing a fling at his opponent, by thanking heaven that he is not like yonder Publican. For the benefit of such portrait painters, I will record an apposite anecdote of Mirabeau, premising that his face was deeply indented with the small-pox. Anxious to be put in nomination for the National Assembly, he made a long speech to the voters, minutely pointing out the precise requisites that a proper and efficient member ought to possess, and, of course, drawing as accurate a likeness as possible of himself. He was answered by Talleyrand, who contented himself with the following short speech: "It appears to me, gentlemen, that M. de Mirabeau has omitted to state the most important of all the legislative qualifications, and I will supply his deficiency by impressing upon your attention, that a perfectly unobjectionable member of the Assembly ought, above all things, to be very much marked with the small-pox." Talleyrand got the laugh, which in France always carries the election.

CANDOR—a very pretty thing to talk about. In some people may be compared to barley-sugar drops, in which the acid preponderates over the sweetness.

CANT—Originally the name of a Cameronian preacher in Scotland, who had attained the faculty of preaching in such a tone and dialect, as to be understood by none but his own congregation. This worthy, however, has been outcanted by his countryman, Irving, whose Babel tongues possess the superior merit of being unintelligible not only to his flock, but even to himself.

In the present acceptation of the word, as a synonyme of hypocrisy—as a pharisaical pretension to superior religion and virtue, substituted by those great professors of both, who are generally the least performers of either, *cant* may be designated the characteristic of modern England. Simulation and dissimulation are its constituent elements—the substitution of the form for the spirit, of appearances for realities, of words for things.

CARE—The tax paid by the higher classes for their privileges and possessions. Often amounting to the full value of the property upon which it is levied, care may be termed the poor-rate of the rich. Like death, care is a sturdy summoner, who will take no denial, and who is no respecter of persons. Nor is the importunate dun a whit improved in his manners since the time of Horace, for he beards the great and the powerful in their very palaces, and scares them even in their throne-like beds, while the peasant sleeps undisturbed upon his straw pallet. Under the perpetual influence of these drawbacks and compensations, the inequalities of fortune, if measured by the criterion of enjoyment, are rather apparent than real; for it is difficult to be rich without care, and easy to be happy without wealth.

CASTLE—In England every man's cottage is held to be his castle, which he is authorized to defend, even against the assaults of the king; but it may be doubted whether the same privilege extends to Ireland.—"My client," said an Irish advocate, pleading before Lord Norbury, in an action of trespass, "is a poor man—he lives in a hovel, and this miserable dwelling is in a forlorn and dilapidated state; but still, thank God! the laborer's cottage, however ruinous its plight, is his sanctuary and his castle. Yes—the winds may enter it, and the rains may enter it, but the king cannot enter it." "What! not the *reigning* king?" asked the joke-loving judge.

CATACHRESIS—The abuse of a trope, or an apparent contradiction in terms, as when the law pronounces the acci-

dental killing of a woman to be manslaughter. The name of the Serpentine River, which is a straight canal, involves a catachresis, and we often, unconsciously, perpetrate others, in our daily discourse; as when we talk of wooden tomb-stones, iron mile-stones, glass ink-horns, brass shoeing-horns, &c.

Every one recollects the fervent hope expressed by the late Lord Castlereagh, that the people of this happy country would never turn their backs upon themselves. This was only a misplaced trope; but there sometimes is, among his fellow-countrymen, a confusion of ideas that involves an impossibility. An Irishman's horse fell with him, throwing his rider to some distance, when the animal, in struggling to get up, entangled its hind leg in the stirrup. "Oh, very well, sir," said the dismounted cavalier; "if you're after getting on your own back, I see there will be no room for me."

The following string of Catachreses is versified, with some additions and embellishments, from a sermon of an ignorant field-preacher:—

Staying his hand, which, like a hammer,
Had thump'd and bump'd his anvil-book,
And waving it to still the clamor,
The tub-man took a loftier look,
And thus, condensing all his powers,
Scatter'd his oratoric flowers:
"What! will ye still, ye heathen, flee
From sanctity and grace,
Until your blind idolatry
Shall stare ye in the face?
Will ye throw off the mask, and show
Thereby the cloven foot below?
Do—but remember, ye must pay
What's due to ye on settling day!
Justice's eye, it stands to sense,
Can never stomach such transgressions;
Nor can the hand of Providence
Wink at your impious expressions.
The infidel thinks vengeance dead,
And in his fancied safety chuckles;
But Atheism's hydra head,
Shall have a rap upon the knuckles."

CELIBACY—A vow by which the priesthood, in some countries, swear to content themselves with the wives of other people.

CEREMONY—All that is considered necessary by many in religion and friendship.

CENSORIOUSNESS—Judging of others by ourselves. It will invariably be found that the most censurable are the most censorious; while those who have the least need of indulgence are the most indulgent. We should pardon the mistakes of others as freely as if we ourselves were constantly committing the same faults, and yet avoid their errors as carefully as if we never forgave them. There is no precept, however, that cannot be evaded. "We are ordered to forgive our enemies, but not our friends," cries a quibbler. "We may forgive our own enemies, but not the heretics, who are the enemies of God," said Father Segnerand to Louis XIII. Many people imagine that they are not only concealing their own misconduct in this world, but making atonement for it in the next, by visiting the misdeeds of others with a puritanical severity. They may well be implacable! "I should never have preserved my reputation," said Lady B—, "if I had not carefully abstained from visiting demireps. I must be strait-laced in the persons of others, because I have been so loose in my own."—"My dear lady B—!" exclaimed her sympathizing friend, "upon this principle you ought to retire into a convent!"

CHALLENGE—Calling upon a man who has hurt your feelings to give you satisfaction—by shooting you through the body.

CHANGE—The only thing that is constant; mutability being an immutable law of the universe.

> "Men change with fortune, manners change with climes,
> Tenets with books, and principles with times."

CHARACTER—Individual—A compound from the characters of others. If it be true that one fool makes many, it is not less clear that many fools, or many wise men, make one. The *noscitur à socio* is universally applicable. Like the cha-

meleon, our mind takes the color of what surrounds it. However small may be the world of our own familiar coterie, it conceals from us the world without; as the minutest object, held close to the eye, will shut out the sun. Our mental hue depends as completely on the social atmosphere in which we move as our complexion upon the climate in which we live.

Nevertheless, it must be admitted that it is sometimes profitable to associate with graceless characters. A reprobate fellow once laid his worthy associate a bet of five guineas that he could not repeat the creed. It was accepted, and his friend repeated the Lord's prayer. "Confound you!" cried the former, who imagined that he had been listening to the creed,—"I had no idea you had such a memory. There are your five guineas!"

CHARITY—The only thing that we can give away without losing it.

> "True charity is truest thrift,
> More than repaid for every gift,
> By grateful prayers enroll'd on high,
> And its own heart's sweet eulogy,
> Which, like the perfume-giving rose,
> Possesses still what it bestows."

Charity covereth a multitude of sins, and the English are the most bountiful people upon earth! The best almsgiving, perhaps, is a liberal expenditure; for that encourages the industrious, while indiscriminate charity only fosters idlers and impostors. The latter is little better than mere selfishness, prompting us to get rid of an uneasy sensation. Sometimes, however, we refuse our bounty to a suppliant, because he has hurt our feelings; while the beggar who has pleased us by making us laugh at his buffoonery, seldom goes unrewarded. Delpini, the clown, applied to George IV. when Prince of Wales, for pecuniary assistance, drawing a lamentable picture of his destitute state. As he was in the habit of thus importuning his Royal Highness, his suit was rejected. At last, as he met the Prince coming out of Carlton House, he exclaimed —"Ah, votre altesse! Ah, mon Prince! if you no assist de

pauvre Delpini, I must go to your papa's bench!" Tickled by the oddity of the phrase, the Prince laughed heartily, and immediately complied with his request.

CHEERFULNESS—"The best Hymn to the Divinity," according to Addison, and all rational religionists. When we have passed a day of innocent enjoyment; when "our bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne;" when our gratified and grateful feelings, sympathizing with universal nature, make us sensible, as John of Salisbury says, that "*Gratior it dies, et soles melius nitent*,"—we may be assured that we have been performing, however unconsciously, an acceptable act of devotion. Pure religion may generally be measured by the cheerfulness of its professors, and superstition by the gloom of its victims. *Ille placet Deo, cui placet Deus*—He to whom God is pleasant, is pleasant to God.

CHESS—A wooden or ivory allegory. Sir William Jones, who claims the invention of this game for the Hindoos, traces the successive corruptions of the original Sanscrit term, through the Persians and Arabs, into *scacchi*, echess—chess; which, by a whimsical concurrence of circumstances, has given birth to the English word *check*, and even a name to the Exchequer of Great Britain. In passing through Europe, the oriental forms and names have suffered material change. The ruch, or dromedary, we have corrupted into rook. The bishop was with us formerly an archer, while the French denominated it *alfin*, and *fol*, which were perversions of the original eastern term for the elephant.

The ancient Persian game consisted of the following pieces:—

1. *Schach* . . . . The King.
2. *Pherz* . . . . The Vizier, or General.
3. *Phil* . . . . The Elephant.
4. *Aspen Suar* . . . The Horseman.
5. *Ruch* . . . . The Dromedary.
6. *Beydal* . . . The Foot-soldiers.

In process of time, the Persian names were gradually translated into French, or modified by French terminations. Schach was translated into *Roy*—the King; Pherz, the Vizier, became *Fercié—Fierce—Fierge—Vierge;* and this last was easily converted into a lady—*Dame.* The Elephant Phil was altered into *Fol* or *Fou;* the Horseman became a Cavalier or Knight, while the Dromedary, *Ruch*, was converted into a *Tour*, or Tower, probably from being confounded with the Elephant, which is usually represented as carrying a castle. The foot-soldiers were retained by the name of *Pietons*, or *Pions*, whence our Pawns.

In its westward progress, the game of chess adapted itself to the habits and institutions of the countries that fostered it. The prerogative of the King gradually extended itself, until it became unlimited: the agency of the Princes, in lieu of the Queen, who does not exist in the original chess-board, bespeak forcibly the nature of the oriental customs, which exclude females from all influence and power. In Persia, these Princes were changed into a single Vizier, and for this Vizier the Europeans, with the same gallantry that had prompted the French to add a Queen to the pack of cards, substituted a Queen on the chess-board.

We record the following anecdote, as a warning to such of our male and married readers as may be in the perilous habit of playing chess with a wife. Ferrand, Count of Flanders, having constantly defeated the Countess at chess, she conceived a hatred against him, which came to such a height, that when the Count was taken prisoner at the battle of Bovines, she suffered him to remain a long time in prison, though she could easily have procured his release.

CHILD—Spoilt—An unfortunate victim, who proves the weakness of his parents' judgment, much more forcibly than the strength of their affection. Doomed to feel by daily experience, that a blind love is as bad as a clear-sighted hatred, the spoilt child, when he embitters the life of those who have poisoned his, is not so much committing an act of ingratitude, as of retributive justice. Is it not natural that he should love

those too little, who by loving him too much have proved themselves his worst enemies?—How can we expect him to be a blessing to us, when we have been a curse to him? It is the awarded and just punishment of a weak over-indulgence, that the more we fondle a spoilt child, the more completely shall we alienate him, as an arrow flies the farther from us the closer we draw it to our bosom.

As a gentle hint to others similarly annoyed, we record the rebuke of a visitor, to whom a mother expressed her apprehension that he was disturbed by the crying of her spoilt brat.—"Not at all, Madam," was the reply; "I am always delighted to hear such children cry."—"Indeed! why so?"—"Because in all well-regulated families, they are immediately sent out of the room."

CHILDREN—Jean Paul says beautifully of children: "The smallest are nearest God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun."

CHINA—A country where the roses have no fragrance, and the women no petticoats; where the laborer has no Sabbath, and the magistrate no sense of honor; where the roads bear no vehicles, and the ships no keels; where old men fly kites; where the needle points to the south, and the sign of being puzzled is to scratch the antipodes of the head; where the place of honor is on the left hand, and the seat of intellect is in the stomach; where to take off your hat is an insolent gesture, and to wear white garments is to put yourself in mourning; which has a literature without an alphabet, and a language without a grammar.

CHIVALRY—The true spirit of chivalry is a generous impatience of wrong, an active sympathy with the oppressed, an unquenchable fury against the oppressor, a general protection of the weak against the guilty and the powerful, with, (in the practice,) peradventure, a little tinge of absurdity and a small spice of extravagance. Knighthood at present is at low ebb: a quiet, harmless kind of thing, shedding no blood but

that of birds, beasts, and fishes, and killing no more than it can eat—often not so much. The golden era of knighthood is past. Gentlemen no longer ride about the country in tin pantaloons and coal-scuttle bonnets, poking one another's ribs with bed-posts, and shouting cock-a-doodle-doo at the gates of their neighbors' castles.

CHRISTIANITY—Fashionable—Keeping a pew at some genteel church or chapel, to which ladies pay a civil visit when the weather is fine, when they have got a new bonnet or pelisse to display, and a smart livery servant to follow them with a prayer-book. They courtesy very low at the mention of the Lord's name, making the homage of the knees a substitute for that of the heart; and duly receive the sacrament, which, by a strange perversion of ideas, they look upon as a proof of the sincerity of their belief, and an absolution for the laxity of their practice.

Fashionable male Christianity is demonstrated by an occasional nap in a cushioned and carpeted pew; in cheerfully paying Easter offerings and Church dues; in maintaining a certain decency of appearance; and more especially in hating those who presume to differ in matters of religion. That they possess the outward and visible signs of Christianity, both sexes exhibit incontestable proofs; but as to the inward and spiritual grace, they leave it to the vulgar and the fanatical. They are too polite to travel Zionward in such company, and would rather sacrifice heaven altogether, than reach it by any ungenteel mode. Provided they may be among the exclusive here, they will cheerfully run the risk of being among the excluded hereafter.

CHRISTIANITY—Primitive—"There hath not been discovered in any age," says Lord Bacon, "any philosophy, opinion, religion, law, or discipline, which so greatly exalts the common, and lessens individual, interest as the Christian religion doth." The perpetual denunciations of the rich and the great, the repeated averment that the Lord is no respecter of persons, the lowly origin of Jesus Christ in his earthly

capacity, the selection of his Apostles and chief missionaries from among the laboring poor, or from women, a class which had previously exercised no influence in society, all tend to confirm the assertion of Bacon, and to impart to primitive Christianity a character which, in modern times, would almost be termed radical; while it forms a most significant contrast to the wealth, splendor, and haughty pride of all those spiritual corporations which are called Established Churches.

He that would form a correct notion of primitive Christianity, should study the following character of its Founder, as drawn by an eloquent divine:—"Christ in his sympathetic character, was fairer than the sons of men, therefore full of grace were his lips. His humanity was not, like ours, degenerate, but refined and exalted. God breathed direct into him. Sin had not impaired the delicate and sensitive perceptions of his nature; had not chilled the fountain of his feelings, nor the warm current of his affections. Prompt to feel the woes of others, the sympathetic strings of his heart, constantly attuned and tremulously sensitive, vibrated at every sigh of the sorrowful spirit, and responded full and deep to every sound of human woe. He identified himself with disgrace and sorrow, and even with sin. He sympathized with the sufferers in his humanity, before he exerted the power of his divinity for their relief."

CHRISTIANS—Many Christians are like chestnuts: very pleasant nuts, but enclosed in very prickly burs, which need various dealings of Nature, and her grip of frost, before the kernel is disclosed.

CIGAR—A roll of tobacco, with fire at one end of it, and a fool at the other.

CIGAR-SMOKING—Vomiting an offensive exhalation in the face of every passenger. As it was said of Virgil that, in his Georgics, he threw his dung about him with an air of dignity, so may we allow Vesuvius and Mount Etna to smoke, without conceding that privilege to every puny whiffler who

may think fit to poison the air with the contents of his mouth. Every such culprit ought to be made to swallow his own smoke, like the improved steam-engines. It is a solecism in good manners that a *quasi* gentleman should adopt this ploughman's habit, even in the open air; but to attempt it in any sort of mixed society, whether in a public room or on the top of a stage-coach, should subject the perpetrator to an unceremonious expulsion. It has, nevertheless, one advantage,—it entices fools to be silent, or only to talk smoke, which is at least an inaudible annoyance.

After all, perhaps, there is much to be said on both sides,—not of the cigar, for there both sides are alike,—but of the question—*audi alteram partem:* condemn not a cigar before you have smoked one. Of this last enormity I was never guilty, but, methinks, I might point the wit of some fumigator to give a reason for the smoke that is in him; even as the grindstone may sharpen, though it was never known to cut:

"Ego fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi."

Voyons! there is an inspiration that may vindicate tobacco without its aid; suppose we, therefore, some puffer of Havannah to evaporate the following:—

EFFUSION—(By a Cigar-Smoker.)

Warriors! who from the cannon's mouth blow fire,
Your fame to raise
Upon its blaze,
Alas! ye do but light your funeral pyre!—
Tempting Fate's stroke,
Ye fall, and all your glory ends in smoke.
Safe in my chair from wounds and woe,
My fire and smoke from mine own mouth I blow.

Ye booksellers! who deal, like me, in puffs,
The public smokes
You and your hoax,
And turns your empty vapor to rebuffs.
Ye through the nose
Pay for each puff; when mine the same way flows,
It does not run me into debt;
And thus, the more I fume, the less I fret.

Authors! created to be puff'd to death,
And fill the mouth
Of some uncouth
Bookselling wight, who sucks your brains and breath,
Your leaves thus far
(Without its fire) resemble my cigar;
But vapid, uninspired, and flat;
When, when, O Bards, will ye *compose* like *that?*

Since life and the anxieties that share
Our hope and trust,
Are smoke and dust,
Give me the smoke and dust that banish care;
The rolled leaf bring,
Which from its ashes, Phœnix-like, can spring—
The fragrant leaf whose magic balm
Can, like Nepenthe, all our sufferings charm.

Oh, what supreme beatitude is this!
What soft and sweet
Sensations greet
My soul, and wrap it in Elysian bliss!
I soar above
Dull earth in these ambrosial clouds, like Jove,
And from mine Empyrean height
Look down upon the world with calm delight.

CIRCLE—The Social—A dull merry-go-round which makes us first giddy, and then sick. What is called the round of pleasure, may be compared to a knife-grinder's wheel. When its rotations are duly regulated and adapted to the end proposed, it gives point to the wit, while it brightens, sharpens, and polishes the general surface of the mind and manners. But if we whirl it round with an unintermitting rapidity, it takes off the edge of enjoyment, and soon wears out that which it was intended to refresh and renovate. We have Christian epicureans, who advocate a short life and a merry one, as stanchly as their pagan predecessors, and cry out, with Sir Henry Wotton, that they had rather live five Mays than fifty Novembers. But, unfortunately, a short life is not always a merry one, nor is a merry one necessarily short. We must live our appointed term, whether for good or evil, for we cannot suck out the sweets of life, and then lay it down like a squeezed orange. Throwing it away is not getting rid of it. A merry youth may turn to a mournful old age;

we may make a boast of leaving our sins when they have deserted us, and of having mastered our passions when we have only worn them out; but their ghosts may haunt us in the shape of gout, dropsy, dyspepsia, and other torments, when we are only living to do penance for the excesses of our youth.

An old rake who has survived himself, is the most pitiable object in creation. If we discount our allotted portion of pleasure, and live upon the capital instead of the interest, at the outset of life, we must expect to be bankrupts at its close. If we cut down the tree for the sake of its spring blossoms, we cannot apply to it for fruits in autumn, or shelter in the winter. The hours may seem short that are passed in revelry and dissipation; but to suppose that as a matter of course we can thus abbreviate our prescribed term, and make death become due, just as we are tired of life, is to fall into the ludicrous error of the Irishman, who applied to his friend to discount a bill of exchange, stating that it had only thirty days to run. When he brought it, however, it was found that forty days would elapse before it became due, in consequence of which his friend objected to cash it. "Ah, now!" said the Hibernian, "you've forgotten that it is Christmas time. Look how short the days are! Sure, if it was summer, the whole forty wouldn't make more than thirty."

CIRCUMSTANCES—If a letter were to be addressed to this most influential word, concluding thus—"I am, sir, your very obedient humble servant,"—the greater part of the world might subscribe it, without deviating from the strictest veracity.

CIVILIZATION — Man's struggle upwards, in which millions are trampled to death, that thousands may mount on their bodies.

There are several meanings included under the term civilization; it means, having better cups and saucers than we had a century or two centuries ago, better laws, better manners; and it means, also, having nothing to do,—and those who have nothing to do, must either be amused, or expire with gaping.

For this reason an amusing and entertaining man, who has humor, appears to be in high request in a civilized country. For this reason, only, the most civilized nations have comic papers, and no savage people could appreciate a work like the present.

The difference between civilized and uncivilized man is nearly the same as that between a learned pig and a wild boar, with this advantage, however, on the side of humanity, that one man or set of men may civilize others, but no trained brute can train or discipline his fellow-brute.

CIVILIZATION—Advancement of.—A consolatory progression, which ought to make us proud of the present, and to inspire us with confidence in the future. If one of our savage ancestors, slaughtered, we will suppose, by the incursions of some hostile horde, or burnt as a sacrifice in the wicker cages of the Druids, were to revive in the present era, he would find it difficult to pronounce whether the greatest change had occurred in the physical or moral state of his native land. When he expired, Great Britain, covered with dense unhealthy forests, or noxious swamps and wildernesses, was thinly inhabited by half-naked tribes, forever contending with cold and famine, with the beasts of the field, or with fellow-barbarians still more ferocious. At his resuscitation he beholds, with utter amazement, how all the past centuries have been the diligent slaves of the present, clearing the forests, draining morasses, digging canals and wells, levelling hills, filling up valleys, making innumerable roads and railways, converting the whole surface of the country into a beautiful and productive garden, or studding it with churches and noble or elegant buildings for every imaginable purpose of use and ornament.

As yet, however, he will have seen nothing. To give him some faint conception of what civilization has effected since the time of his death, I would read to him a striking passage from a modern writer, showing how the comforts and luxuries which no king could command a few centuries ago, are now, under the influence of peace and commerce, brought within the reach of the meanest peasant; how ships are crossing the

seas in all directions to minister to his enjoyments; how in China they are gathering tea, in the West Indies sugar and cotton, in Italy feeding worms, in Saxony shearing sheep; how steam-engines are spinning and weaving, and pumping out mines; how coaches are travelling night and day to expedite letters; how vessels and vehicles are conveying fuel to every door; how fleets are sailing, and armies are sustained to secure for every subject of the realm protection from foreign or domestic violence. I would endeavor to make my barbarian auditor understand that our progress in the intellectual world has been still greater and more marvellous. I would point out to him that as improvement must now advance in an incalculably accelerated ratio, the melioration of the last thousand years will probably be surpassed in the course of the next one or two centuries; and then, desiring him to throw his mind forward, if he could, to the termination of that period, I would lead him to form a notion of what has been, and will be accomplished by the march of intellect and the progress of civilization.

At some future day an intelligent Feejee or New Hollander, may hold just such a conversation as this with a degenerate Briton or North American. Sydney Smith did not speak beyond the mark, when he said: "The time may come, when some Botany Bay Tacitus shall record the crimes of an emperor lineally descended from a London pickpocket, or paint the valor with which he has led his New Hollanders into the heart of China. At that period when the Grand Lama is sending to supplicate alliance, when the spice islands are purchasing peace with nutmegs, when enormous tributes of green tea and nankeen are wafted into Port Jackson, and landed on the quays of Sydney, who will ever remember that the sawing of a few planks, and the knocking together a few nails, were such a serious trial of the energies and resources of the nation.

COLLEGE—An institution where young men are apt to learn every thing but that which professes to be taught, although that which professes to be taught falls very short of

what a modern gentleman ought to learn. If our colleges be still the seats of learning, it can only be for the reason assigned in the old epigram—

> "No wonder that Oxford and Cambridge profound,
> In learning and science so greatly abound,
> Since some carry thither a little each day,
> And we meet with so few who bring any away."

COMFORT—"Ah!" said a John Bull to a Frenchman, "you have no such word as 'comfort' in your language."—"I am glad of it," replied the Gaul; "you Englishmen are slaves to your comforts, in order that you may master them." There is some truth in this reproach. Perpetually toiling for money, with the professed object of being enabled to live comfortably, we sacrifice every comfort in the acquisition of a fortune, in order that when we have obtained it, we may have an additional discomfort from our anxiety to preserve or increase it. Thus do we "lose by seeking what we seek to find." On the other hand, we may find a comfort where we never looked for it; as, for instance, in a great affliction, the very magnitude of which renders us insensible to all smaller ones. Comfort, in our national acceptation of the word, has been stated to consist in those little luxuries and conveniences, the want of which makes an Englishman miserable, while their possession does not make him happy.

COMMISERATION—Felonious—There is a large class of idle people in this country, whose palled and jaded feelings can only be roused by some powerful excitement, whence they derive so much pleasure, that they immediately yearn towards the exciter, however undeserving of their pity. They like a murderer, because he relieves them for a moment from listlessness and *ennui*, and assists in committing another murder, by helping them to kill their greatest enemy—time. The spurious, morbid, perverted sympathy which can only be elicited by criminals and malefactors, generally increasing with the enormity of their offences, and which I have stigmatized as the "felonious commiseration," may be compared to the dis-

eased taste of certain epicures, who attach no value to a cheese while it is sound, but dote upon it when it becomes corrupt, rotten, and rank with all sorts of offensive abominations.

COMMONPLACE PEOPLE—are content to walk for life in the rut made by their predecessors, long after it has become so deep that they cannot see to the right or left. This keeps them in ignorance and darkness, but it saves them the trouble of thinking or acting for themselves.

COMPETENCY—A financial horizon, which recedes as we advance. This word is by no means of indefinite meaning. It always signifies a little more than we possess. We are none of us wealthy enough in our own opinion, although we may be too much so in the judgment of others. Content is the best opulence, because it is the pleasantest, and the surest. The richest man is he who does not want that which is wanting to him; the poorest is the miser, who wants that which he has.

COMPLIMENT—A thing often paid by people who pay nothing else:—the counterfeit coin of those who substitute the form, fashion, and language of politeness, for its substance and its feeling. Throwing compliments, like dice, is a game of hazard, at which the incautious player may get nothing but a sharp rap on the knuckles. He who sports compliments, unless he knows how to take a good aim, may miss his mark, and be wounded by the recoil of his own gun. Above all things, it is incumbent upon him to reflect, that even a blue-stocking will look black at him, if he attempt to flatter her mental, at the expense of her personal attractions. At a dinner party in Paris, an ugly and dull German baron, finding himself seated between the celebrated Madame de Stael, and Madame Recamier, the *belle* of the day, whispered to the former: "Am I not fortunate, to be thus placed between beauty and talent?"—"Not so very fortunate," replied the offended authoress, "since you possess neither one nor the other!"

"*Hélas! le pauvre duc d'Aumont!*" exclaimed one of his

female friends; "who would have thought that he would have been carried off so suddenly?—On the very morning of his death, he had played as usual with his parroquet and his monkey,—he had said, give me my snuff-box, brush this arm chair, let me see my new court dress;—in fact, he possessed all his ideas and faculties with as much strength and vigor as ever he had done at the age of thirty." What an unintended satire in these tender compliments. Not more so, however, than in the *naif* remark of a lady, when a censorious and conceited neighbor, vaunting of her good figure, boasted that herself and her sister had always been remarkable for the beauty of their backs. "That is the reason, I suppose, that your friends are always so glad to see them." A sarcasm may often wear the garb of a compliment, and be taken for one by the simple-witted. The Abbé Voisenon once made a complaint that he was unduly charged with the absurd sayings of others. "*Monsieur l'Abbé*," replied D'Alembert, "*on ne prête qu'aux riches.*"

Mr. Choate, wishing to compliment Chief Justice Shaw, exclaimed: "When I look upon the venerable Chief Justice Shaw, I am like a Hindoo before his idol—I know that he is ugly, but I feel that he is great."

Not altogether unworthy of being recorded is the compliment attributed to a butcher at Whitby. "This fillet of veal seems not quite so white as usual," said a fair lady, laying her hand upon it.—"Put on your glove, Ma'am, and you will think otherwise," was the complaisant reply.

Wolcott (Peter Pindar) admired a Miss Dickenson, and has handed down her name in this very neat compliment:—

"In ancient days, great Jove, to show
To gazing mortals here below
The loves, the virtues, and the graces,
Was forced to form *three* female faces.
But (so improved his art divine)
In one fair female now they shine.
Aloud I hear the reader cry,
'Heavens (to the poet)! what a lie!'
Now, as I hate the name of liar,
Sweet Dickenson, I do desire
You'll see this unbelieving Jew,
And prove that all I've said is true!"

CONCEIT—Taking ourselves at our own valuation, generally about fifty per cent. above the fair worth. Minerva threw away the flute, when she found that it puffed up her own cheeks; but if we cast away the flute nowadays, it is only that we may take a larger instrument of puffing, by becoming our own trumpeters. Empty minds are the most prone to soar above their proper sphere, like paper kites, which are kept aloft by their own lightness; while those that are better stored are prone to humility, like heavily laden vessels, of which we see the less the more richly and deeply they are freighted. The corn bends itself downward when its ears are filled, but when the heads of the conceited are filled with self-adulation, they only lift them up higher.

Perhaps it is a benevolent provision of Providence, that we should possess in fancy those good qualities which are withheld from us in reality; for if we did not occasionally think well of ourselves, we should be more apt to think ill of others. It must be confessed, that the conceited and the vain have a light and pleasant duty to perform, since they have but one to please, and in that object they seldom fail. Self-love, moreover, is the only love not liable to the pangs of jealousy. Pity! that a quick perception of our own deserts generally blinds us to the merits of others; that we should see more than all the world in the former instance, and less in the latter! In one respect, conceited people show a degree of discernment, for which they deserve credit,—they soon become tired of their own company. Especially fortunate are they in another respect; for while the really wise, witty, and beautiful, are subject to casualties of defect, age, and sickness, the imaginary possessor of those qualities wears a charmed life, and fears not the assaults of fate or time, since a nonentity is invulnerable. Even the really gifted, however, may sometimes become conceited. Northcote, the artist, whose intellectual powers were equal to his professional talent, and who thought it much easier for a man to be his superior than his equal, being once asked by Sir William Knighton what he thought of the Prince Regent, replied, "I am not acquainted with him."—"Why, his Royal Highness says he knows you."—"Know me!—Pooh! that's all his brag."

CONDESCENSION—I have heard that when a goose passes under an arch, or through a doorway, of whatever altitude, it always stoops; and this, I suppose, is condescension. To say truth, wherever I have seen an ostentation of condescension, it has reminded me of geese.

CONGREGATION—A public assemblage in a spiritual theatre, where all the performers are professors, but where very few of the professors are performers.

"Taking them one with another," said the Rev. S— S—, "I believe my congregation to be most exemplary observers of the religious ordinances; for the poor keep all the fasts, and the rich all the feasts." This fortunate flock might be matched with the crew of the A—— frigate, whose commander, Capt. R—, told a friend that he had just left them the happiest set of fellows in the world. Knowing the captain's extreme severity, his friend expressed some surprise at this statement, and demanded an explanation. "Why," said the disciplinarian, "I have just had nineteen of the rascals flogged, and they are happy that it is over, while all the rest are happy that they have escaped."

CONSCIENCE — Something to swear by. Conscience being regulated by the opinion of the world, has no very determined standard of morality. Among the ancient Greeks and Romans, suicide was a magnanimous virtue, with us it is a cowardly crime. The Spartans taught their children to steal; we whip and imprison ours for the same act. No man's conscience stings him for killing a single adversary in a duel, or scores in war, because these deeds are in accordance with the usages of society; but he may, nevertheless, be arraigned, perchance, for murder, at the bar of the Almighty. Terror of conscience, therefore, would seem to be the fear of infamy, detection, or punishment in this world, rather than in the next. Criminals, who voluntarily surrender themselves to justice, and confess their misdeeds, are, doubtless, driven to that act of desperation by their conscience; but it is from a dread of Jack Ketch, and the intolerableness of suspense. They

would rather be hanged once in reality than every day in imagination. Pass a law that shall legalize their offences, or let them be tried and acquitted, from some flaw in the indictment, and their minds will be wonderfully tranquillized. How much safer a guide and monitor would our conscience become, if we adapted it to the immutable laws of God, instead of the fluctuating opinions of man, and were penetrated with the great truth that, whatever may be our present feelings, there is an inevitable ultimate connection between happiness and virtue, misery and vice.

There is a Greek epigram to the effect that it would be a good thing if the headache came before the drinking bowl, instead of after it. Suppose it were so ordered, that the twinges of conscience should be palpable and physical instead of mental, we should find the morals of mankind wonderfully improved; I mean, if retribution were but simultaneous with transgression; if, for example, that thing we call conscience were attached to one of the vertebræ, and, at the same time that it warned us, began to tug away at some exquisitely sensitive nerve. What alderman would gloat on venison, if, after having taken as much as was good for him, Conscience, the moment he set up for a superfluous slice, admonished him of his folly by a sudden fit of the colic, instead of a sleepy, dozy intimation, that ten or twenty years hence, if he lived so long, he would repent it; or if a liar, the moment his tongue began to wag, found his face blushing with St. Anthony's fire, instead of the faint tints of shame; or if a thief detected the incipient feeling of covetousness by a desperate contemporaneous twinge of gout in his great toe; or if the hypocrite (as according to Swedenborg's notion of "spiritual correspondences" he is, or ought to be) were told of his fault by a swinging paroxysm of toothache!

CONSERVATIVES—Those "solid gentlemen" who go about treading upon the coat-tails of Progress, and crying, whoa! whoa!

CONSISTENCY—*See* Inconsistency.

CONSOLATION—for unsuccessful authors. "Many works," says Chamfort, "succeed, because the mediocrity of the author's ideas exactly corresponds with the mediocrity of ideas on the part of the public." Writers who fail in hitting the present taste, are apt to appeal to posterity, which, even if it should ratify their fond anticipations, (a rare occurrence,) will only show that they have still failed, because they have gained an object which they did not seek, and missed that which they sought. Let him profess what he will, every man writes to be read by his contemporaries; otherwise why does he publish? It would be a poor compliment to a sportsman to say—"You have missed all the birds at which you took aim, but you fire so well that your shot will be sure to hit something before they fall to the ground." He who professes to do without the living, and yet wants the suffrages of the unborn, stands little chance of obtaining his election, and is sure that he cannot enjoy it, even if he succeed. Few will possess such claims to celebrity as Kepler, the German astronomer; and yet there was a sense of mortification, as well as an almost profane arrogance, when, on the failure of one of his works to excite attention, he exclaimed, "My book may well wait a hundred years for a reader, since God himself has been content to wait six thousand years for an observer like myself."

CONTENT—A mental Will-o'-the-wisp, which all are seeking, but which few attain. And yet every one might succeed, if he would think more of what he has, and less of what he wants. Daily experience may convince us that those who possess what we covet, are not a jot more happy than ourselves: why then should we labor and toil in chasing disappointment? How few feel gratitude for what they have, compared to those who pine for what they have not! *Aut Cæsar aut nullus* is the prevalent motto: not to have every thing, is to have nothing. Like the famous Duke of Buckingham, some are more impatient of successes, than others are of reverses; by basking in the sunshine of fortune, they become sour, and turn to vinegar.

"Let this plain truth those ingrates strike,
Who still, though bless'd, new blessings crave,
That we may all have what we like,
Simply by liking what we have."

Or, if this fail, let us call arithmetic to our aid, and learn content from comparing ourselves and our lot with the many who want what we possess, rather than with the few who possess what we want.

CONTROVERSY—What a blessing to the world if it had exemplified the dictum of Sir William Temple, that all such controversies as can never end, had much better never begin! At the present moment, when the necessity of a Church reformation is so generally discussed, it may not be uninteresting to reprint the lines on the famous controversy between John Rainolds and one of his brothers, wherein *each converted the other*.

"In points of faith some undetermined jars,
Betwixt two brothers, kindled civil wars:
One for the Church's reformation stood,
The other held no reformation good.
The points proposed, they traversed the field
With equal strength; so equally they yield.
As each desired, his brother each subdues;
Yet such their faith, that each his faith does lose.
Both joyed in being conquered, strange to say,
And yet both mourn'd, because both won the day."

As to religious controversy, we will set an example worthy of all imitation, by saying nothing about it, further than to refer the curious in such matters to the tomb of Sir Henry Wotton, in the chapel at Eton, whereon is the following inscription: "Hic jacet hujus sententiæ primus auctor:—*Disputandi pruritus Ecclesiæ scabies.*" "Here lies the first author of this sentence:—*The itch of disputation is the scab of the Church.*"

CONVERSATION—Rational (*See* Library)—Solitude—any thing but company. Despotic but civilized countries, such as France under the old monarchy, where the men, having

little or no share in the government, and being unembittered by party politics, throw their whole minds into social intercourse, are the best adapted for conversational excellence. In England we have too much business and too much political acrimony to allow us either time or aptitude for the enjoyment of society in all its nonchalance, sprightliness, and vivacity; while even the narrow bounds left to us are still further restricted by our pride, reserve, and exclusiveness. How incalculably would the tone of conversation be improved, if it offered no exceptions to the example of Bishop Beveridge: "I resolve never to speak of a man's virtues to his face, nor of his faults behind his back." A golden rule! the observation of which would at once banish flattery and defamation from the earth. Conversation stock being a joint and common property, every one should take a share in it; and yet there may be societies in which silence will be our best contribution. When Isocrates, dining with the King of Cyprus, was asked why he did not mix in the discourse of the company, he replied, "What is seasonable I do not know, and what I know is not seasonable."

A brilliant talker is not always liked by those whom he has most amused, for we are seldom pleased with those who have in any way made us feel our inferiority. "The happiest conversation," says Dr. Johnson, "is that of which nothing is distinctly remembered, but a general effect of pleasing impression."—"No one," says Dean Locker, "will ever shine in conversation, who thinks of saying fine things: to please, one must say many things indifferent, and many very bad." This last rule is rarely violated in society!

COQUETTE—A female general who builds her fame on her advances. A coquette may be compared to tinder, which lays itself out to catch sparks, but does not always succeed in lighting up a match. Men are perverse creatures; they fly that which pursues them, and pursue that which flies them. Forwardness, therefore, on the part of a female, makes them draw back, and backwardness draws them forward. There will always be this difference between a coquette and a woman

of sense and modesty, that while one courts every man, every man will court the other. When the coquette settles into an old maid, it is not unusual to see her as staid and formal as she was previously versatile :—

"Thus weathercocks, which for a while
Have turn'd about with every blast,
Grown old, and destitute of oil,
Rust to a point, and fix at last."

COUNTERACTION—a balancing provision of nature, for the prevention of excess, whether in morals or mechanics. But for this salutary restraint, even our virtues would be pushed to a vicious extreme. How many men do we encounter in society whose praises of their friends, when speaking to their faces, would appear fulsome flattery, were it not qualified by their disparagement of the same friends behind their backs! Others there are whose warm offers of assistance to such as do not need their aid, would appear generous even to a fault, did we not invariably find that they are equally cold, shy, and cautious where there is any probability of their professions being accepted. People may run into excess with their vices, but their virtues, thanks to this wholesome principle of counteraction, are seldom urged beyond the boundaries of prudence.

COUNTRY-GIRL—Here is one of the olden time:

"Although I am a country lass,
A lofty mind I bear-a;
I think myself as good as those
That gay apparel wear-a.

"What though I keep my father's sheep,
A thing that must be done-a;
A garland of the fairest flowers
Shall shield me from the sun-a.

"And when I see them feeding here,
Where grass and flowers spring-a,
Close by a crystal fountain's side,
I'll sit me down and sing-a.

"I care not for the fan or mask,
When Titan's heat reflecteth;
A homely hat is all I ask,
Which well my face protecteth.

"Yet am I in my country guise
Esteemed a lass as pretty
As those that every day devise
New shapes in court or city."

COURAGE—The fear of being thought a coward. The reverence that withholds us from violating the laws of God or man is not infrequently branded with the name of cowardice. The Spartans had a saying, that he who stood most in fear of the law, generally showed the least fear of an enemy. We may infer the truth of this dictum from the reverse of the proposition, for daily experience shows us that they who are the most daring in a bad cause, are often the most pusillanimous in a good one. Bravery is a cheap and vulgar quality, of which the highest instances are frequently found in the lowest savages, and which is often still more conspicuous in the brute creation than in the most intrepid of the human race. Equally signal were the courage and the candor of the man of Amiens, who being driven to the gates of his own city, cried out, "Come on, if you dare, cuckolds of Abbeville; we are *here* four to one of you."

COURT—"*La Cour*," says La Bruyere, "*ne rend pas content; mais elle empêche qu'on ne le soit ailleurs.*" If there be truth in this position, a luckless courtier must somewhat resemble the showman's amphibious animal—"who cannot live on the land, and dies in the water."

COUSIN—A periodical bore from the country, who, because you happen to have some of his blood, thinks he may inflict the whole of his body upon you during his stay in town. We do not mention his mind, because it is generally a nonentity.

CREATION—Lord of the—An ephemeral insect, the slave, too often, of his own passions. If this magisterial worm contemplates a map of the world, he will find that nearly three-fifths of it are covered by the sea and polar ice, and appear consequently to have been made for the occupation and accommodation of fishes, rather than of human beings; while no

small portion of the earth is in the possession of wild beasts and savages. If he considers his body, he will find it inferior, in some of its most important functions, to many of the animals; but if he look into his mind, he will instantly discover sufficient vindication for the proud title he has assumed. By the study of geology, he can throw back his existence into the remote eras, long before the creation of man. History makes him contemporary with all the celebrated nations of antiquity; speculation carries his life forward into an illimitable futurity; astronomy enables him to develop the laws by which the universe is governed, and to penetrate, as it were, into the secrets of the Deity. Thus doth he conquer both time and space. The beautiful and majestic earth is his footstool, he walks between two eternities. God is everywhere round about him, a beatific immortality is before him. Truly this august creature may justly term himself the Lord of the creation.

CREDULITY—An instinct of youth. "The simple believeth every word, but the prudent man looketh well to his going." Prov. xiv. 15. Credulity diminishes as we gather wisdom by experience, and yet, even among the old and suspicious, it is probable that many falsehoods are believed, for a single truth that is disbelieved. The young having a constant tendency to welcome pleasant and repel disagreeable impressions, reject as long as they can the painful feeling of suspicion. Belief, like a young puppy, is born blind; and must swallow whatever food is given to it; when it can see, it caters for itself. Or it may be better compared to the block of marble, and Truth to the statue within it, at which we can only arrive by perpetually cutting away the fragments that enclose and conceal it. As a good workman is known by the quantity of his chips, so may a penetrative mind by the rubbish and heaps of discarded credulity with which it is surrounded. Taking the whole world at the present moment, can it be said to believe a thousandth part of what it believed a thousand years ago?

CRITIC—Malignant—A braggadocio of minuteness—a swaggering chronologer; a man bristling up with small facts—

prurient with dates—wantoning in obsolete evidence—loftily dull, and haughty in his drudgery. No sooner do they see the announcement of your work than they prepare for its destruction; with an intuitive penetration they decide upon its guilt, while yet in the womb; and before it is born they have settled exactly the method in which it shall be damned.

CRITICS—Namby Pamby—Individuals who follow puffing as a business, trusting thereby to get an occasional blow out.

CRITICISM—very often consists of measuring the learning and the wisdom of others, either by our own ignorance, or by our little technical and pedantic partialities and prejudices. Every one has heard of the mathematician who objected to Shakspeare, that his works *proved* nothing. Equally luminous was the remark of the lawyer, who, happening to catch the words—"a deed without a name," uttered by the witches in Macbeth, repeated—"A deed without a name!—why, 'tis *void*." In the same enlarged spirit is much of our criticism written; but even this is better than the feeling of rancor and bitterness by which it is too often perverted from its legitimate ends, and rendered subservient, by the most disingenuous acts, to the gratification of personal pique or party malevolence. As the devil can quote scripture for his purpose, so can the practised critic, by severing passages from their context, and placing them in a ridiculous or distorting light, make the most praiseworthy work appear to condemn itself. A book thus unfairly treated, may be compared to the laurel, of which there is honor in the leaves, but poison in the extract.

Of much of our contemporary criticism, which consists rather in reviewing writers than writings, we may find a fair type in the following passage from a letter of the celebrated Waller: "The old blind schoolmaster, John Milton, hath published a tedious poem on the fall of man; if its length be not considered as merit, it hath no other."

Pepys, in his Memoirs, thus speaks of Hudibras: "When I came to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyter knight going to the wars, that I am ashamed of it; and by and by,

meeting at Mr. Townsend's at dinner, I sold it to Mr. Battersby for 18*d.*"! There are living critics who seem to have caught the mantle of these sapient judges.

CUNNING—The simplicity by which knaves generally outwit themselves. As the ignorant and unsuspicious are often protected by their singleness of purpose, so are the crafty and designing not unfrequently foiled by their duplicity. It is not every rogue that, like a bowl, can gain his object the better by deviating from the straight line; although there is one straight line to which the rogue's deviations are very apt to conduct him.

CURIOSITY—Looking over other people's affairs, and overlooking our own. If a spy may be executed by the laws of war, surely a Paul Pry may be kicked or horsewhipped by the laws of society. There is no peace with such a man, unless you declare war against him. Xenocrates, reprehending curiosity, said, "It was as rude to intrude into another man's house with your eyes, as with your feet."

Among the many illustrations of female curiosity since the time of Bluebeard, there are few more amusing than the French anecdote of two Catholic young ladies, who tossed up which should confess to fornication, in order to learn the meaning of the word; while another bought a printed catalogue of crimes, and confessed to so many, that the confessor's hair stood on end, until she added *Simony* to the list.

CUSTOM—A reason for irrational things, and an excuse for inexcusable ones. While we exercise our own judgment in all matters of importance, we should do well, in trifles, to conform, without inquiry, to existing modes. "A froward retention of custom," says Lord Bacon, "is as turbulent a thing as an innovation;" a *dictum* which we recommend to the special consideration of our Conservatives. Most shrewd and discreet was the advice of the old lady, who, on her first settlement at Constantinople, advised her children to conform strictly to the manners and customs of the inhabitants, adding—"When

people are in Turkey, they should live as turkeys live." Perhaps the power of custom was never more strongly exemplified than in the case of Ariosto's hero, who was so habituated to fighting, that he went on combating, even after he was dead.

> Il pover uomo che non se n'era accorto,
> Andava combattendo—ed era morto."

DAY AND MARTIN—Falsifiers of prophecy. Thirty years ago, our wiseacres predicted, that when all could read and write, we should find none to black our shoes. The day of evil has arrived: everybody *can* read and write; our shoes are not only better blacked than ever, but they are polished by comparatively polished people; our blacking-makers acquire fortunes, and build palaces, thus giving encouragement to other arts than the black one; and it is even reported that a London firm keeps a regular bard upon the establishment, to write poetical puffs.

Nevertheless, we *have* heard of a saucy knight of the shoulder-knot, who, on applying to the irascible Colonel B——, while he was at his desk, for the vacant situation of valet, asked permission to state beforehand that he never touched a boot, and inquired who was to do the black work? "*That* I do myself," cried the Colonel, throwing the inkstand in his face; "and as you never touch a boot, I must make my boot touch you,"—with which words he kicked him down stairs.

DEATH—

> Leaves have their time to fall,
> And flowers to wither at the North wind's breath;
> And stars to set—but all,
> Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

The sleeping partner of life—a change of existence. This great and insolvable mystery, which we are ever flying from and running towards, is by no means the φοβερὸν φοβερώτατον that our fancy sometimes represents it. To live is, in fact, to die, and to die is to live; for the body is the grave of the soul, and death the gate of life. If to expire be an evil, it is only a negative one, which might well be endured,

since it terminates those that are positive. If it be a rod, it is like that of Aaron, which blossoms and bears the fruit of peace. Why should a long be less pleasant than a short sleep? Post-natal cannot differ from ante-natal unconsciousness—we were dead before we lived; ceasing to exist is only returning to our former state, speaking always with reference to this world.

It is what we are flying *from*, rather than *to*, that often makes us unwilling to sustain so "violent a wrench from all we love;" an argument which one of the fathers adduces as an excuse for the bitterness of the world: "*Amarus est mundus, et diligitur. Puta, si dulcis esset, qualiter amaretur.*" A French monarch being told, in his last moments, that he would soon be a saint in heaven, exclaimed sorrowfully, "I should have been quite content to remain King of France and Navarre."

"Ah, David, David!" said Johnson to Garrick, who had been showing him his house and grounds at Hampton,—"these are the things that make a death-bed terrible!" Had he been reading in the Alceste—

> "Ce sont les douceurs de la vie,
> Qui font les horreurs du trepas;"—

or Horace's

> "Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens
> Uxor, neque harum quas colis arborum,
> Te, præter invisos cupressos,
> Ulla brevem dominum sequetiur?"

Montaigne makes Nature address man in the following words:—"*Sortez de ce monde comme vous y êtes entré; le même passage que vous avez fait de la mort à la vie, sans passion et sans frayeur, refaites-la de la vie à la mort. Votre mort est une des pièces de l'ordre de l'univers; une pièce de la vie du monde.——Si vous n'aviez la mort, vous me maudiriez sans cesse de vous en avoir privé.*"

"O Death, I bless thee!" exclaims Le Mercier, in a tone of bitter eloquence. "Thou shakest tyrants; thou reducest to dust those whom the world had flattered, and who made mankind their footstool. They fall, and we breathe more freely. Hope of the unfortunate! terror of the wicked! stretch out thine arm, and strike the persecutors of the earth. And ye

voracious worms! my friends and my avengers! hasten in crowds to the feast of their crime-fattened carcasses!"

He that would die sooner or later than he ought, is equally a coward. Cæsar, when he heard of any sudden death, used to wish—"*sibi et suis euthanasiam similem*," and he was right; for the aspect, the threats, and the bark, of death, are worse than his bite.

The author of the following stanzas seems to have been of Cæsar's opinion:—

"Oh! come not, thou skeleton king, in the garb
Of a lingering sickness to summon thy prize,
To hover above me with menacing barb,
And dangle its ominous glare in mine eyes—
For see! I have open'd my breast, that thy dart
May be steadily aim'd at a resolute heart.

"Be the grass of the meadow my pillow of death,
And the friends that surround it—the sea and the sky;
May the angel-wing'd breezes receive my last breath,
To be borne to its Heavenly Giver on high!—
Be the spot where I fall unprofaned by a tear,
Save the dews of the night that descend on my bier."

Death is the only subject upon which everybody speaks and writes, without a possibility of having experienced what he undertakes to discuss. Contempt of it is seldom real; it is but the love of glory: many, besides *Mirabeau*, have dramatized their own exits. Most consolatory is the reflection, that if this great consummation puts an end to the enjoyments of some, it terminates the sufferings of all. Death is a silent, peaceful genius, who rocks our second childhood to sleep in the cradle of the coffin.

It is the proud prerogative of noble natures, that they retain their influence after death. The lamps which guided us on earth become stars to light us from above, and the beneficent may still claim our aspirations as the blessed;—a species of apotheosis equally honorable to the living and the dead.

DEBT—National—Mortgaging the property of our posterity, that we may be better enabled to destroy our contemporaries. It may be questionable, whether any community has

a moral right to discount the future for the purpose of tormenting or corrupting the present; to exhaust the resources of many ages, that it may render the pugnacity and ambition of its own more extensively mischievous.

Speaking of the difference between laying out money in land, or investing it in the funds, it was said by Soame Jenyns, that one was principal without interest, and the other interest without principal.

DECEPTION—A principal ingredient in happiness—Did we possess the spear of Ithuriel, or could we realize the suggestion of Momus, we should gain a fearful loss. An enemy to education, when told that the schoolmaster was abroad, replied, "I am very glad to hear it; I hope he will remain there!" A friend to his species will utter a similar aspiration respecting Truth, if he believes the popular saying, that she lies at the bottom of a well. Instead of regretting that we are sometimes deceived, we should rather lament that we are ever undeceived. But, alas! as Seneca says—"*Nemo omnes, neminem omnes fefellerunt.*"—None deceives all, and none have all deceived.

DEDICATION—Inscribing to an individual that which, if it be worth encouragement, will find its best patron in the public. Kopp, the German, prefixed the following short, but pithy dedication to his Palæographia Critica:—"*Posteris hoc opus, ab æqualium meorum studiis fortè alienum, do, dico, atque dedico.*" Upon these occasions, one cannot help sharing the apprehension expressed by Voltaire, that the work may never reach the party to whom it is addressed!

DESCRIPTION—A living critic has laid it down as a rule, that no author can succeed in describing what he has not seen, forgetting that Dante was never in hell, nor Milton in paradise; and that it is the highest praise of Shakspeare to have "exhausted worlds, and then imagined new." Inventive writers evince their talent by portraying the invisible and non-existent, snatching a grace, not only beyond the reach of art, but beyond the reach of nature. Little right had the

critic in question to expect imagination in others, for it is manifest that he possessed none himself.

DELPHINE—A novel of the blood-and-thunder school of fiction now in vogue, written by Madame de Staël at the beginning of the present century. It lives now only through the smashing criticism by which Sydney Smith handed it down to an immortality of contempt. He says of it:

"This dismal trash which has nearly dislocated the jaws of every critic among us with gaping, has so alarmed Bonaparte, that he has seized the whole impression, sent Madame de Staël out of Paris, and, for aught we know, sleeps in a nightcap of steel and dagger-proof blankets. To us it appears rather an attack upon the Ten Commandments, than the government of Bonaparte, and calculated not so much to enforce the rights of the Bourbons, as the benefits of adultery, murder, and a great number of other vices, which have been somehow or other strangely neglected in this country, and too much so (according to the apparent opinion of Madame de Staël) even in France."

* * * * * * * * * *

To conclude: our general opinion of this book is, that it is calculated to shed a mild lustre over adultery; by gentle and convenient gradation, to destroy the modesty and the caution of women, to facilitate the acquisition of easy vices, and encumber the difficulty of virtue. What a wretched qualification of this censure to add, that the badness of the principles is alone corrected by the badness of the style, and that this celebrated lady would have been very guilty, if she had not been very dull!

DESPONDENCY—Ingratitude to heaven, as cheerfulness is the best and most acceptable piety. H—, who is bilious, and hypochondriacal, may be termed a constitutional grumbler. "If my future life," he one day exclaimed, "be only an unexecuted copy, an unheard echo, an invisible reflection of the past, I wish it not to be prolonged. Running after happiness, is only chasing the horizon, or seeking the philosopher's stone, and I am already

"'Tired of toiling for the chymic gold,
That fools us young, and beggars us when old.'"

D— does not possess the talents of H—, but his bile is never deranged; he has a fortunate organization; he is a happier,

and, so far, a wiser man. Like the bee, which extracts honey even from bitter flowers, he can derive cheerfulness from the most unpromising elements. Are his companions gloomy, disagreeable, silent,—he calls forth his own stores of pleasantness, and if he do not succeed in enlivening others, which is but rarely the case,—for good-humor and good spirits are often catching,—he finds cause for gratitude that he himself possesses a constant aptitude for the enjoyment of existence, while so many are enacting the part of Terence's Heautontimorumenos. Is the scenery picturesque, it exalts his admiration into rapture; is it flat and commonplace, it still possesses an interest for one who feels that every spot of ground, however unattractive, conduces to some benevolent purpose of utility or enjoyment. Does the sun shine, its jocund beams heighten his natural exhilaration, by lifting up his thoughts to the great Source of all light, solar as well as intellectual. Is it a rainy day, he sees the outstretched hand of the same beneficent Deity, guiding the clouds over the earth, that they may dispense fertility and gladness to the creatures whom He has called into existence, and around whom He is forever scattering blessings. I know not how H— may feel upon the occasion, but, for my own part, I would gladly give up whatever I may possess of talent and learning—(deem me not overweening, gentle reader! for, perchance, I may reckon them as Indians do rupees—by the *lack*)—I would give them all up, I repeat, to possess the happy disposition of D—.

DESPOTISM—Allowing a whole people no other means of escape from oppression than by the assassination of their oppressor. If tyranny be an unjustifiable liberticide, may not tyrannicide be termed justifiable homicide? We moot the point, without presuming to decide it. Despotism, nevertheless, has its advantages in a barbarous and ignorant country, where its evils are little felt. Peter the Great, of Russia, could hardly have accomplished so much in civilizing his subjects, if he had not been an absolute monarch. Even among a comparatively enlightened people, such is the force of habit, that a long-established despotism may continue unabated, without being

resented by its victims. For two centuries, at least, the French presented the anomaly of a polished, intellectual, enslaved people. Nay, they could record their degradation, and seem to glory in it. The terror of Europe, named, *par excellence*, the *Grand Monarque*, was the puppet of an old woman, the widow of Scarron, the buffoon, whom he had clandestinely married. "The State is myself," said Louis XIV.; an ebullition of despotism imitated in our own times by Napoleon; so besotting is the cup of unlimited power. In its self-punishing operation, it generally weakens the mind, until the enslaver becomes a slave, either to a mistress or a favorite, if not to both.

There is a natural connection between despotic governments and depraved manners,—free governments and comparative purity. Free institutions not only open to the rich higher and more worthy objects of ambition than the gratification of the senses, but operate as a wholesome restraint upon the upper ranks, by making them dependent, in some degree, on the good opinion of the lower classes. Where character is power, we have the best security for general morality.

Perhaps the worst thing ever uttered by Madame de Staël, was her speech to the Emperor of Russia:—"Sir, your character is a constitution for your country, and your conscience its guarantee;" nor is there a better kingly speech upon record than his reply,—"Even if it were so, I should never be any thing more than a lucky accident."

DESTINY—The scapegoat which we make responsible for all our crimes and follies; a necessity which we set down for invincible, when we have no wish to strive against it.

DESTINY—MANIFEST—A political fallacy, by which second-rate statesmen endeavor to prove the righteousness of national Fillibusterism. They should remember that God, not Tammany, shapes the destiny of a great nation; and that the self-elected interpreters of His will are madly "rushing in where angels fear to tread." That God, for his all-wise purposes, permitted a Napoleon to ravage Europe, does not make Napoleon less a wholesale murderer; nor justify the silly

bravadoes of pot-house-destiny men. Man proposes and God disposes. As with individuals, so with nations, "the coursers of Time hurry on the light car of our destiny, and all we can do is in cool self-possession to hold the reins with a firm hand, and to guide the wheels, now to the left, now to the right, avoiding a stone here or a precipice there."

DIET—The edibles and potables that we turn into blood and bone—the matter that we metamorphose into mind. "Sir," said Bentley to one of his pupils, who had a predilection for malt liquor, "if you drink ale you will think ale;" and there was more truth in the averment than might at first sight be imagined, for body and mind must assimilate, to a certain extent, with that which sustains them. Look at the difference of disposition between the carnivorous and graminivorous animals: the latter, who seem to be nature's unweaned favorites, are peaceful as the bosom upon which they browse; the former, doomed to be constantly tearing one another, and to live by blood and slaughter, are constitutionally savage and ferocious. Varieties of temperament in animals will often be found to have reference to the different food in which each race delights, and it is by no means improbable that the national character of human societies may be modified by their favorite diet. The taste of each, taking that word in its most extended acceptation, may be traceable to the palate. The suppleness and levity of the Italian may be derived from macaroni and vermicelli; Dutch phlegm and obstinacy, from flat-fish, water-zootje, and schiedam; German acerbity, mysticism, and melancholy, from sour-krout, sausages, and vin de grave; the insubordination of the Irish peelers and repealers, from potatoes; French levity and vivacity, from ragouts and champagne; and the solid but somewhat crude and uncivilized character of John Bull, from his feeding upon huge joints of underdone beef.

DILEMMA—for the doctors.—Complaint having lately been made in a Yorkshire hospital, that an old Hibernian would not submit to the prescribed remedies, one of the committee pro-

ceeded to expostulate with him, when he defended himself by exclaiming—"Sure, your honor, wasn't it a blister they wanted to put upon my back? and I only tould 'em it was althegither impossible, for I've such a mighty dislike to them blisters, that put 'em where you will, they are sure to go agin my stomach."

DILEMMA—Logical—a verbal checkmate. Aristotle wishing to refute the opinion of Protagoras, who maintained that there was nothing true in the world, argued thus:—"Your proposition is either true or false: if it is false, we are not, of course, bound to believe it; if it is true, there *is* such a thing as truth in the world, and consequently your proposition is false." These clinches were once in great favor with the sophists and logicians, but they were never worth the pains bestowed upon them, and have deservedly fallen into oblivion. The puzzling instance given in Johnson's Dictionary under the word Dilemma, is recorded by Apuleius, as well as by Aulus Gellius in his Attic Nights. Our special pleading is the last remnant of these verbal quibbles, and the sooner it is exploded the better. The age of words is passing away, as well as the impostures and delusions to which they gave a species of sanction.

In exploding these verbal frauds it should be well understood that they may be still practised, if we can reduce the great enemy of mankind to a *non plus*, in imitation of the wily friar, who sold his soul to him upon condition that all his debts should be paid. Money was supplied in abundance, until he was extricated from his difficulties; but when Satan came to claim the soul that was due to him, the friar answered, "Begone, thou swindler! If I owe thee any thing, I am not yet out of debt, and if I do not owe thee any thing, why dost thou trouble me?"

Shrewd and quickwitted was the reply of the miser, who on being requested by a dervish to grant him a favor, said, "On one condition I will do whatever you require."—"What is that?"—"Never to ask me for any thing."

DINNER—A meal taken at supper time; formerly considered a means of enjoying society, and therefore moderate in

expense and frequent in occurrence; now given to display yourself, not to gratify your friends; and inhospitably rare, because it is foolishly extravagant.

John Bulwer, a quaint writer of the seventeenth century, especially recommends the following three dinner rules:—*Stridor dentium—Altum silentium—Rumor gentium;* which has been humorously translated, "Work for the jaws—A silent pause—Frequent Ha-has!"

Properly understood and used, an excellent and well-arranged dinner is the culminating point of all civilization. It is not only the descending morsel, and the enveloping sauce—but the rank, wealth, wit, and beauty which surround the meats—the learned management of light and heat—the silent and rapid services of the attendants—the smiling and sedulous host, proffering guests and relishes—the exotic bottles—the embossed plate—the pleasant remarks—the handsome dresses—the cunning artifices in fruit and farina! The hour of dinner, in short, includes every thing of sensual and intellectual gratification which a great nation glories in producing.

DISCIPLINE—Military—That subordination which is maintained upon the continent by the hope of distinction, in England by the fear of the cat-o'-nine-tails. Nothing is so reluctantly abandoned by despots, whether kings, pedagogues, officers, or magistrates, as any oppressive cruelty which they imagine to be connected with the maintenance of their authority. A tyrant not only gratifies his malignity, but saves all trouble of argument or proper management, by the use of the whip, which may account for the disgraceful floggings still so prevalent in our schools, army, and navy. This remnant of a barbarous age must soon pass away, and if our flogging disciplinarians would pass away at the same time, we should all be gainers by their loss. The cat-o'-nine-tails must have as many lives as tails, or it never could have lasted so long.

DISCONTENT—Being unhappy at the non-possession of that, of which the possession would not make us happy. Whence comes it that most men are satisfied with their country, to

whatever sufferings its climate may expose them, while few or none are satisfied with their lot? In the former instance, a man is on a par with his neighbors; in the latter, the mass being necessarily inferior to the few, pride makes them imagine that they are all too low, because they are not all at the top.

To those who repine at the humbleness of their lot, without knowing to what eventual distinctions they may be destined, we recommend a perusal of the apologue with which Addison concludes one of his moral essays. A drop of water falling from the clouds into the ocean, became discontented with its insignificance, and complained that in the loss of its identity, it was in fact annihilated. In the midst of these murmurs, it was swallowed by an oyster, became converted, in process of time, into a gem, and finally constituted that celebrated pearl which adorns the top of the Persian diadem.

DISCOVERER—That man is not the discoverer of any art who first says the thing; but he who first says it so long, and so loud, and so clearly, that he compels mankind to hear him—the man who is so deeply impressed with the importance of the discovery that he will take no denial, but at the risk of fortune and fame, pushes through all opposition, and is determined that what he thinks he has discovered shall not perish for want of a fair trial. Other persons had noticed the effect of coal gas in producing light; but Winsor worried the town with bad English for three winters before he could attract any serious attention to his views. Many persons broke stone before Macadam, but Macadam felt the discovery more strongly, stated it more clearly, persevered in it with greater tenacity, wielded his hammer, in short, with greater force than other men, and finally succeeded in bringing his plan into general use.

DISCOVERY—differs from invention. The former may be accidental, and only makes known that which had previously existed; the latter implies creation, or, at least, a new combination of old materials.

To surrender the fair honor of any discovery, by naming it after the reigning monarch, is an absurd act of sycophancy,

which the world has too much good sense to confirm. No family ever deserved better of literature and science than the Medici; and yet the name of the Medicean stars, assigned by Galileo to the satellites of Jupiter, never travelled beyond the confines of Tuscany, and was quickly dropped even in that country. At a later date, when the planet Ceres was discovered by Piazzi, it received the royal cognomen of Ferdinandea, an addition never recognized by Europe, and now forgotten everywhere. Botanists have very properly bestowed their own names, or those of their friends, upon the new or exotic plants which they have discovered or imported; nor is it easy to conceive a more pleasing immortality than to descend to posterity, enshrined in the petals of a flower, like Hyacinthus, or the supposed child-deity of India. Sir Anthony Ashley, who first planted them in England, has a cabbage sculptured at his feet upon his monument; a much more honorable trophy than all the herald's mummery, or the emblems of military prowess. A potato plant would have afforded the noblest crest for Sir Walter Raleigh, were it not deemed more honorable to destroy our fellow-creatures in war, than to minister to their gratification and support in peace.

DISEASE—a new and fatal one. During the prevalence of the cholera in Ireland, a soldier hurrying into the mess-room, told his commanding officer that his brother had been carried off two days ago by a fatal malady, expressing his apprehensions that the whole regiment would be exposed to a similar danger in the course of the following week. "Good heavens!" ejaculated the officer, "what then did he die of?" "Why, your honor, he died of a Tuesday."

DISTINCTION—*with* a difference. "I have no objection," said a leveller, "that the ranks below me should be preserved just as they are now, but I wish to have none above me; and that is my notion of a fair and perfect equality."

An instance of the distinction *without* a difference was offered by the Irishman who, having legs of different sizes, ordered his boots to be made accordingly. His directions were

obeyed; but, as he tried the smallest boot on his largest leg, he exclaimed petulantly, "Confound the fellow! I ordered him to make one larger than the other; and, instead of that, he has made one smaller than the other."

DISTINCTIONS—It is idle to talk of the abolition of distinctions, for Nature herself has created them. A great and happy change, however, is taking place in our estimate of these honors. Every day adds to our reverence of *in*trinsic, and diminishes our respect for *ex*trinsic superiority. Patents of nobility, signed by the hand of God, are rising in general esteem, while those merely signed by the hand of a king are declining. Hereditary distinctions, whether of an exalting or degrading aspect, generally deteriorate their objects. It was once questioned, whether a villein, or serf, could enter heaven, and the very doubt rendered him unfit for it, just as the certainty of succeeding to honors often disqualifies their inheritor from wearing them becomingly.

DISTRESS—even when positive or superlative, is still only comparative. "Such is the pressure of the times in our town," said a Birmingham manufacturer to his agent in London, "that we have good workmen who will get up the inside of a watch for eighteen shillings."—"Pooh! that is nothing, compared to London," replied his friend; "we have boys here who will get up the inside of a chimney for sixpence!"

DRAM—A small quantity taken in large quantities by those who have few grains of sobriety, and no scruples of conscience. Horace Walpole records, that when one of his contemporaries died, in consequence, as it was currently said, of an over-addiction to brandy, the escutcheon affixed to the house of the deceased exhibited the common motto of "*Mors janua vitæ;*" upon which a wag observed—"Surely there has been a mistake in this inscription: it should have been '*Mors aqua vitæ.*'"

DRAMA—Modern—Every sort of drama, except tragedy and comedy; such as melo-drama, hippo-drama, &c.

DREAMS—The invisible visions to which we are awake in our sleep; the life of death; the sights seen by the blind; the sounds heard by the deaf; the language of the dumb; the sensations of the insensible; a mystery which may afford us some vague notion of the undeveloped powers of the human mind, waiting, perhaps, the longer sleep of death, before they receive a full expansion. Objects thus presented to us can only be a wild combination, we are told, of those with which we have been previously conversant; but in these revelations, there seems to be an occasional apocalypse of another world, or, at least, a different state of being from our present existence. What are the prevalent dreams of persons born blind? This subject has not excited inquiry, but it seems of a nature to deserve it, as it might lead to some very curious results. Are forms or figures presented to them, either animate or inanimate, and if so, do they bear any resemblance to their originals? Every thing thus flitting before the mind's eye must be a creation, not a recollection, to him who can only have gathered vague notions of form from the touch, and can have no idea of color. The dreams of maniacs, could they be detailed, would supply matter for not less interesting speculation. We may imagine them to embody forth all that is gorgeous, magnificent, rapturous, and paradisiacal; or to evoke the most hideous and terrific phantasmagoria, according to the different moods of their madness. Somnambulism, which may be termed an intermediate affection between dreaming and insanity, would also present many mental diagnostics, of the most curious character, could we "observingly distil them out."

It has been asserted by medical writers, who have attentively considered the subject, that our senses and organs sink to sleep in the following succession:—1st, the sense of sight; 2d, the taste; 3d, the smell; 4th, the hearing; 5th, the touch. The powers of the mind may, in the mean time, be inert, active or deranged, according to circumstances; but they are never altogether coherent. The two principal theories of dreams suppose them to originate wholly in direct impressions on the senses during sleep; or to be ascribable to the supremacy of the mind, which, being unfettered by objects of sense, takes a wider

range. According to this latter supposition, how inconceivably eccentric and illimitable may be its flight, when it is released from its earthy tegument, and revels in the boundless wilds of imagination, as a liberated balloon soars into the invisible empyreum!

To illustrate total absence of judgment in all these phantasms, Dr. Johnson used to relate the following dream. He imagined himself to be engaged in a contest of wit, before a large literary party, with an adversary whose superior talents compelled him to retreat, filled with shame and mortification. "Had my judgment," argued the Doctor, "been as clear and active as my other mental powers, I should have recollected that my own head had furnished all the repartees of my supposed antagonist, and that I could not fail to be the victor, however the battle might terminate."

An exceedingly corpulent man, who had suffered much from the intense heat of summer, dreamt, one sultry night, that for the sake of cooling himself, he got out of his flesh, and sat in his skeleton, suffering the air to blow through his ribs; a mode of refrigeration which he found so delicious, that on awaking he could almost have cried, like Caliban, to fall asleep again.

DRESS—External gentility, frequently used to disguise internal vulgarity. Wise men will neither be the first to adopt a new fashion, nor the last to abandon an old one; for an affectation of singularity is only the desire to set, instead of following, the mode. Eccentricity of appearance is the contemptible ambition of being personally known to those who do not know you by name. We may hold it slavish to dress according to the judgment of fools, and the caprice of coxcombs; but are not we ourselves *both*, when we are singular in our attire? Mean, indeed, though, doubtless, very just, must be the self-opinion of that man who can only hope to achieve distinction by the cut of his garments. The proverb tells us, to cut our coat according to our cloth; but we are nowhere enjoined to cut out a character by a coat.

Malvezzi says—"*i vestimenti negli animali sono molto se-*

curi segni della loro natura; negli uomini del lor cervello." This may be illustrated by rags as well as finery. Socrates told Antisthenes, who affected shabbiness, that he saw his pride through the holes in his coat; and the gay attire of the coxcomb only serves to prove the more clearly that he is "a leaden rapier in a golden sheath"—a cork leg in a silken stocking.

DRUNKENNESS—A beastly, detestable, and often punished vice, in the ignorant lower orders, whose ebriety is thrust upon the public eye as they reel along the streets,—but softened into "a glass too much," or being "a little elevated," when a well-educated gentleman is driven home in his own carriage, in a state of insensibility, and put to bed by his own servants.

Droll, though not very logical or conclusive, was the reply of the tipsy Irishman, who, as he supported himself by the iron railings of Merrion-square, was advised by a passenger to betake himself home. "Ah, now, be aisy; I live in the square; isn't it going round and round, and when I see my own door come up, won't I pop into it in a jiffey?"

DUELS—Revenging yourself upon one who has injured you, by giving him a chance to take your life. Oftentimes, too, the injury is as fanciful as the so-called satisfaction is silly. The occasions of duels are as various as the follies of the human head.

In the eleventh century, two knights, clad in complete armor, fought on horseback to determine the proper form of public worship. The great founder of the Company of Jesus, Ignatius Loyola, fought a duel with a Moor whom he had vainly attempted to convert by argument. Barrington records a laughable duel fought by a Mr. Frank Shelton with an exciseman, for running the butt end of a horsewhip down his throat the night before, while he lay drunk and sleeping with his mouth open. He notes that, during the preliminary negotiations, the exciseman insisted that snoring at a dinner-table was a personal offence to every gentleman in company, and refused to apologize.

The duello was once a very prevalent and favorite mode of administering justice in Ireland; and not being considered so brutal as bull-fights, or other beastly amusements of that nature, it was authorized by law, and frequently performed before the high authorities and their ladies; bishops, judges, and other persons high in office generally honoring the spectacle with their presence. Thus an old chronicler relates, how two Irish gentlemen, Connor MacCormac O'Connor, and Teige MacKilpatrick O'Connor, fought with broadswords and skeans (large knives) in the Castle of Dublin, in the presence of the archbishop and all the chief authorities and ladies of rank. They had hewed at each other for a full hour, when Mr. MacKilpatrick O'Connor happening to miss his footing, Mr. Cormac O'Connor began to cut his head off very expertly with a knife; which, after a good deal of cutting, struggling, and hacking, he was at length so fortunate as to effect; and having got his head clear off the shoulders, he handed it to the lords-justices, (who were present,) and by whom the head and neck were most graciously received.

DUELLING—how to avoid. This desirable immunity may be accomplished by a pleasanter method than by plagiarizing Mr. O'Connell's oath,—videlicet, by falling in love, when you may decline a challenge after the following fashion of one of our old amatory poets—

"'Tis not the fear of death or smart,
Makes me averse to fight,
But to preserve a tender heart,
Not mine but Celia's right.

"Then let your fury be suppress,
Not me, but Celia, spare,
Your sword is welcome to my breast,
When Celia is not there."

DUELLIST—A moral coward, seeking to hide the pusillanimity of his mind, by affecting a corporeal courage. Instead of discharging a pistol, the resort of bullies and bravoes, the really brave soul will dare to discharge its duty to God

and man, by refusing to break the laws of both. He is the true hero who can exclaim in the language of a French writer, "*Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et je n'ai d'autre crainte*"—"I fear God, my dear Abner, but I have no other fear."

DULNESS—Do *not* see the present work. "I cannot exactly perceive the scope of your argument, and therefore I cannot adopt your opinion," said a gentleman with whom Dr. Parr had been arguing. "Then, sir," said the doctor, "I can only say that you have the dulness of lead without its malleability." Serjeant K—— having made two or three mistakes, while conducting a cause, petulantly exclaimed, "I seem to be inoculated with dulness to-day." "Inoculated, brother?" said Erskine, "I thought you had it in the natural way."

DUMBFOUNDER—A verbal checkmate which incapacitates your adversary from making another move of his jaws. "I do not write for fools," said a boastful and asinine pretender to literature: "I only wish to please those who have the same taste as myself, and to do this, every leaf that I produce must be full of point. Such being my feelings, what would you have me give to the world?" "Thistles!" replied a wag.

Dr. Parr was celebrated for the unsparing severity with which he could deal out his dumbfounders, when the occasion justified their infliction. A flippant chatterer, after having spoken slightingly of the miracles, exclaimed, "Well but, Doctor, what think you of the mark of the cross upon the ass's back, which they say indicates the precise spot where the animal was smitten by Balaam?"—"Why, sir," replied the Doctor, "I say that if you had a little more of the cross, and a good deal less of the ass, it would be much better for you." Upon another occasion, a shallow smatterer tauntingly asked him why he did not write a book:—"Sir, I know a method by which I might soon write a very large one." "Ay, Doctor! how so?" "Why, sir, by putting in all that I know, and all that you do not know."

DUTY—Financially a tax which we pay to the public excise and customs; morally, that which we are very apt to excise in our private customs. "*Les hommes*," says Voltaire, "*se piquent toujours de remplir un devoir qui les distingue.*" If singularity be a distinction, they might easily attain it by a conscientious discharge of religious and moral duty.

DUTY—PARENTAL—Sometimes consists in making our children a stalking-horse for our own failings and vices. Of all the virtuous disguises which self-love is made to assume, the most accommodating, the most sanctimonious, the most demure-looking, is the mask which gives to us the appearance of loving others.

The avaricious man, the gambling speculator, the fraudulent dealer have all the same plausible excuse; they are making fortunes for their children, which, however, they never give to them, when acquired, until the hand of death wrenches the booty from their grasp. It is remarkable too, that many of the loving fathers who boast what great things they are thus doing for their offspring, are the last to do small things for them, refusing them the most trivial indulgence, ruling them with a rod of iron, and making them at one time the stalking-horse, and at another the scape-goat of their own humors and propensities. Oh! how pleasant is it when the affectionate parent can in this manner throw a garb of goodness over his evil passions, and sin with a safe conscience!

DYSPEPSIA—

Ah, me! what mischiefs from the stomach rise!
What fatal ills, beyond all doubt or question!
How many a deed of high and bold emprise
Hath been prevented by a bad digestion!
I ween the savory crust of filthy pies
Hath made full many a man to quake and tremble,
Filling his belly with dyspeptic sighs,
Until a huge balloon it doth resemble.
Thus do our lower parts impede the upper,
And much the brain's good works molest and hinder;
We gorge our cerebellum with hot supper,
And burn, with drams, our viscera to a cinder,
Choosing our arrows from Disease's quiver,
Till man in misery lives to loathe his liver.

EAR—Pleasures of the—The most spiritual of all enjoyments, the least sensual of the senses. Where can its sensibilities be so well cultivated, and impart such a hallowing character to delight, as amid the various and exquisite harmonies of nature, the vocal fields, the rustling woods, the deep-mouthed and sonorous sea? Let each of these pleasant sounds, as it falls upon the drum of the ear, be as a *reveille*, calling upon our thoughts to arise, and be wafted heavenward upon the symphonious air. These are the feelings that make *all* music sacred. No wonder that the deaf are often morose and dejected, while the blind, shut out as they are from the world, almost invariably draw in cheerfulness through the ear.

EATING AND DRINKING—Supplying the lamp of life with cotton and oil. "The proverb's somewhat musty," but it cannot be too often repeated that we should "eat to live, not live to eat," for if we make the stomach a cemetery of food, the body will soon become the sepulchre of the soul.

"Pone gulæ metas, ut sit tibi longior ætas,"

whether in this world or the next: for to make a god of your belly, is to sell yourself to the devil.

One half of mankind pass their lives in thinking how they shall get a dinner, and the other in thinking what dinner they shall get; and the first are much less injured by occasional fasts, than are the latter by constant feasts.

ECHO—The shadow of a sound—a voice without a mouth, and words without a tongue. Echo, though represented as a female, never speaks till she is spoken to, and at every repetition of what she has heard, continues to make it less, an example recommended to the special imitation of chatterboxes and scandal-mongers.

EDUCATION—The best rules to form a young man are, to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinions, and value others that deserve it.

EFFECTS—do not always result from causes, as many a lawyer, whose bill remains unpaid, knows to his cost. A suitor for the hand of a young lady at Harrowgate, had been repeatedly warned that she was of a violent and ungovernable temper, but persisted in attributing the information to envy or mistake. "At length," said the lover, relating his mishap to a friend, "I got into an argument with my dear Maria about a mere trifle, when she so far forgot herself, in a moment of passion, as to throw a cup of tea in my face." "And what was the effect?" inquired his auditor. "Oh! *that* completely opened my eyes!"

"I was rather hot at the moment," said a man when asked how he came to commit an assault, "and so I struck the fellow." Here was an instance of an effect before a cause. Percussion generally produces heat, but in this case the heat produced the percussion.

EFFEMINACY—Wearing moral petticoats. A masculine woman is much more endurable than an effeminate man; for, though both are abandoning their proper sphere, the former seeks to rise above, the latter to sink beneath it. There is an ambition about the one, which, though it may be offensive, does not move our scorn; whereas there is a pitiful meanness in the other, which always renders it contemptible.

Even among our senators, we have ringleted effeminates, whom Nature, evidently designing them for barbers, supplied with ready-made blocks, giving them, at the same time, the tonsorial loquacity that enables them to speak to every thing—except the point, and to cut every thing—except a joke. Let them wield the comb, and leave the making of laws to others; let them braid their hair, and cease to upbraid reformers; let them abstain from Congress, over the doors of which should be inscribed the words of Ovid—

"Sint procul à nobis juvenes ut fœmina compti."

Let them perpend the following passage of Seneca—"*Horum quis est, qui non malit rempublicam turbari, quam comam suam? qui non sollicitior sit de capitis sui decore, quam de sa-*

lute generis humani?"—"Which of these effeminates would not rather see the State thrown into disorder than his hair? Which of them is not more anxious about the becoming arrangement of his curls, than the welfare of the whole human race?"

EGOTISM—Suffering the private I to be too much in the public eye. We are offended at the arrogance of Cardinal Wolsey's *ego et rex meus;* but there is a species of egotism so dignified and noble, that in the elevation which it gives to our common nature, we lose all sense of individual presumption. Such is the character of the following passage from Milton:

"For the world, I count it not as an inn but a hospital; and a place not to live but to die in. The world that I regard is myself. It is mine own frame that I cast mine eye on; for the other, I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. Men that look upon my outside, perusing only my condition and fortunes, do err in my altitude, for I am above Atlas his shoulders. The earth is a point, not only in respect of the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us. That mass of flesh that circumscribes me, limits not my mind. That surface that tells the heavens they have an end, cannot persuade me I have any. I take my circle to be above three hundred and sixty. Though the number of the arc do measure my body, it comprehendeth not my mind: whilst I study to find how I am a microcosm, or little world, I find myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of divinity to us—something that was before the elements, and owing no homage unto the sun. He that understands not this much, hath not his introductions or first lesson, and is yet to begin the alphabet of man."

ELEVATION—of station, is very often accompanied with depression of spirits. Success disappoints us; we feel ourselves out of our sphere, and sigh for the lost happiness of our humbler days. "You see how languid the carp are," said Madame de Maintenon to her friend, when looking into a marble fish-pond at Marly: "they are like me—*they regret their mud.*"

ELOPEMENT—Beginning in disobedience that which generally terminates in misery.

ELOQUENCE—consists in the exuberance of beautiful images—in simple and sublime conceptions—in passionate but plain words; not in a studious arrangement of sonorous, exotic, and sesquipedal phrases.

EMBALMING—Making a flesh statue—eternalizing a corpse—perpetuating the perishable with more pains than we take to save that which is immortal.

ENDOWMENTS—Church—See Poison; but do *not* see the Bible. An old tradition bears, that when Constantine, the Emperor, first endowed the Church, a voice was heard from heaven, crying out, "This day is poison poured into her?" Whatever may be thought of the tradition, no one can doubt the fulfilment of the prophecy.

Wherever Religion has been the mother of Wealth, the daughter has invariaby devoured the parent.

ENNUI—A French word for an English malady, which generally arises from the want of a want, and constitutes the complaint of those who have nothing to complain of. By the equalizing provisions of nature, the rich, idle, and luxurious, are thus brought down to the level of their seeming inferiors, and made to envy those who envy them. When this ugly Goliath haunts the mind, he is only to be subdued by exertion and occupation.—"Throw but a stone, the giant dies." Authors have too much to do with printers' devils, to be annoyed with blue devils. They may inflict, but they seldom suffer *ennui*. No exorcism for the spleen and the vapors like that of the Muse. When Bellerophon went forth to conquer the Chimæra he mounted Pegasus.

ENTHUSIASM—That effervescence of the heart, or the imagination, which is the most potent stimulus of our nature, where it stops short of mental intoxication. "Conscience,"

says Madame de Staël, "is, doubtless, sufficient to conduct the coldest character into the road of virtue; but enthusiasm is to conscience what honor is to duty: there is in us a superfluity of soul, which it is sweet to consecrate to the beautiful, when the good has been accomplished. Our genius and our imagination require to be gratified in this world; and the law of duty, however sublime it may be, is not sufficient to make us taste all the wonders of the heart and the head."

Many years ago, at Florence, the loiterers in the Tribune were startled by the sudden rush into the room of a little man, whose literary fame gave him high claims to intuitive taste. He placed himself, with clasped hands, before the chief attraction in that room of treasures, and, "There," he murmured, "is the Venus de Medici, and here I must stay—forever and ever!" He had scarcely uttered these words, each more deeply and solemnly than the preceding, when an acquaintance entered, and the enthusiast, making a hasty inquiry if Lady —— had arrived, left the room, not to return again that morning. Before the same statue, another distinguished countryman, whose reputation for taste was better founded, and whose sensibility old age had not humbled, used to pass an hour daily. His acquaintance respected his raptures, and kept aloof; but a young lady, whose attention was attracted by sounds that did not seem expressive of admiration, ventured to approach, and found the poet sunk in profound but not silent slumber.

ENVY—Punishing ourselves for being inferior to our neighbors. If, instead of looking at what our superiors possess, we could see what they actually enjoy, there would be much less envy, and more pity, in the world.

"The envious man," says St. Gregory, "is made unhappy, not by his own misfortunes, but by the successes of others; and, on the other hand, he does not enjoy his own good fortune so much as the misfortunes of his neighbors."—"*Invidus non suis malis, sed alienis bonis infelix est; et contrà, non suo bono sed malis proximis felix.*" Our affected contempt of greatness is only an envious attempt to lift ourselves above

the great, and thus achieve an imaginary superiority. "Since we cannot attain grandeur," says Montaigne, "let us take our revenge by abusing it."

The envy that grudges the successes for which it would want the courage to contend, was well rebuked by the French Marshal Lefèvre. One of his friends, expressing the most unbounded admiration of his magnificent hotel, and exquisite *cuisine*, exclaimed, at the end of every phrase, "How fortunate you are!"—"I see you envy me," said the marshal; "but come, you shall have all that I possess at a much cheaper rate than I myself paid for it; step down with me into the court-yard, you shall let me fire twenty musket shots at you, at the distance of thirty paces, and if I fail to bring you down, all that I have is yours. What! you refuse!" said the marshal, seeing that his friend demurred. "Know, that before I reached my present eminence, I was obliged to stand more than a thousand musket shots, and *sacre!* those who pulled the triggers were nothing like thirty paces from me."

EPICURE—An epicure has no sinecure; he is unmade, and eventually dished by made dishes. Champagne falsifies its name, when once it begins to affect his system; his stomach is so deranged in its punctuation, that his colon makes a point of coming to a full stop; keeping it up late, ends in his being laid down early; and the *bon vivant* who has been always hunting pleasure, finds at last, that he has been only whipping and spurring, that he might be the sooner in at his own death!

EPITAPHS—Mortuary lies. Giving a good character to parties on their going into a new place, who sometimes had a very bad character in the place they have just left. For the *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, it would be an improvement to substitute *nil nisi verum;* since the fear of posthumous disrepute would be an additional incentive to living good conduct. No man could pass through a truth-telling church-yard, without feeling the full value of character.

What can more impressively stamp the evanescence of

man and all his works, than an epitaph on a whole nation, which shall afford nearly the sole evidence of its ever having existed? Such are the cinerary urns of the Etruscans, of whose history we have little other record than their tombs, and of whose literature few other remains than their alphabet. A whole empire *stat nominis umbra!* The signs have survived the ideas of which they were the symbols: the chisel has outlasted the statue. Volterra, and other great Etruscan cemeteries, may be termed the skeletons of their cities.

Few more appropriate epitaphs than the common Latin one of "*Sum quod eris, fui quod sis*"—"I am what thou shalt be, I was what thou art."

Beloe, in his anecdotes, gives a good punning epitaph on William Lawes, the musical composer, who was killed by the Roundheads.

> "Concord is conquer'd! In this urn there lies
> The master of great Music's mysteries;
> And in it is a riddle, like the cause,
> Will Lawes was slain by men whose *Wills* were *Laws*."

More witty than decorous was the epitaph composed in the reign of Henry III., for a Sir John Calfe, who died young,—

> "O Deus omnipotens, Vituli miserere Joannis,
> Quem mors præveniens noluit esse bovem."

Sir Christopher Wren's inscription in St. Paul's Church—"*Si monumentum quæris, circumspice*"—would be equally applicable to a physician, buried in a churchyard; both being interred in the midst of their own works.

In the epitaph of Cardinal Onuphrio at Rome, there breathes a solemn, almost a bitter conviction of the vanity of earthly grandeur—"*Hic jacet umbra, cinis—nihil*"—"Here lies a shadow, ashes—nothing." There is a great tenderness and beauty in the two lines found upon an ancient Roman tomb, supposed to be addressed by a young wife to her surviving husband:

> "Immaturi perî, sed tu, felicior, annos
> Vive tuos, conjux optime, vive meos."

But a still more simple and affecting epitaph is the following, translated verbatim from a tomb at Montmartre, near Paris:—"To the memory of M. Jobart, a most excellent husband and father. His inconsolable widow still continues to carry on the grocery business in the Rue St. Denis, No. 242, near the Café Chinois."

EQUAL—That which a man of talent will seldom find among his superiors. As the winds and waters, abrasion and gravitation, are perpetually tending towards a physical equalization, by lowering mountains and filling up valleys; so, in the moral world, does the progress of social improvement gradually tend to equalize all ranks, by reducing the higher, and elevating the lower—a levelling process, equally conducive to the happiness and melioration of both. Civilization is, in fact, a gravitation towards that happy medium which is the centre of attraction to the social circle. Almost every man is a loser by being elevated above the sphere to which he is habituated. When the Duke of Orleans proposed to make Fontenelle perpetual President of the Academy of Sciences, his reply was—"Take not from me, my Lord, the delight of living with my equals."

ERROR OF CALCULATION—The life of nine-tenths of mankind is a gross error of calculation, since they attach themselves to the evanescent, and neglect the permanent, accumulating riches in a world from which they are constantly running away, and laying up no treasures in that eternity to which every day, hour, minute, brings them nearer and nearer.

ESPRIT DE CORPS—is a corporate partiality or prejudice; a feeling of clanship and confraternity; a selfishness at second hand, which induces us to prefer the members of our own club, guild, or coterie, not only to others, but to reason and justice. It prefers Plato to truth, even though Plato be personally unknown, provided he belongs to the same *clique*. Nationality is but *esprit de corps* on a large scale, selfishness

spread over the surface of a whole country; and the propensity sometimes exhibits itself in still more extensive divisions. In hunting or baiting wild beasts, there is a strong feeling of humanity, or, rather, of inhumanity, against bestiality. We sympathize with the basest of our own species, rather than with the noblest of the animal race. Among ourselves, there is a sexual *esprit de corps*,—the men siding with the males, the women with the females; the single with the single, and the married with the married. Of this latter propensity advantage was taken by an unfortunate Irishman, who, being arraigned for accidentally killing his wife, contrived, by objecting to the bachelors, to procure a jury of married men, when he stated that the deceased, an habitual drunkard, had used the most insulting language at the moment of the fatal occurrence. This appeal came so completely home to the business and bosoms of his auditors, several of whom had not improbably been placed in similar circumstances, that they were presently agreed in their decision, when the foreman coming forward, and addressing himself to the judge, exclaimed, with a voice and look of great energy—"Please, my Lord, our vardict is—Sarved her right!"

ESTATE—a landed one for all!—Terra Firma for *my* money. Well may it be called real property; there is none other that deserves the name. What are public securities, as they are impudently termed? Ask the impoverished bondholders of the South American States, or of Greece. Neither their new nor old governments, neither despotism nor republicanism, can give certain tangibility or visibility to that ghost of defunct money yclept a dividend. What will tithes soon be worth in England?—what they are now worth in Ireland. In ten years, the claim for tenths will be no more observed than are the ten commandments at present. What is the value of houses? It is notorious that they are everywhere falling, especially the very old ones; rents threaten to be all peppercorns; house owners will not get salt to their porridge, even if they distrain upon their tenants and make quarter day a day without quarter. No—give me land. The man who

walks upon his own estate carries himself erect, and plants his foot upon the ground with an air of confidence and consequence.

Perhaps I feel this the more sensibly, because I have not a single acre in possession. Nothing, however, can prevent my succeeding to a small estate which I have lately been inspecting. It certainly possesses many advantages, being tithe-free, and the land-tax redeemed. In this snug retreat, which is perfectly sequestered, you are surrounded with wood, and yet close to a populous neighborhood, to the parish church, and the high road. Its proprietor enjoys several privileges and advantages: he pays no taxes, is exempt from serving in the militia, or sitting upon juries, his privacy is undisturbed by the impertinent intrusion of neighbors, he has no cares by day, and he is sure of a sound sleep at night. When a new occupant comes to take possession, he usually arrives in a coach and four, with numerous attendants, and he is not only received with bell-ringing, but the clergyman, and a portion of the parishioners, go out to meet him, and escort him home with much ceremony. The house, though it can hardly be called any thing better than a mere country box, has so many recommendations, that there is no instance of an occupant quitting it, after he has once given it a fair trial.

Readers! whether gentle or simple, you need not envy me my expectations. A similar landed estate is entailed upon every one of you, and upon your children's children. If you want a description of it, refer to Blair's poem of—"The Grave."

One of the Roman emperors wept that nothing could prevent the master of the wide world from being finally imprisoned in an urn. I would counsel some of our landed proprietors—

> "large-acred men,
> Lords of fat Evesham, and of Lincoln fen"—

who, in the pride of their possessions, "bestride the narrow earth like a Colossus," to cast their eyes downwards, if looking upwards will not teach them humility, and to reflect that their huge estates must inevitablv shrink into six feet by two!

ETYMOLOGY—Sending vagrant words back to their own parish. It was said of Menage, that in requiring every word to surrender its passport, he not only inquired whence it came, but whither it was going.

An ancient grammarian tells us that the Greek word ἄω, to breathe, consists of alpha and omega, the first and last letters of the alphabet, because, to inspire, and to expire, form the beginning and ending of man's life. This is a fine instance of ὕστερον πρότερον, or putting the cart before the horse; the learned philologist having forgotten that men breathe before they speak, and that languages long preceded the time of Cadmus and the invention of letters and alphabets. While upon the subject, I may mention that the word *sack* is found in all languages, which a profound antiquary has explained, by suggesting that it was necessary to leave that primitive word, in order that every man, when he took his departure from the tower of Babel, might ask for his own bag. Titles of dignity, derived from age, seem also to have spread from the same root into a great variety of languages; our sir, signor, senator, and perhaps seneschal, being identical with the scheik, shah, and aga of the Orientals, and the schachem of the red Indians. Titles inferring superior age do not, however, always command our respect, as, for instance, in the case of our London elder or aldermen.

Somewhat far-fetched was the conceit of an erudite etymologist, who maintained that the term bagpipe was originally a Hebrew word, signifying a larger sort of sackbut, sack and bag being synonymous terms, and a butt being half a pipe.

Learned philologists are very apt to imitate the ignorant butcher, who spent the whole morning in searching for the knife which he held in his mouth—a wild-goose chase, which has been eminently illustrated in their endless wanderings for the origin of the word danger, when it was difficult to stir a step without stumbling over its real etymology. We need not go any further back than the siege of Troy to discover it at once. After the capture of that city by the well-known stratagem of the wooden horse, an event with which every Roman became familiar, only twelve hundred years afterwards,

through the writings of Virgil, it was customary to exclaim, whenever any fraud or trick was suspected, "*Danaos gerit?*" —"Are there any Greeks in this pretended horse?"—meaning any cheat or imposture. The phrase was soon proverbial, and with the habitual indolence of the Italians, was eventually contracted into one word, by taking the initial syllable of each; so that whenever they smelt a rat, as we say in English, or anticipated any perils, they exclaimed, interrogatively, "danger?" Is it not almost incredible, that so obvious a derivation should have been overlooked by the most acute of our etymologists? Henceforth let us hear no more of the butcher and his knife.

In searching for the signification of words, we are not, however, always to take them *au pied de la lettre*, or we might define a hypocrite to be a judge of horses—a sycophant, as a figseer—a beldam, as a handsome lady—consideration, as a collection of stars—understanding, as a pair of shoes—and sincere, as unwaxed. Into these and similar errors, the enlightened etymologist is in no fear of falling, for he will ever bear in mind the fundamental rule of his art, viz., to pay little attention to consonants and none to vowels. Why should letters obstruct him when he is considering things of such importance as words?

EXAGGERATION—Intemperate. Diminishing by addition, as the word small is made smaller by appending two more letters to it. When a man asserts too much, whether in the shape of praise or censure, we take our revenge by falling into an opposite error, and believe too little. The same effect is often produced by that confusion of ideas or terms which is designated a bull. A Radical, inveighing against the rapacity of the clergy, gave it as his decided opinion, that if they had their own way they would raise the tithes from a tenth to a twentieth. On the other hand, an intended diminution, by the same figure of speech, may amount to an exaggeration. "I have just met our old acquaintance Daly," said an Irishman to his friend, "and was sorry to see he has almost shrunk away to nothing. You are thin, and I am thin, but

he is thinner than both of us put together." Did the Hibernian sailor exaggerate or diminish, when, in describing the weather, he said, "There was but little wind, but what there was, was uncommonly high."

EXAMPLE—It is much more easy to imitate bad example than good, because it has our natural inclination on its side. Perverse natures find a positive gratification in doing wrong. A man of this stamp, who was remarkably fond of pork, once expressed his regret that he had not been born a Jew, in order that he might enjoy the double pleasure of eating his favorite viand, and sinning at the same time.

EXCEPTIONS—prove every rule, as we are told, except the rule that "every rule has its exceptions." Nothing can be rendered more exceptionable than an exception, even when accompanied with an invidious eulogy. According to Saville, poets are the best of all authors—except prose writers. F——, defending a kind-hearted unmarried woman, whose character, however, was far from immaculate, exclaimed, "Out of the pale of marriage and celibacy, I protest that I do not know a more respectable person." Cases may occur where parties are not to be conciliated, either by their inclusion or exclusion. "How many fools, including yourself, went to the lecture on phrenology?" demanded a collegian of his comrade, who, instead of answering the inquiry, took the term applied to him in high dudgeon. "Well, then," resumed his friend, "how many fools were there *without* reckoning yourself?"

Under this head we may insert one of the very few jokes attributed to William Pitt. As Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, he presided at a public meeting held in Dover, during the war, for the purpose of raising a volunteer corps, when the secretary, in drawing up the conditions on which they were to be embodied, said to the chairman, "I suppose, sir, that I am to insert the usual clause—not to serve out of the country."—"Certainly, certainly," smiled Pitt, "except in case of invasion!"

Few will be unacquainted with Swift's saving clause, when, in his anxiety to promote the products and manufactures of the Irish, he recommended them to burn every thing that came from England, except her coals.

EXCULPATION—A satisfactory one. "My good friend!" exclaimed an enraged author, who had been lampooned and libelled in a review, "I have strong reason to suspect that I have received this stab in the dark from that rascal M——." —"Make your mind perfectly easy," said his friend; "M—— is the last man to give you a stab in the dark; first, because he always held you in light estimation; and, secondly, because I know him to be a fellow who would not stick at any thing."

Ingenious enough, though, perhaps, not literally true, was the excuse of the day-boarder, who, being asked one morning why he came to school so late, replied that, owing to the hard frost and the slipperiness of the ground, he had taken two steps backwards for one step forwards. "In that case," inquired the master, "how did you manage to get here at all?" —"Oh, sir! I turned about and came the other way."

EXCUSE—Confessing our faults by attempting to excuse them—*Qui s'excuse s'accuse.* Good intentions, with which, according to Wesley, hell is paved, are no defence of evil actions. We have all of us pleas and evasions enough not only for leaving undone what we ought to have done, but for doing what we ought not to have done.

A gentleman, who had just put aside two bottles of capital ale to recreate some friends, discovered, just before dinner, that his servant, a country bumpkin, had emptied them both. "Scoundrel!" said the master, "what do you mean by this?" "Why, sir, I saw, plain enough, by the clouds, that it were going to thunder, so I drank up the yale at once, lest it should turn sour, for there's nothing I do abominate like waste." Fuseli, when he failed in any of his serious caricatures, used to complain that nature put him out: and the sluttish housemaid, when scolded for the untidiness of the chambers, exclaimed, "I'm sure, the rooms would be clean enough, if it

were not for the nasty sun, which is always showing the dirty corners."

EXPEDIENTS—Remedies for half our pains and sorrows, did we but know how to find and to apply them. There must certainly be a charm in enacting the part of Jaques—in having "a cue for villanous melancholy," and a "sigh like Tom o'Bedlam." Whether it be that our self-love is gratified by exciting sympathy, or our vanity by being made the subject of conversation, it is unquestionable that we cling to our little ills and ailments as if they conferred a sort of distinction. Never could I entirely agree with the pensive poet when he exclaims—

> "Go! you may call it madness, folly,
> You shall not chase my griefs away,
> There's such a charm in melancholy,
> I would not if I could be gay."

But I can accord with the French writer, who affirms, that a woman always finds her physician and confessor the most delightful companions in the world, because she is constantly talking to them about herself, her complaints, and her peccadilloes. Men are precisely the same in the auricular confessions of society, and almost any girl may be sure of winning their affections, provided she be a patient and persevering listener to their aches and annoyances, real or imaginary. This must be the secret reason why we often refuse to avail ourselves of the expedients which would effectually remove all our grievances, and which are too palpable to have escaped our notice. A lady, of delicate health, who loved to talk of her rheums and rheumatics, complained to S—— that she rarely went out to make purchases without catching cold, because they never kept their shop-doors shut. "My dear madam," said S——, "how easily you might avoid all this! You should make it a rule never to go a shopping except on Sunday." "You sot of a fellow!" exclaimed a poor woman to her husband; "you are always at the public-house, getting drunk with hot purl, while I am at home with nothing to drink but cold water."—

"Cold, you silly jade?" hiccoughed her husband, "why don't you warm it?"

Strange, that neither of the females should have previously hit upon such obvious and satisfactory expedients! Infinitely quick and apt in expedients, was the manager of a country theatre, who, when requested by a lady of rank in the neighborhood, to get up the play of Henry the Eighth, regretted that the state of his company would not allow it; but added that they could very well manage to perform the two parts of Henry the Fourth, which would come to exactly the same thing.

EXTEMPORE—A premeditated impromptu.

EYE-GLASS—A toy which enables a coxcomb to see others, and others to see that he is a coxcomb.

FABLES—Giving human intellects to brutes, in imitation of nature, who sometimes gives brute intellects to men.

FACE—The silent echo of the heart.

FACT—It is a fact that before we begin to think we seem to know every thing; while when we set about thinking in earnest, we seem to know nothing.

FALSE POINTS—The author who pays more attention to the manner than the matter of his writings, and excites an expectation by his studied conceits and antitheses, which is not justified by the subject or the sentiment, may be compared to an ill-trained dog, which by stopping to make a false point where there are no birds, only makes game of his master. Punning writers are comical dogs of this sort, who often raise our expectation, but seldom enable us to bring down a thought, or put any thing into our memory-bag. There are dull dogs, on the contrary, who weary you by beating about the bush, and who seem to make a point of never making a point, even though they may be surrounded by numerous coveys of intellectual game. The writings of Thomas Carlyle constitute a well-stocked preserve of valuable thoughts, intrenched in such

a *chevaux-de-frise* of crooked, crabbed, and impenetrable language, that nobody can get at them. Some one said of his *stile* that it was a five-barred gate with spikes at top, and furze bushes on either side. It is not any known tongue, it is Carlylese, or perhaps a variety of those that sprung up in the hotbed of Mr. Irving's chapel. One cannot defend its obscurity, as Balzac did that of Tertullian, by saying that it resembles the darkness of polished ebony, which throws a certain splendor around. Through such impediments, few men would think of forcing their way, any more than of breaking their teeth with a hickory nut for the sake of the kernel.

There are conversational dogs, who by making a dead point, as if they were about to start a *bon-mot*, will induce you to cock your ear and prepare for an explosion of laughter; after which they leave you miserably in the lurch. Of this a notable instance was afforded by the late facetious Jack Taylor, who became somewhat forgetful towards the close of his career. "Did I ever tell you," he inquired, "of a famous good thing I once said to Du B——? He was alluding to my former occupation of an oculist, in which he said it was no wonder I had failed, since a man must have been blind indeed before he would apply to *me*.—Well, Sir, that was very good; but I blew him completely to atoms by a retort I made. I can't recollect just now what it was, but you may depend upon it, my dear friend, it was a most capital thing, and made a great laugh at the time!"

A man must be reduced to great straits before he can think of living upon the good things he has forgotten.

FAME—Literary—Being partially known to-day and universally forgotten to-morrow. To what does this posthumous existence amount? At most it is but a question of one small link in the circular chain of eternity. He who writes in a modern language, is but the suicide of his own fame, scribbling on the sand what the next wave of time will obliterate; he gets a short respite, not a pardon from oblivion! Every thing is incessantly passing away, the physical and the moral, the corporeal and the intellectual;—the very elements of

nature are subject to decay. Not that this would affect —— as an author, for in his writings there is little or nothing of nature. In one sense they are eternal—"For he who reads them, reads them to no end." Literary fame is more easily caught than kept. If you do nothing you are forgotten, and if you write and fail, your former success is thrown in your teeth. He who has a reputation to maintain has a wild beast in his house, which he must constantly feed, or it will feed upon him. So indifferent was Fontenelle to fame and reputation of all sorts, that he is recorded to have said, "If I had a paper in my bureau, the disclosure of which would make my name infamous and detestable for ever, I would not take the trouble to destroy it, provided I could be quite sure that it would never appear in my lifetime." This is pushing indifference into a heartless misanthropy. What can a man have cared for others, who cared so little for himself? Shakspeare wrote less than three hundred years ago; and yet his very existence has been doubted of late. Before the Reformation, Aristotle's Morals used to be read to the people in some of the churches of Germany, instead of the Scriptures; his philosophy had an exclusive monopoly granted to it by the parliament of Paris, who forbade the use of any other in France; and the President De Thou informs us, that Paul de Foix, one of the most learned and elegant men of his time, in passing through Ferrara, refused to see the famous Patricius, or to meet him at any third house, because he disbelieved in some of the doctrines of Aristotle. Yet what an agreeable certainty we live in now, as regards the most common particulars concerning so famous a man! Some writers say he was a Jew; others, that he got all his information from a Jew, that he kept an apothecary's shop, and was an atheist; others say, on the contrary, that he did not keep an apothecary's shop, and that he was a Trinitarian. Some say he respected the religion of his country; others that he offered sacrifices to his wife, and made hymns in favor of his father-in-law. Some are of the opinion he was poisoned by the priests; others are clear that he died of vexation, because he could not discover the causes of the ebb and flow in the Euripus. We now care

or know so little about Aristotle, that Mr. Fielding, in one of his novels, says, "Aristotle is not such a fool as many people believe, who never read a syllable of his works."

FASHION—A power as invisible and as despotic as the Grand Lama of Thibet. It is said she is a goddess, but no one has ever seen her face, though all aspire to be acquainted with her Proteus forms. Her mandates, of which the origin is utterly unknown, are nevertheless understood and communicated by some inscrutable instinct, and obeyed with a still more inexplicable and uninquiring submission. The rich and the independent are the most eager to become her abject slaves; and as spaniels are the most fawning when worst treated, so do her votaries delight in their idol, in proportion as her reign is tyrannical, her fancies capricious, and her tastes preposterous. In the service of this fickle and ungrateful despot, who casts off her most faithful followers, unless they will blindly conform to her ever-changing vagaries, the timid and delicate willingly encounter pain, the indolent inconvenience and labor, the parsimonious expense. Many leave the tradesman and the tax-gatherer unpaid, that they may voluntarily tax themselves to supply offerings to this mysterious goddess, who finds her strongest supporters among the weak, her most faithful adherents among the inconstant, her warmest admirers among those who admire nothing but themselves. One would not object to the prevalent notion that whatever is fashionable is right, if our rulers of the mode would contrive that whatever is right should be fashionable.

FAVORITES—Persons undervalued by the many because they are overvalued by one. Hatred, however, of favorites is only the love of favor. We dislike them, not because they are unworthy of their elevation, but because we ourselves cannot attain it. Even where their demerits may justify our censure, it proceeds from envy rather than an abstract sense of rectitude. In like manner the justice which we refuse to great men when living, and willingly concede to them after death, does not emanate from our love of their virtues, but from our hatred of those who have succeeded to

their high offices. We are not less liberal of our praise when it can do no good, than of our abuse when it can annoy and injure. For an exemplification of this double injustice, we may refer to some of our critics. In proportion as they lowered an author beneath his fair standard while living, they will raise him above it after death, in order to make his survivors look little. Their generosity is all posthumous: they tear the laurels from your head to hang them on your tomb; they pick your pocket to pay you in post obits; your winding-sheet is the only one with which they find no fault; they accelerate your death, and then do their best to make you live.

"*La faveur*," says La Bruyere, "*met l'homme au dessus de ses égaux, et sa chute au dessous.*"

Favor places a man above his equals: but his fall from favor puts him below them.

FEAR—A real evil often created by the anticipation of an imaginary one. As we can but be frightened when the danger arrives, our previous terrors are but so much unnecessary addition to the annoyance. They who are most afraid of a cold, or the cholera, are the most likely to catch them: so it is with many other evils, mental as well as bodily. Like the nettle, they only sting the timid; grasp them firmly and they are innocuous. Fly from them and they pursue you; face them and they are gone. "The fear of ill exceeds the ill we fear," and there are circumstances in which men have been known to rush headlong into danger, in order to get rid of the intolerable apprehension of it. This is to be terrified out of terror.—Fear is a prodigious magnifier, especially where it has been excited by any unusual object. No traveller ever saw a small wolf; no landsman ever experienced a gale at sea that did not appear to be a tornado: every thing is comparative. Fear, in short, makes us imitate the silly wheatear, who flies into the fowler's snare, in order to avoid the shadow of a passing cloud. There are occasions, however, upon which no man should fear Fear, for it is the most potent of moralists.

What anchorites—as my punning friend T. H. justly ob-

serves—we all became in England, when our stomachs were literally turned by the fear of the cholera. Esculent vegetables were pronounced uneatable—even the tailors forswore cabbage: people looked black upon green peas, and eschewed with horror the salads they once chewed with pleasure. As to fruits, it was fruitless to put them on the table: the dessert was deserted; every apple was a forbidden one; currants were no longer current; it was dangerous to pare a pear, and still more so to pine for pine. Some forsook their French wines, and took to port, as the only safe harbor; others gave up their spirits at the very moment when they most wanted to keep them up; and a few paid more than usual attention to their temper, because they had been cautioned against every thing liable to turn sour.

An inveterate dram-drinker being told that the cholera with which he was attacked was incurable, and that he would speedily be removed to a world of pure spirits, replied, "Well, that's a comfort at all events, for it's very difficult to get any in this world."

Kind Providence never sends an evil without a remedy:—and arithmetic is the natural cure for the passion of fear. If a coward can be made to count his enemies, his terrors may be reasoned with, and he may think of ways and means of counteraction.

FEE—Doctor's—Often the purchase-money for that which the vendor cannot sell. *See* Fee Simple. A certain Esculapian, never known to refuse his golden honorarium, not having received it one morning from a patient whom he had been long attending, affected to be searching about very earnestly upon the floor. "What are you looking for, Doctor?" inquired the sick man. "For my fee," was the reply; "not finding it in my hand, I suspect I must have dropped it." "No, Doctor, no; you have made a small mistake; it is I who have dropped it!"

FLATTERY—*See* Flummery—The hocus-pocus nonsense with which our ears are sometimes cajoled, in order that we

may be more effectually bamboozled and deceived. Unbounded is the respect and politeness with which the practised adulator throws dust in your eyes, when he wants to pick your pocket, or to make a fool of you. A man's flattery, to be really good, ought not only to be as keen as his sword, but as polished. By no means is it so easy a weapon to wield as many people imagine: it is like a flail, which if not adroitly used, will box your own ears, instead of tickling those of the corn. Let it be taken for granted, that while many women will accept a compliment to their beauty at the expense of their understanding, very few will relish a compliment to their talents if it derogate from their personal charms. Lady G——, whose ten lustres have somewhat dimmed the lustre of her attractions, consented in a Parisian party to assist in getting up an extemporaneous *Proverbe*, and to appear as Calypso. In answer to the compliments she received at the conclusion, she declared that she had done her best, but added, that to represent Calypso properly, one should be young and handsome. "Not at all," said an old General, wishing to be very polite, "your ladyship is a proof to the contrary; nothing could look better from the further end of the saloon, and nothing could be better acted: as to youth and beauty, the distance supplies all that." "In that case, General! I wonder that you do not always keep at a distance," was the retort.

FLOWERS—The terrestrial stars that bring down heaven to earth, and carry up our thoughts from earth to heaven:—the poetry of the Creator, written in beauty and fragrance. "He who does not love flowers," says Ludwig Tieg, a German writer, "has lost all fear and love of God." Another German author defines woman as something between a flower and an angel.

FOGIES—That worthy class of men who go about treading upon the coat-tails of Young Progress, and crying Whoa! whoa!—men who pin their faith to the "ancients;" and whose constantly repeated watchword is "the wisdom of our ancestors"—men whose genius cannot comprehend the

present, as their lack of courage does not permit them to lay hold actively and right it. For this reason they find it most convenient to glorify our ancestors, and to give currency to perhaps the most mischievous and absurd fallacy of modern times. For though experience is certainly the mother of wisdom, and the old have, of course, a greater experience than the young, the question is, who are the old? and who are the young? Of *individuals* living at the same period, the oldest has, of course the greatest experience; but among *generations* of men the reverse of this is true. Those who come first (our ancestors) are the young people, and have the least experience. We have added to their experience the experience of many centuries, and, therefore, as far as experience goes, are wiser, and more capable of forming an opinion than they were. The real feeling should be, *not* can we be so presumptuous as to put our opinions in opposition to those of our ancestors? but can such young, ignorant, inexperienced persons as our ancestors necessarily were, be expected to have understood a subject as well as those who have seen so much more, lived so much longer, and enjoyed the experience of so many centuries? All this cant, then, about our ancestors is merely an abuse of words, by transferring phrases true of contemporary men to succeeding ages. Whereas (as we have before observed) of living men the oldest has, *cæteris paribus*, the most experience; of generations the oldest has, *cæteris paribus*, the least experience.

We cannot of course be supposed to maintain that our ancestors wanted wisdom, or that they were necessarily mistaken in their institutions, because their means of information were more limited than ours. But we do confidently maintain that when we find it expedient to change any thing which our ancestors have enacted, we are the experienced persons, and not they.

FOOL—The Dandy reader may please to see —— Looking glass. Folly, nevertheless, has found other defenders than the author of the *Encomium Moriæ*, for it has been seriously maintained by a modern writer, that none but a fool will attempt to live without folly, and that the greatest of all follies

is to be wiser than others. Let the fool then be comforted; he was never guilty of *this* absurdity.

FOOLOMETER—Mr. Fox very often used to say, "I wonder what Lord B. will think of this." Lord B. happened to be a very stupid person, and the curiosity of Mr. Fox's friends was naturally excited to know why he attached such importance to the opinion of such an ordinary commonplace person. "His opinion," said Mr. Fox, "is of much more importance than you are aware of. He is an exact representative of all commonplace English prejudices, and what Lord B. thinks of any measure, the great majority of English people will think of it."

This example Sydney Smith recommends to other British ministers; and it may be safely adopted by governors in all civilized nations, our own "Universal" one included. He says: "I am astonished that these ministers neglect the common precaution of a foolometer, with which no public man should be unprovided: I mean the acquaintance and society of three or four regular British fools as a test of public opinion. Every cabinet minister should judge of all his measures by his foolometer, as a navigator crowds or shortens sail by the barometer in his cabin. I have a very valuable instrument of that kind myself, which I have used for many years; and I would be bound to predict, with the utmost nicety, by the help of this machine, the precise effect which any measure would produce upon public opinion."

FORGIVENESS—is not always the noblest revenge for an injury, since it may proceed from spite, rather than from a generous forbearance. "I never used revenge," says Lord Herbert, of Cherbury,—"as leaving it always to God, who, the less I punish mine enemies, will inflict so much the more punishment on them." Perhaps his lordship had been reading the 25th chapter of Proverbs, where it is said, "If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat, and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink, for then shalt thou heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee." This may be ques-

tionable morality, but it is at all events better to do good with a bad motive, than evil with a good one; for a virtuous action may benefit many, whereas a wrong feeling can only implicate the single individual from whom it emanates. In the former case, too, the example may be imitated without the unworthy impulse; as in the latter it may be followed without the redeeming incitement.

FORTUNE—A blind goddess, who sometimes bestows her smiles upon fools, in order to reconcile men of sense to her frowns; and often runs from the proud, to revisit the wretched. A man of fortune is one who is so unfortunate as to be released from the necessity of employment for the mind and exercise for the body, the two great constituents of health and happiness; who has every thing to fear and nothing to hope; and who consequently pays in anxiety and ennui more than the value of his money. Fortune is painted blind, in order to show her impartiality; but when she cheers the needy with hope, and depresses the wealthy with distrust, methinks she confers the richest boon on the poorest man, and injures those upon whom she bestows her favors.

Te colimus, Fortuna, Deam, is, nevertheless, the motto to almost every man's conduct, however he may disclaim the confession with his lips; and few have a more ready excuse for their homage than the Grecian sage, who being asked why philosophers always ran after rich men, while rich men never courted philosophers, replied, "Because the latter know that they want money, while the former do not know that they want wisdom." Who so independent of the blind goddess as the ruined gamester, when he exclaimed, after a run of ill luck, "O spiteful Fortune! you may make me lose as much as you please, but I defy you to make me pay!"

Dryden evinces no great respect for this deity, when he exclaims—

> "Fortune a goddess is to fools alone,
> The wise are always masters of their own."

FORTUNE-TELLER—A pickpocket, discerning enough to limit his or her depredations to gulls and simpletons. The girl who told the gypsy by whom she had been promised a large fortune, that she might deduct another sixpence, provided she would realize her prediction, and pay over the remainder of the money at once, little dreamt that she was translating a thought of old Ennius, the Roman poet, who says, speaking of fortune-tellers—

> "Quibus divitias pollicentur, ab iis drachmam petunt,
> De divitiis deducant drachmam, reddant cætera."

It is remarkable that in our aspirations after wealth, we never betake ourselves to the wealthy, who might be the most likely to communicate the secret of its acquisition; but rather lend ourselves to the delusions of the ragged and the starving, whose poverty is the surest proof that they are totally ignorant of the *magnum arcanum*. One must have the ears of Midas to listen to those who pretend to possess his touch.

FRIEND—Real—One who will tell you of your faults and follies in prosperity, and assist you with his hand and heart in adversity.—*See* Phœnix, and Unicorn.

Strange as it may sound, we are sometimes rather disposed to choose our friends from the unworthy than the worthy; for though it is difficult to love those whom we do not esteem, it is a greater difficulty to love those whom we esteem much more than ourselves. A perfect friendship requires equality, even in virtue. He who has merited friends, will seldom be without them; for attachment is not so rare as the desert that attracts and secures it.

Some there are who with an apparent zeal, vindicate their friends from all their little peccadilloes, whitewash them as carefully as they can, and then knock them on the head by lamenting their addiction to some gross impropriety. This resembles the conduct of the Roman priests, who, when an ox was not completely white, chalked over the dark spots, and leading him up to the altar, made him an immediate sacrifice.

Favors and especially pecuniary ones, are generally fatal to friendship; for our pride will ever prompt us to lower the value

of the gift by diminishing that of the donor. Ingratitude is an effort to recover our own esteem, by getting rid of our esteem for our benefactor, whom we look upon as a sort of tooth-drawer, that has cured us of one pain by inflicting another.

As friendship must be founded on mutual esteem, it cannot long exist among the vicious; for we soon find ill company to be like a dog, which dirts those the most whom he loves the best. After Lady E. L. and her female companion had defied public opinion for some time, her ladyship was obliged to say—"Well now, my dear friend, we must part for ever: for you have no character left, and I have not enough for two."

FRIENDS—There may be the same vitiated taste in the choice of friends, as of food. Many who like their game to be high and rank, seem to choose their associates for the same recommendation; not objecting to those whose reputations are in the worst odor. Others lay the foundation of future quarrels by forming inconsiderate and incongruous attachments—a union, as Cowper wittily, but ungrammatically observes—

> "Like Hand-in-Hand insurance plates,
> Which unavoidably creates
> The thoughts of conflagration."

A fashionable friend is one who will dine with you, game with you, walk or ride out with you, borrow money of you, escort your wife to public places—if she be handsome, stand by and see you fairly shot, if you happen to be engaged in a duel, and slink away and see you fairly clapped into prison, if you experience a reverse of fortune. Such a man is like the shadow of the sun-dial, which appears in fine weather, and vanishes when there comes a rainy day.

People are always pleased with those who partake pleasure with them; and hence there is a maudlin sympathy among brother topers,—but this is fellowship, not friendship. Never was the term more thoroughly desecrated than by the heartless Horace Walpole, who, in one of his letters, says, "If one of my friends happens to die, I drive down to St. James's Coffee House, and bring home a new one."

FURNITURE — Inanimate society. I like appropriate emblems in furniture, though I would not adopt the pedantry of Mr. Hope in its full extent, and make every joint stool, by its classical or hieroglyphical mysteries, puzzle the head instead of supporting the body. Where pleasant associations can be awakened,—and I would admit none of a contrary tendency,—why should not our chairs, tables, and sideboards be made to enhance the attractions and the resources of home, by ministering to a refined taste, and stimulating the imagination? To study how every decoration may express an emblem, and even to pun in marble, by sculpturing horses' heads beside a bust of Philip, because that word signifies, in Greek, a lover of horses, is a pitiful conceit; but it is pleasant, nevertheless, to impart to mahogany some of the properties of mind, to lift upholstery out of its materiality, and make it the medium for conveying the fancy through the whole range of time and space.

FUTURITY—What we are to be, determined by what we have been. An inscrutable mystery, of which we can only guess at a solution, by referring to the past and the present. These assure us, by millions of incontestable proofs, that the benevolent Creator sympathizes with our happiness; then he must sympathize still more tenderly with our sufferings. To suppose that he would scatter all sorts of delights around us in this evanescent world, and yet doom the great mass of mankind to everlasting anguish in the next, is an irreconcilable contradiction. The earth, upon which we are merely flitting passengers, is everywhere enamelled with flowers, equally exquisite for varied beauty and perfume, but useless, except for the purpose of diffusing pleasure; and yet our eternal abode is to be horrent with fire and agony! The best way of combating the terrors with which superstition has darkened futurity, is to appeal from the unknown to the known, from the unseen to the visible, from imaginary torment to real enjoyment, from the frightfulness and the stench of Tophet to the beauty of a tulip, and the fragrance of a rose.

GAMING—*See* BEGGAR and SUICIDE—The gamester begins by being a dupe, speedily becomes a knave, and generally ends his career as a pauper. A dice-box, like that of Pandora, is full of all evils, with a deceitful Hope at the bottom, which generally turns into Despair. There is but one good throw upon the dice, which is, to throw them away.

GENIUS—A natural aptitude to perform well and easily that which others can do but indifferently, and with pains. Locke has exploded the theory of innate ideas. The mind of a newly-born infant is as a new mirror, which with a capacity to reflect all objects, is, in itself, objectless. There is nothing innate or original in either case, except the capacity to reflect, which will vary according to the peculiar construction of the mind or the mirror; some presenting objects with a true or a false, with a beautifying or a discolored and unbecoming hue; while others will enlarge, diminish, distort, or absolutely reverse the forms presented to them. These different tendencies of minds, originally idealess, constitute the diversities of human character, or form what is commonly called genius.

GENTLEMAN—A character oftener heard of than seen; to draw which is the pet desire of every budding novelist and essayist. These mostly fail, however, in their sketches, for the sufficient reason that each sits for his own portrait.

It has been remarked that whatever may be the reputation of a man while alive, when dead he is generally allowed to be a *finished* gentleman.

Among the most successful attempts at embodying in words the various qualities which make up our variety of gentleman—and a very popular variety, is the following sketch, by an eminent American author, now deceased, of an eminent compatriot, who "still lives:" "His address is the most genial that can be conceived—its *bonhommie* irresistible. He speaks in a loud, clear, hearty tone, dogmatically, with his head thrown back and his chest out; never waits for an introduction to any lady; slaps a perfect stranger on the back, and calls him "Doctor" or "learned Theban;" pats every lady on the head,

and (if she be pretty and *petite*) designates her by some such title as "My pocket edition of the Lives of the Saints." His conversation proper is a sort of Roman punch, made up of tragedy, comedy, and the broadest of all possible farces. He has a natural, felicitous flow of talk, always over-swelling the boundaries and sweeping every thing before it, right and left. He is very earnest, intense, emphatic; thumps the table with his fist; shocks the nerves of the ladies."

In reality, whoever is open, loyal, and true; whoever is of humane and affable demeanor; whoever is honorable in himself, and in his judgment of others, and requires no law but his word to make him fulfil an engagement, such a man is *a gentleman.*

GHOST—The result of a disordered nervous system, or a vivid imagination, assisted by a little credulity, and judiciously mixed with a moderate dose of mental anxiety, or, better yet, as much remorse as will lie in the point of a dagger. There is more meaning and philosophy than at first sight appears in Coleridge's answer to Lady Beaumont, when she asked him whether he believed in ghosts—"O no, Madam, I have seen too many to believe in them." He had sense enough to see that his senses had been deceived.

GLORY—Military—Sharing with plague, pestilence, and famine, the honor of destroying your species; and participating with Alexander's horse the distinction of transmitting your name to posterity.

GLUTTONY—Pope's line—

"Is there no help then,—Helluo, bring the jowl,"

was suggested by what Athenæus records of Philoxenus, the Dithyrambic poet, who, having nearly completed, at one meal, an enormous polypus, was seized with convulsive spasms, and being told his last hour was at hand, exclaimed—"Since Charon and Atropos are come to call me away from my delicacies, it is best to leave nothing behind, so bring the remainder of

the polypus." According to the same veracious author, Cambles, being given to gastromargism, *ate up his wife*, and in the morning, found her hands in his throat! Many a poor man now-a-days, when he finds the hands of his shrewish wife in his throat, would be glad to dispose of the rest of her body after the fashion of Cambles.

GNATS—"To what base uses may we not return!" exclaims Hamlet,—"Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay," &c. It is a humiliating fact, which cannot be denied; but, on the other hand, there are many forms of matter, which, in their decomposition, are as much elevated, as the ingredients of Cæsar's body were temporarily degraded. Gnats, for instance, and other annoying insects devoured by birds, are ultimately converted into music; their importunate buzzings being but an inharmonious prelude, or tuning of instruments for the warbling of the nightingale, the cheerful song of the thrush, and the full concert of the winged choristers, who turn the summer air into melody. Our own daily food, ministering to the spirit of which the body is only the shrine, may be sublimised into wit, wisdom, and poetry. In the economy of nature, there is a perpetual interchange of life and death, of mind and matter. We draw existence and intellect from the earth, we return to it, and contribute, by resolving into our first elements, to supply life and intellect to our successors.

GOETHE—said that he considered no work complete, unless it involved some mystery which the author left unexplained, for the express purpose of stimulating the curiosity and the faculties of the reader. In this confession we have a key to his *Faust*, to much of the Kantian philosophy, and to a portion of the German literature in general. The mystical—the obscure—the enigmatical, where there is no real riddle to be solved, as in the case of Faust, Coleridge's Christabel, and similar productions, are so much sheer impertinence, and one feels a contemptuous pity for those laborious Œdipi who puzzle their brains in endeavoring to solve the imaginary enigma of a sham Sphynx. German writers and readers seem to find a delight in thus stultifying each other.

GOOD—in things evil.

"There is a soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out!"

"So with equal wisdom and good-nature, does Shakspeare make one of his characters exclaim—Suffering gives strength to sympathy. Hate of the particular may have a foundation in love for the general. The lowest and most wilful vice may plunge deeper out of a regret of virtue. Even in envy may be discerned something of an instinct of justice, something of a wish to see universal fair-play, and things on a level." Leigh Hunt, from one of whose delightful papers in the Indicator this passage is extracted, might easily have expanded his idea, and illustrated it by further examples; for while body and soul retain their alliance, their joint offspring will ever bear a likeness to either parent. "The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues." To begin with the latter;—what we call patriotism, is often a blind and mischievous prejudice against other nations, rather than an enlightened preference of our own. Love is as often sensual as sentimental. Parental affection, where it is not instinctive, is only reflected self-love. Charity not seldom proceeds from pride, from our desire to get rid of an uneasy sensation, or from the hope of being repaid with usurious interest what we "lend to the Lord." Dispensing justice may spring from the thirst of domination over our fellow creatures; and religion itself, even when sincere, may be instigated by that selfish regard to future reward, which has been termed—other-worldliness.

As our virtues are tainted occasionally by degrading associations, so may our vices be mingled with redeeming ones. Conjugal jealousy and the hatred of a rival, spring from the intensity of our love. Revenge, which, like envy, is an instinct of justice, does but take into its own hands the execution of that natural law which preceded the social. Avarice is only prudence and economy pushed to excess; intemperance has its

source in fellowship and hospitality; and wasteful extravagance springs from an unregulated generosity. These considerations are not urged to encourage moral Pyrrhonism and doubt; still less to confound the barriers of right and wrong; but to inculcate humility as well as forbearance, to teach us that we should neither be too overweening in estimating our own virtues, nor too severe in condemning the failings of others.

GOODNESS—A synonyme for Deity. "When all the good of a system," says G. L. Le Sage, of Geneva, "can easily be traced to general principles, and when all the evils appear to be exceptions, closely connected with some good, the excess being evidently, though, perhaps, but in a small degree, on the side of good, the contriver must be regarded as beneficent." If the existence of pain and evil render it difficult for a reflecting man to be an optimist, there is no reason why he should not, at all events, be an *agathist*. It is an observation of Dr. Johnson, that as the greatest liar tells more truth than falsehood, so may it be said of the worst man, that he does more good than evil.

"When a common soldier," observes Adam Smith, "is ordered upon a forlorn hope, his courage, and his sense of duty, will make him march to his doom with alacrity; but how few are philosophers enough to imitate this brave devotion, when they are ordered out upon the forlorn hope of the universe." The moral courage that will face obloquy in a good cause, is a much rarer gift than the bodily valor that will confront death in a bad one.

With a double vigilance should we watch our actions, when we reflect, that good and bad ones are never childless; and that, in both cases, the offspring goes beyond the parent,—every good begetting a better, every bad a worse.

GOOSE—A bird, and word of reproach, but I know not why. M. de Cottu, the French jurist, who came to England to digest laws and dinners, and who pronounced the *cuisine* to be *fade et bornée*, records, with an affectation of delicate disgust, that even at decent tables he had often seen a goose!—Gadso!

I can easily believe it, if he sat opposite the mirror. Why this calumniated fowl should be a byeword for ridicule in our discourse, or an object of abomination at polite tables, is an enigma, which it might puzzle Œdipus to solve. Every one knows that the Roman State was saved by the cackling of geese; a hint which has by no means been thrown away upon some of our own short-witted and long-winded Congressmen. Among the Romans, the gander and his spouse were a favorite and a fashionable dish; but learned commentators maintain, that the particular brood to which the commonwealth was so much indebted was preserved, as well as all its immediate descendants, with the utmost care; a circumstance which must have been much deplored by the epicures of that day, since it became impossible to have a Capitol goose for dinner. Then, as now, the little giblets were thought great delicacies, and good livers deemed the livers good, as appears by the following extract from Francis's Horace, b. ii. sat. 8:—

"And a white gander's liver,
Stuff'd fat with figs, bespoke the curious giver."

Whence, also, we may see that their epicurism extended even to the color. A modern white gander is a *rara avis*. Queen Elizabeth was cutting up a goose, when she learnt that the Spanish armada had been cut up by a Drake. Why, then, should a bird, ennobled by so many historical, and endeared by so many culinary recommendations, be treated with scorn and contumely? If the reader sympathize with the writer in wishing to see some zealous, though tardy reparation, made by a featherless biped to the biped who supplies us with feathers, he will peruse with a kindred complacency and indulgence the following

ODE TO A GOOSE.

Written after dinner on the Feast of St. Michael.

STROPHE I.

O BIRD most rare! although thou art
Uncommon common on a common,
What man or woman
Can in one single term impart

A proper name for thee?—An ancient Roman
Would answer—"*Anser*." Sure I am, that no man
Knowing thy various attributes, would choose
To call thee Goose!

ANTISTROPHE I.

No, Goose! thou art no Goose. Well stuff'd with sage
And titillating things, both dead and living,
For ever art thou giving
Solace to man in life's brief pilgrimage.

EPODE I.

Jove's eagle wielding the avenging thunder,
Is but a folio hawk, a bird of plunder.
Minerva's owl,
(Both are foul fowl!)
Shunning the light, should ne'er have been preferr'd
To rank as Wisdom's bird—
As for the young and stately swan,
A Scottish lawyer is the man
To sing its praises.
I am no writer to the cygnet—so,
Avoiding further periphrases,
For thee alone, O Goose! my verse shall flow.

STROPHE II.

O bird of Morpheus! half our lives are sped,
(Ay, and the happiest too) upon a bed
Stuff'd with thy feathers. On thy breast
Thou hushest us to rest,
As if we were thy goslings,
Till we forget life's hubble-bubble,
Its toil and trouble,
Its crossings and its jostlings.
And borne in dreams to empyrean latitudes,
Revel in ecstacies and bright beatitudes.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Churls that we are! what snoozing hum
Ascends to thee?—what pæans, what adorings?
Our mouths, perchance, are open, but they're dumb:
Our soul harangues
Are nasal twangs,
And all our gratitude consists of snorings.

EPODE II.

Bird of Apollo! worthy to pluck grass
On the Parnassian mountain,
Beside the classic fountain
Of Hippocrene, what Muse with thee can class,

To whose inspiring wing we owe
All that the poets past have writ;
From whose ungather'd wings shall flow
All our whole store of future wit?
Well may'st thou strut,
Proud of thy pens uncut,
Which shall cut jokes,
In after times, for unborn folks;—
Well may'st thou plume thyself upon thy plumage—all
Is erudite and intellectual,
Each wing a cyclopædia, fraught
With genius multiform, a word of thought!
Ah! when thou putt'st thy head
Beneath that wing to bed,
In future libraries thou tak'st a nap,
And dream'st of Paternoster Row, mayhap!
What are *they* dreaming of, that they forget
(The publishing and scribbling set)
To apotheosise thee, Goose!
As the tenth Muse?

ANTISTROPHE III.

And then the darling driblets,
That constitute thy giblets,
Whether in soup or stew'd,
O! what delectable and dainty food!
Full of my subject, ('twas my dinner dish,)
No wonder that I feel all over goosy,
Fired with what Braham calls *entusimusy*,
So much so, I could almost wish,
If fate were nothing loath,
To be a Goose instead of man.
"Be doubly happy on thy present plan,"
(Methinks the reader cries,)
"And thank the favoring destinies,
For now thou'rt *both!*"

The celebrated Colonel McCluny saw through this vulgar prejudice against the goose. "I was once sitting at a dinner-table opposite him; between us was an antediluvian duck, which I was making desperate efforts to disintegrate. I observed the Colonel regarding me with a steady smile, and remarked, 'Colonel, you appear to be amused at my awkwardness.' 'No, sir,' replied he, 'I was thinking why the term *duck* was used as a word of endearment, and *goose* one of reproach.'"

GOUT—Sometimes the father's sin visited upon the child, but more often the child of our own sins visiting its father.

A man of the latter stamp once asked Abernethy what he should do to avoid the infliction.—"Live upon a shilling a day—and earn it," was the reply, at once pertinent and impertinent.

GRADGRIND—Sydney Smith, the most practical of men, had a great contempt for the Gradgrind genus. "That school," said he, "treat mankind as if they were mere machines; the feelings or affections never enter into their calculations. If every thing is to be sacrificed to utility, why do you bury your grandmother at all? why don't you cut her into small pieces at once, and make portable soup of her?"

GRATITUDE—If this be justly defined as "a lively sense of benefits to come," ingratitude is so far preferable, that it is free from hypocrisy and sordid motives, and releases the benefactor as well as the benefited. If the one be a calculating virtue, the other is at least a frank vice. Great ingratitude cannot be common, because great beneficence is rare, and its alleged frequency, therefore, is often a pretext trumped up by the parsimonious to save their pockets. To be deterred by such a plea from practising charity, when we have the means, is to commit towards heaven the very offence which we are imputing to our fellow-creatures. Besides, one man's ingratitude is not another man's ingratitude. Beneficent people are rarely grateful; they look upon common favors like common politeness, as a matter of course. An apparent gratitude may sometimes be the sharpest revenge. Sir Charles Sedley, when he joined the Prince of Orange, said of King James the Second—"He has made my daughter a Countess, and I will show my gratitude by endeavoring to make his a Queen." It will be recollected, that Sedley's daughter, created Countess of Dorchester, was James's mistress, and that the Prince of Orange's wife, afterwards Queen Mary, was James's daughter.

GRAVE—The gate through which we pass from the visible to the invisible world.

"GRAVITY"—says Rochefoucauld, "is a mystery of the body, invented to conceal the defects of the understanding."

GRIEFS—are like the beings that endure them,—the little ones are the most clamorous and noisy; those of older growth, and greater magnitude, are generally tranquil, and sometimes silent. Our minds are like ill-hung vehicles; when they have little to carry, they raise a prodigious clatter,—when heavily laden, they neither creak nor rumble.

GRUMBLERS—who are perpetually publishing the maltreatment they have experienced, excite but little sympathy; for, without going the length of Rochefoucauld's maxim, it may safely be maintained, that there is nothing which people in general bear with more equanimity than the misfortunes of their neighbors. It is natural that those who feel themselves aggrieved, should give vent to complaint; but it is equally so, that their hearers should at length listen to the catalogue of their wrongs with indifference.

"If you are treated ill and put on,
'Tis natural to make a fuss;
To see it and not care a button,
Is just as natural for us.
Like people viewing, at a distance,
Two persons thrown out of a casement,
All we can do for your assistance,
Is to afford you our amazement:—
For an impartial looker-on
In such disasters never chooses;
'Tis neither Tom, nor Will, nor John,—
'Tis the phenomenon amuses."

Not to enjoy all the innocent happiness we can, is so far impious, that it is defrauding the Creator of that purpose in our creation, which we may consider to be the most congenial to the divine nature.

HABIT—A second nature, which often supersedes the first. The habit which enables one man to dispense with necessaries, may render superfluities indispensable to another. Extremes touch; he who wants no favors from fortune, may be said to have obtained the very greatest that she can bestow, in realizing an independence which no changes or reverses can diminish. What king or conqueror can say as much?

The late Sir W——r S——g, as he hurried along the streets of London, had contracted a habit, whenever he met any of his numerous acquaintance, of saluting them with a passing bow, a touch of the hat, and the words—"Sir, I wish you a very good morning." As High Sheriff of a county, it once became his duty to attend the execution of a criminal, when, having seen that all the preliminary arrangements were complete, and that his services were no longer needed, he bowed, and touched his hat to the culprit, whose cap was already over his face, and took leave of him with his habitual—"Sir, I wish you a very good morning!"

A friend of the author's, who had purchased a *post-obit*, dependent on the life of an elderly female, being asked, some years afterwards, whether he had yet come into possession, replied—"Oh no!—and I have quite given it up; for the old cat has now acquired such a habit of living, that I do not suppose she could die if she would." It must be confessed, that this obstinate habit is the very last that we resign.

HAPPINESS—A blessing often missed by those who run after pleasure, and generally found by those who suffer pleasure to run after them. Like a Will o'-the-wisp, it is sometimes farthest off when we imagine we can grasp it, and nearest to us when it appears to be at a distance. The most effectual way to secure it to ourselves, is to confer it upon others.

None are either so miserable or so happy as they are thought, for the mind soon habituates itself to its moral atmosphere, whether rough or gentle. If there be no difference between possessing a thing, and not wishing for it, happiness may be best attained by indifference; at all events there is a greater approximation than is generally supposed, between those who have lost, and those who retain their happiness; since the former are always hoping to recover, what the latter are always fearing to be deprived of.

Pyrrhus, denying the reality of any beatitude, maintained that life and death were equal, and when asked why he did not seek the grave, since existence was so little attractive, replied, "Because both are indifferent to me."

In the progress of time and general improvement, the aggregate of human enjoyment may be incalculably increased, without diminishing the stock of comparative discontent; for as we measure our portion in life not by our superiority to our predecessors, but by our inferiority to our contemporaries, we forget abstract benefits in relative disadvantages. Notwithstanding this drawback, human happiness must be constantly augmenting. As civilization advances, every peasant enjoys luxuries and securities from which nobles and monarchs were fomerly debarred. That there is much less misery and suffering in the world than formerly, is incontestably proved by the remarkable increase in the mean duration of life, while the years thus added to our span, derive a double value from the almost universal diffusion of the means of enjoying them.

As important disappointments do but rarely occur, and yet many men are unhappy during the greater part of their lives, it is evident that they must fret their spirit about trifles. The great secret of cheerfulness and content is not to be annoyed by petty thwartings, and not to aspire to unattainable objects. Children are always happy, because they are always pursuing trifles of easy acquisition.

Exaggerating the misery of mankind is a species of impiety, because it is an oblique reflection on the benevolence of the Deity. If man had been made involuntarily happy, he would have been without motives to exertion, and would have lost that noblest species of felicity which arises from the virtuous and successful development of his faculties. If virtue, moreover, always insured happiness, while vice entailed inevitable misery, we should lose one of the strongest arguments for a future state of retribution.

There are two things which will make us happy in this life, if we attend to them. The first is, never to vex ourselves about what we can't help, and the second, never to vex ourselves about what we can help.

HARDSHIPS—Pleasures when they are self-imposed, intolerable grievances when they are required by our duty. What sportsman ever complains of fatigue, what card-player

of sedentariness, what angler of solitude and dulness, what bookworm of confinement, what miser of poverty, what lover of slavery?—Ay, but these annoyances may be endured with patience, because they are voluntary. Well, and what prevents us from performing with an equal good will the tasks enjoined by our station in life, and which all our ill-will cannot enable us to avoid? We conquer our fate when we submit to it cheerfully. Vain repinings only serve to aggravate it.

So prone, however, are we to discontent and complaint, that even when men bear their real hardships with tolerable composure, they are apt to invent imaginary ones, to which they cannot submit with any degree of patience.

HARMONY—Musical—A sensual pleasure, which, in well-regulated minds, seldom fails to produce moral results.

Hark! to the voice of yonder sour
And gloomy monitor, who cries—
"Why do you waste life's fleeting hour
In idle songs and melodies?
The tongue that sings—the hands that play,
Shall soon be mute and cold in death,
And ye who listen to the lay
As soon shall yield your parting breath."

But hark! I hear an angel's voice—
"Mortals!" exclaims the dulcet chant,
"Sing! and with instruments rejoice,
For music is a heavenly grant.
'Twas meant to charm your cares away,
The thoughts to raise—the heart to mend,
And hallow'd thus, in slightest lay
Attains a high and moral end."

He who has a spirit of harmony in his nature will exhibit it in every other direction, as well as in that of music. There will be a pleasing concord and consentaneousness in all his thoughts, words, and actions. As the sound of music enables him to walk in a sustained and regular step over uneven ground, so will the moral harmony of his nature, responding to the unheard music of the spheres, or in other words, to the voice of God, speaking by his revelations, empower him to

pursue the right way with a steady and orderly step, amid all the quicksands and inequalities of his life's pilgrimage.

HEAD—A bulbous excrescence, of special use to many as a peg for hanging a hat on—as a barber's block for supporting wigs—as a target for shooting at when rendered conspicuous by a shining helmet—as a snuff-box or a chatter-box—as a machine for fitting into a halter or guillotine—as a receptacle for freaks, fancies, follies, passions, prejudices, predilections—for any thing, in short, but brains.

Human heads are like hogsheads—the less they contain, the louder the report they give of themselves. The smaller the calibre of the mind, the greater the bore of a perpetually open mouth.

HEALTH—*See* Temperance, Exercise, and Virtue as often as you can, and the doctor as seldom as you can. The mind's health is the best security for that of the body—*Qui medicè vivit miserè vivit.*

As to taking care of your precious health, Hood says: don't cure or smoke dry it, or pickle it in everlasting acids, like the Germans; don't bury it in a potato pit, like the Irish; don't preserve it in spirits, like the Barbadians; don't salt it down, like the Newfoundlanders; don't bottle it, like gooseberries; don't pot it, and *don't* hang it. A rope is a bad *Cordon Sanitaire.* Above all, don't despond about it. Consider your health as your best friend, and think as well of it, in spite of all its foibles, as you can. Never fancy, every time you cough, you are going to coughy pot. Hold up, as the shooter says, over the heaviest ground. Despondency, in a nice case, is the overweight that may make you kick the beam and the bucket at once. And bear in mind that, "a single *burst* with mirth is worth a whole season of *full cries* with melancholy."

HEART—According to a French author, those men pass the most comfortably through the world, who have a good digestion and a hard heart; the former preserving them from

all the annoyances of dyspepsia, and the latter from those painful feelings to which the compassionate and the sympathizing are perpetually subject. Such a man, indeed, may have fewer pains, but can he enjoy any pleasure, except the vulgar ones of sense? He that possesses a susceptible heart, has an inexhaustible mine of sweet emotions. Let him cherish its tenderness, and guard, above all things, against those outpourings of envy or uncharitableness, which inevitably harden the heart, as the foam exuded by testaceous animals encrusts into shell.

HETERODOXY—is another man's doxy—whereas Orthodoxy is a man's own doxy. The definition is an old one, but it might be difficult to give a new one which should be more accurate. *Hales* defines heresy and schism as religious scarecrows:—they might be efficient ones formerly, but now-a-days they will scare few birds except gulls and dotterels.

HINT—A jog on the mental elbow.—Lord M., a Scottish judge, well known for his penurious habits, being compelled to give a dinner to the barristers upon circuit, and having neglected to order any claret, with which they had been accustomed to be regaled on such occasions, Harry Erskine endeavored by several oblique hints to make him sensible of the omission. His lordship, however, who had an acute misapprehension where his pocket was in danger, affected to receive all these innuendoes in a different sense, and at length, seeking to turn the conversation to the war in which we were then engaged, abruptly exclaimed, "I wonder what has become of the French fleet?"—"Just at present, my lord," replied his waggish persecutor, "I believe it is, like ourselves, *confined to port!*"

A sportsman, who during the shooting season had gone to pass a week with his friend in the country, on the strength of a general invitation, soon found, by a gentle hint, that he would have done better to wait for a special one. "I saw some beautiful scenery," was the visitor's first remark,—"as I came to-day by the upper road." "You will see some still

finer," was the reply, "as you go back to-morrow by the lower one."

HISTORY—The Newgate calendar of kings and rulers, which finds no materials in the happiness or virtue of states, and is therefore little better than a record of human crime and misery. It may be doubted whether we should tempt children to become misanthropes, by perusing it too early. At a more mature age they may beneficially distinguish the momentary triumph of crime, from the eternal lot of virtue. To form an opinion of human nature from a perusal of history, is like judging of a fine city by its sewers and cess-pools.

HOLIDAYS—The Elysium of our boyhood; perhaps the only one of our life. Of this truth Anaxagoras seems to have been aware. Being asked by the people of Lampsacus, before his death, whether he wished to have any thing done in commemoration of him,—"Yes," he replied; "let the boys be allowed to play on the anniversary of my death." "Men are but children of a larger growth," and, in this working-day country, where we have neither half holidays enough, nor even enough half-holidays, it might be well if some patriot would bequeath to the whole laboring community a legacy similar to that of Anaxagoras.

HONESTY—It is pleasant to loll and roll, and to accumulate—to be a purple and fine linen man, and to be called by some of those nicknames which frail and ephemeral beings are so fond of accumulating upon each other;—but the best thing of all is to live like honest men, and to add something to the cause of liberality, justice, and truth.

HOPE—though sometimes little better than the deferring of disappointment, is, nevertheless, a compensation for many of life's painful realities. Its fruition terminates its enjoyment; but why should we complain that expectation renders us more happy than possession, since the former is a long-enduring pleasure, and the latter only a brief regret? A presentiment

of coming gladness is the summit of terrestrial felicity. Hope, however, is a better dependence, at the outset, than at the close of our career. To use the language of Lord Bacon, it is a good breakfast but an idle supper.

All wings—like a cherub, Hope builds upon nothing, floats, self-supported, like the clouds, catching every flitting ray of the sun, and can raise itself to heaven, even by clinging to a film or gossamer. If there be any truth in the poet's averment, that

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast,"

who shall say that man is unhappy?

HORSE—An article in the sale of which you may cheat your own father without any imputation upon your honesty, or your sense of filial duty. Dr. Burnet, having good reason for disposing of his nag, got upon its back, and rode it up and down, without succeeding, however, in concealing its defects. "My good doctor," said the expected purchaser, "when you want to take me in, you should mount a pulpit, not a horse."

HOUR-GLASS—Every thing, we are told, has its hour, and an hour-glass offers no exception to the rule; its period of utility is but a short one. The sands gradually wear and file away the aperture through which they pass, at the same time that they themselves are constantly diminishing their particles by friction and collision, so that they flow faster and faster through the enlarged opening, and the machine, turn it which way you will, becomes deranged and useless. So it is with the state machine; by struggling against the restraints of the monarchical or oligarchical principle, the people do but too often enlarge and extend its capacity, while they weaken and wear out themselves, until the proper and useful balance between the two is entirely destroyed. All governments, therefore, however well poised at first, have as constant a tendency towards derangement as the hour-glass. The balance may be restored in either case, by diminishing the power that has been enlarged, and extending that which has been lessened in the wear and tear of years—this is Reform. Or you may

wait till the machine is obliged to be turned topsy-turvy and thrown into total disorder, or dashed to pieces—this is Revolution.

HOUSEKEEPING—Regular. When Sheridan, by the assistance of his friends, was installed in a house in Saville Row, he boasted to one of his relations how comfortably and regularly he was living, so much so, that every thing went on like clock-work.—"That I can easily believe," was the reply, "it goes on by tick! tick! tick!"

HUMANITY—is much more shown in our conduct towards animals, where we are irresponsible, except to heaven, than towards our fellow-creatures, where we are restrained by the laws, by public opinion, and by fear of retaliation. The more defenceless and humble the creature, the greater is the merit of treating it kindly, since our tenderness must spring from a high principle or a feeling heart. Show me the man that is a lover of animals, and I will answer for his philanthropy.

How refined and considerate was the humanity of the master butcher, who, in defending his drover for inflicting a tremendous blow upon the eye of an ox, exclaimed, "What harm could he do by striking the beast over the head, where it does not injure the meat?"

HUMAN NATURE—"crops out" in various directions, and sometimes in most unexpected ways.

Southey used to say that "the moment any thing assumed the shape of a duty, Coleridge felt himself incapable of discharging it."

Then there was Lady Cork, of whom Sydney Smith told that she was so deeply moved at a charity sermon that she borrowed a guinea of a neighbor to put into the plate. She had a constitutional proclivity to appropriate trifles in the houses of her friends. "Don't leave those things about so, my dear," she used to say, "or I shall steal them."

HUMILITY—The best evidence of real religion, as arrogance, self-conceit, and pretension, are the infallible criteria of a Pharisaical devotion.

As the best laden branches bend
To earth with an augmented press,
So do the fruits of virtue tend
To bow our hearts in humbleness;
While the vain Pharisee, inflate
With all the puff'd and windy state,
That owes to emptiness its birth,
Like a balloon, a void inside,
Without—all varnish, pomp, and pride,
Only seeks Heaven to be descried,
Admired and gazed at from the earth,—
What though the sound and sane Divine
Neglected lives, forgotten dies,
While sects and devotees combine
To puff some bigot to the skies;
A diamond's still a precious stone
Although upon a dunghill cast,
And worthless dust, though upwards blown,
Retains its vileness to the last.

That false humility, which only stoops to conquer, and prostrates itself that it may rise with the more certainty, may be compared to bottled beer, which is laid flat in order that it may get up. As the soil which is richest in precious ores, generally presents the most barren surface, so genuine humility, proud of nothing but the consciousness of virtue, "Disdains to wear the prize she loves to win."

HUNGER—That which gives the poor man his health and his appetite, and the want of which often afflicts the rich with satiety and disease.

HYPOCHONDRIA—The imaginary malady with which those are taxed who have no real one.

HYPOCRISY—may assume the mask of vice as well as of virtue. Such is the vanity of some men, that they would rather be notorious, and even infamous, than unnoticed. Lord Byron sometimes pretended to be more profligate than he really was, in order, as he affirmed, that he might ingratiate

himself with the women! Satirizing the sex is, generally, spitting against the wind, which blows back in our own face what we vainly spirt forth against it. It has been said of hypocrites, that they go to the Devil's abode by the road of Paradise; but this, at all events, evinces a better taste than to journey towards the same destination by the most revolting road that can be selected. If it gives us a more favorable opinion of the Devil, to believe that he is not so black as he is painted by others, it should deepen our contempt for certain pseudo-human devils, when we learn that they are not so black as they paint themselves.

There is much hypocrisy in affecting to give up the pleasures of the world, from religious motives, when we only withdraw from it because we find a greater gratification in the pleasures of retirement.

"My dear children," said an old rat to his young ones, "the infirmities of age are pressing so heavily upon me, that I have determined to dedicate the short remainder of my days to mortification and penance, in a narrow and lonely hole which I have lately discovered: but let me not interfere with your enjoyments; youth is the season for pleasure; be happy, therefore, and only obey my last injunction—never to come near me in my retreat. God bless you all!" Deeply affected, snivelling audibly, and wiping his paternal eyes with his tail, the old rat withdrew, and was seen no more for several days, when his youngest daughter, moved rather by filial affection, than by that curiosity which has been attributed to the sex, stole to his cell of mortification, which turned out to be a hole, made by his own teeth, in—an enormous Cheshire cheese!

IDLENESS—Hard work for those who are not used to it, and dull work for those who are. Idleness is a moral leprosy, which soon eats its way into our heart and corrodes our happiness, while it undermines our health. Nothing is so hard to do, as to do nothing. The hypochondriacal Countess, who "envies every cinder-wench she sees," is much more to be pitied than the toiling drudge, who "sighs for luxury and ease."

Idleness is costly without being a luxury. Montaigne always wound up the year's account of his expenses with the following entry: "Item—for my abominable habit of idleness —a thousand livres."

Idlers may deserve our compassion, but few things are more misplaced than the contempt lavished upon them as useless members of society; sometimes such scorn is only masked envy; where it is real, it is wrong, All rich idlers may be termed the representatives of former industry and talent; they must either have achieved independence by their own exertions or by those of their ancestors, for almost all wealth can be traced back to labor, or genius, or merit of some sort. And why do the revilers of the idle, labor and toil with such perseverance?—that they may imitate those whom they abuse, by acquiring an independence and becoming themselves idle. The sight of luxurious ease is the best stimulus to exertion. To suppose that the pleasure of overtaking is greater than that of pursuing the game, may be a mistake, but it is a beneficial one, and keeps society from stagnating. Rich idlers are the advancers of civilization, the best encouragers of industry—the surest patrons of literature and the arts. Nor is there any thing invidious in their good fortune, for every one may aspire to rival or surpass it, which is not the case with hereditary distinctions.

We toil for leisure only to discover, when we have succeeded in our object, that leisure is a great toil. How quickly would the working-classes be reconciled to what they term the curse of compulsory occupation, if they were doomed, only for a short time, to the greater curse of compulsory idleness! Quickly would they find, that it is much better to wear out than to rust out.

IDOL—What many worship in their own shape, who would be ashamed to do so in any other.

IMAGINATION—Dreams of—An atonemnet for the miseries of reality. Philosophers in all ages have delighted in appealing from this incorrigible world to a creation of their

own, where all the evils to which mankind are subjected, should be rectified or mitigated. It was with this feeling that Plato, after the death of Socrates, wrote his Atlantis. Tacitus, shocked at the profligacy and subjection of his countrymen, endeavored to shame them by holding up to their imitation the wisdom, virtue, and liberty of the German forests. Sir Thomas More transported himself from the tyranny of Henry VIII. into Utopia. Harrington established the republican government, for which he panted, in his Oceana; and Montesquieu developed his own benevolent views in his fabulous history of the Troglodytes.

IMPRESSIONS—First—are sometimes involuntarily betrayed. Much of the spectator's mind may be gathered by his almost unconscious exclamation when he encounters any novel and striking sight, or is thrown into strange and unexpected situations, which have as sure an effect as wine, in eliciting the truth. Running against a surprise, is like running against a post,—it forces the breath out of your mouth, before you have time to consider how you shall modulate it. Pope, the actor, who was a great epicure, ejaculated in a transport, on his first catching the prospect from Richmond Hill—"A perfect hauch by heaven!" One of the French Savans, after risking his life in penetrating into the square chamber of the great Egyptian pyramid, had no sooner ascertained its dimensions, by holding up his torch, than he cried to his companion.—"*Quel emplacement pour un Billard!*"—"What a place for a billiard table."

IMMORTALITY—of modern authors—Drawing in imagination upon the future, for that homage which the present refuses to pay:—at best a protracted oblivion. A poet, however illustrious in his day, is like the statue set up by Nebuchadnezzar, the feet of which were of clay. A living language is a painting, perpetually changing color, and then perishing; a dead one is as a marble statue—always the same. Even this distant reversion of fame is denied to a modern, for there is little chance that the English tongue of the nineteenth century

should live as a dead language after it is dead as a living one. Some vainglorious author boasted that his poems would be read when those of Pope and Dryden were forgotten. "But not till then," added a bystander.

INDIGESTION—INDUSTRY—Two things which were never before found united.

INCONSISTENCY—the only thing in which men are consistent. We are certainly compounded of two contrary natures, impelling us, under different circumstances and influences, to actions apparently irreconcilable. To this must it be attributed that the gravest and most saturine, will sometimes indulge in fits of jocularity, a fact which T. H. would otherwise explain, but in my opinion with too strict a leaning towards anatomy, by referring it to man's possessing a funny bone and an *os humerus*. The stupidest person I ever knew, a mere sensualist, a *gourmand*, and a *gourmet*, composed one of the prettiest little poems I ever read. Scaliger said that he would rather have written Horace's Ode—"*Quem tu, Melpomene*," than be made King of Arragon; and for my own part, I would rather have indited the following stanzas, than be promoted to the Laureatship!

That my friend, a dull, plodding fellow, whose great business it had hitherto been to eat, drink, and sleep, should spread his fancy's wings, and indulge in a poetical flight, is perhaps less marvellous, than that the first and only essay of his muse, should exhibit a tenderness so touching, combined with aspirations so delicate and ethereal. But we must not tantalize the reader by withholding from him any longer our author's

LOVE SONG.

What mistress half so dear as mine,
Half so well dress'd, so pungent, fragrant,
Who can such attributes combine,
To charm the constant, fix the vagrant?
Who can display such varied arts,
To suit the taste of saint and sinner,
Who go so near to touch their hearts,
As thou, my darling, dainty dinner?

Still my breast owns a rival queen,
A bright-eyed nymph, of sloping shoulders,
Whose ruddy cheeks and graceful mien,
Entrance the sense of all beholders.
Oh! when thy lips to mine are press'd,
What transports titillate my throttle!
My love can find new life and rest,
In thee, and thee alone, my bottle!

INDEPENDENCE—The boast of—is a trait of vulgarity, and sometimes of insincerity, since professors are not always performers. In reality we are all more independent than is generally imagined, for the whole world can neither take from us what nature has given, nor give us what nature has denied.

INFERIORS—A term which we are ever ready to apply to those beneath us in station, without considering whether it be applicable in any other sense. Many men may be our superiors without being our equals; and many may be our nominal inferiors to whom we are by no means equal.

Inferiority, in others, whether of rank, fortune, or talent, never offends, because it conveys a silent homage to our self-love. This is the secret of condescension in the great.

INNOVATION—The unanswerable objection urged against all improvement. We have already quoted the dictum of Bacon—that a froward retention of custom is as turbulent a thing as an innovation. This was not the opinion of Ignatius Loyola, who, in order to avoid any innovation in the shape of his boot, after having fractured his leg, ordered a considerable part of the bone to be sawed off, thus proving himself to be a conservative of the true discriminating stamp. To say that all new things are bad, is to say that old things were bad in their commencement, for the most ancient were once new; and whatever is now most firmly established was once innovation, not even excepting Christianity itself.

INQUISITIVENESS—An itch for prying into other people's affairs, to the neglect of our own;—an ignorant hankering after all such knowledge as is not worth knowing;—a

curiosity to learn things that are not all curious. People of this stamp would rather be put to the question, than not ask questions; silence is torture to them. A genuine quidnunc prefers false news to none; he piques himself upon having the very first information of things that never happened. It is supposed that the Americans have attained the greatest art in parrying inquisitiveness, because they are more exposed to it; but a well-known cockney wag, at a late period of political excitement, maintained a defensive colloquy with a rustic inquisitive, which could hardly have been excelled by any Yankee performer. In travelling post, he was obliged to stop at a village to replace a horse's shoe, when the Paul Pry of the place bustled up to the carriage window, and, without waiting for the ceremony of introduction, exclaimed—"Good morning, Sir!—horse cast a shoe, I see—I suppose, Sir, you be going to—" Here he paused, expecting the name of the place to be supplied; but the citizen answered—"You are quite right, Sir; I generally go there at this season." "Ay—hum—do ye?—and no doubt you be come now from—"—"Right again, Sir; I live there." "Oh, ay, do ye? But I see it be a London shay; pray, Sir, is there any thing stirring in London?" "Yes; plenty of other chaises, and carriages of all sorts." "Ay, ay, of course; but what do folks say?" "Their prayers every Sunday." "That is not what I mean; I wish to know whether there is any thing new and fresh?" "Yes, bread and herrings." "Anan! you be a queer chap. Pray, Muster, may I ask your name?" "Fools and clowns call me 'muster,' but I am, in reality, one of the frogs of Aristophanes, and my genuine name is Brekekekex Koax. Drive on, postilion."

INSTINCT—Animal—The exertion of mental power, without the exercise of reason or deliberation:—the implanted principle that determines the will of brutes, and is generally limited to the great objects of nature—self-preservation, the procurement of food, and the continuance of the species. An intelligent being, having a motive in view for the performance of any particular operation, will set about it either similarly

to others, or in a different mode, according to circumstances, his views and powers of action being almost infinitely varied; but irrational beings never deviate from the instincts with which they are born, and which are adapted to their particular economy. Hence, animals are stationary, while man is progressive. Beavers construct their habitations, birds their nests, bees their hive, and the spider its web, with an admirable ingenuity; but the most sagacious of them cannot apply their skill to purposes beyond the sphere of their particular wants, nor do any of them improve, in the smallest degree, on their predecessors. Exactly as they respectively built at the time of creation, so will they continue to build until the end of the world. To illustrate the contrary tendency, and the progressiveness of man in his habitations, we should compare a Hottentot's kraal with St. Peter's or St. Paul's.

Among the peculiarities of instinct, an investigating philosopher has discovered this, that no horse ever yet found a mare's nest: that discovery can only be made by a jackass.

INSTINCTS—Human—Natural prejudices, to reject the influence of which, in the education of youth, is, itself, one of the most unreasonable of prejudices. "Why should we scruple," asks Mrs. Barbauld, "to lead a child to right opinions, in the same way by which nature leads him to right practices? He may be left to find out that mustard will bite his tongue, but he must be prejudiced against ratsbane."

INSTITUTIONS—must be fitted to the different ages of the world's mind, just as his clothes are altered and adjusted to the different ages of an individual's body. When we have outgrown either, they should be cast aside; unless we wish our movements to be cramped, or that which restrains them to be violently rent asunder.

Institutions may be compared to certain fruits; when unripe, no storm disturbs them; when ripe, a puff will blow them down.

INTOLERANCE—Being irreligious for the sake of religion, and hating our fellow-creatres, out of a pretended love

for their Creator. Intolerance has more lives than a cat: you cannot even starve it to death. Deprive its right hand of its cunning, by taking away the sword wherewith it smote infidels; its nostrils of the soul-rejoicing odor of a roasting heretic; its ears of the delightful groans of imprisoned or tormented non-conformists; it will still pick up its crumbs of comfort, and contrive to subsist upon the remaining modicum of religious pains and penalties, or of legal punishments for the freedom of opinion. And while thus employed, the fiend Intolerance boasts of her godlike qualities, and especially of her marvellous liberality. Supported by jails and judges, she employs the sword of law (not justice) to clip the wings of thought, and then complacently exclaims to her mutilated victim—"Behold! you are free as the air—you may fly whithersoever you please: who so liberal, so generous, so tolerant as I?"

INNUENDO—Condemning by insinuation. In the Irish House of Commons, before the Union, Mr. Grattan thus attacked Mr. Corrie: "I will not call him *villain*, because he is Chancellor of the Exchequer; I will not call him *liar*, because he is a privy counsellor; but I will say of him that he is one who has taken advantage of the privilege of this House to utter language to which in any other place, my answer would have been a blow." The result of which was, of course, a duel.

There was nothing like innuendo in the remark of an outspoken member of a Western Legislature: "Mr. Speaker," said he, "I would like to know how long that blackguard is to go on boring me to death with his speech?"

IRISH WIT—is ready wit. Various phases of it are recorded as follows by a traveller.

When I heard a grave gentleman-like man, at the Ballybrogue Station of the Great Punster Railway, say to a friend, who asked him how he should spend the half-hour he would have to wait, that he should spend it thinking of all the kind things he (the friend) had been saying to him, I said, "*The Irish are a polite people.*"

When I saw, at a Dublin theatre, the whole house to a man

get on their legs, and howl at the manager because he wouldn't introduce a national jig in the middle of *La Sonnambula*, I said, "*The Irish are an excitable people.*"

When a Killarney guide swore to me on the tomb of his grandmother that there was a small lake up in Mullacap, county Kerry, which contained a giant eel, that swam twice round the inclosure every day at two o'clock, with a pan of old gould tied to his tail, I said, "*The Irish are a superstitious people.*"

When a Tipperary landlord, in a Galway railway carriage, told me he was surnamed "the Woodcock," because he had been shot at so often by the "noblest tinantry" and missed, I said, "*The Irish are a revengeful people.*"

When I saw my friend Mike Rooney's best blue breeches stuffed into his window to keep out the rain, I said, "*The Irish are a thoughtless people.*"

And lastly, when I refused the beggar-woman at Castlebar a half-penny, and she ironically hoped "the Lord would make my bed that night in heaven," I said, "*The Irish are a witty people.*"

IVY—A vegetable corruptionist, which for the purpose of its own support, attaches itself, with the greatest tenacity, to that which is the most antiquated and untenable, and the fullest of holes, flaws, and imperfections.

JEALOUSY—Tormenting yourself, for fear you should be tormented by another. "Why," asks Rochefoucauld, "does not jealousy, which is born with love, always die with it?" He would have found an answer to this question, had he reflected that self-love never dies. Jealousy is the greatest of misfortunes, and excites the least pity.

JOKES—The cayenne of conversation, and the salt of life. "A joke's prosperity," says Shakespeare, "lies in the ear of the hearer;" and indeed it is sometimes exceedingly difficult to pronounce whether it be a good one or a bad one, risibly speaking, for a *bon mot* may be too witty to be pleasant, or at least to elicit laughter; while a poor pleasantry, by the help

of some ludicrous turn, or expression, or association of ideas, may provoke cachinnation, *à gorge déployée.* Nay, there are cases in which a joke becomes positively good from its being so intolerably bad, and is applauded, in the inverse ratio of its merit, as the greatest honors are sometimes showered upon men who have the least honor. The admiration excited by the highest order of wit is generally serious, because it sets us thinking. It was said of a crafty Israelite, who deserted the Hebrew faith, without embracing that of the Christians, and yet endeavored to make both parties subservient to his selfish views, that he resembled the blank leaf between the Old and New Testament, belonging to neither, and making a cover of both. No one would laugh at this; it is exactly that description of wit which has been defined "an unexpected association of apparently dissimilar ideas, exciting pleasure and surprise." Lord Byron was once asked by a friend, in the green room of Drury Lane Theatre, whether he did not think Miss Kelly's acting in the "Maid and the Magpie" exceedingly natural?—"I really cannot say," replied his lordship; "I was never innocent of stealing a silver spoon." This is drollery rather than wit, and excites our laughter, without claiming any portion of our admiration.

One of our poets, a remarkably cadaverous-looking man, recited a poem, descriptive of a country walk, in which the following couplet occurred:—

> "The redbreast, with his furtive glance,
> Comes and looks at me askance;"—

upon which a wag exclaimed—"Gad! if it had been a carrion-crow, he would have stared you full in the face;" a remark so humorous and unexpected, that it was received with a unanimous shout of laughter. Here the absurdity of the idea, if it did not amount to wit, was something better, or, at all events, more stimulative of the risible faculties.

JUDGMENT—A faculty of which very few people have enough to discover that they want more. In forming a judgment of each other, the sexes usually proceed upon the falsest and most deceitful grounds. If a woman be struck by a man's

exterior, she invariably thinks well of his morals and his talents: gain her love, and you secure her esteem; she judges of every thing by the impression made upon herself, and in the credulity that prompts her to believe what she wishes, is easily led away by her confiding and affectionate nature. Men, sexually speaking, are still more blind and rash in their judgment, or, rather, in their total want of it. If they are smitten by a pretty face, they inquire no further, and ask but one question—Will you have me? They marry the face, of which the beauty is to last, perhaps, for one year only—at most for ten,—and they know little or nothing of the mind with which they are to be associated until death. In balancing the respective motives of the sexes, the advantage is, as usual, all on the side of the females. Both are precipitate, and both wrong; but women are misled by their trust and their affections, while men fall into the same error from the influence of their passions, and their senses. If any of my male readers doubt this judgment, let them doubt their own.

KING—According to the doctrine of despots and their worshippers, the hereditary proprietor of a nation;—according to reason, its accountable first magistrate. Monarchs are the spoilt children of fortune; and, like the juvenile members of the class, are often wayward, peevish, and ill at ease. We talk of being "as happy as a king;" but which of us is not happier,—at least, in love and friendship, the great sweeteners of life? There is no courtship in courts. A king goes a wooing in the person of his privy counsellors; marries one whom he never saw, in order to please the nation, of which he is the ruler, only to be its slave; and is generally cut off from those domestic enjoyments that constitute the highest charm of existence. Friendship cannot offer him a substitute, for equality is its basis; and he who wears a crown is at once prevented by station, and prohibited by etiquette, from indulging in any communion of hearts. Truly he ought to be exempted from all other taxes, since he pays quite enough for his painful pre-eminence.

A wise man, however well qualified to shine in courts, will

seldom desire to share their dangerous splendor. Diogenes, while he was washing cabbages, seeing Aristippus approach, cried out to him—"If you knew how to live upon cabbages, you would not be paying court to a tyrant."—"If you knew how to live with kings," replied Aristippus, "you would not be washing cabbages."

"Of all kinds of men," says a French writer, "God is least beholden to kings; for he does the most for them, and they the least for him." And yet the patriot king, who confers happiness upon a whole nation, must render a more acceptable service to the Deity than any other mortal can proffer.

KISSES—admit of a greater variety of character than perhaps even my female readers are aware, or that Joannes Secundus has recorded. Eight basial diversities are mentioned in Scripture; viz.—The kiss of

Salutation, . .	Sam. xx. 41. 1 Thess. v. 26.
Valediction, . .	Ruth ii. 9.
Reconciliation, .	2 Sam. xiv. 33.
Subjection, . .	Psalms ii. 12.
Approbation, . .	Proverbs ii. 4.
Adoration, . .	1 Kings xix. 18.
Treachery, . .	Matt. xxvi. 49.
Affection, . .	Gen. xlv. 15.

But the most honorable kiss, both to the giver and receiver, was that which Queen Margaret of France, in the presence of the whole court, impressed upon the lips of the ugliest man in the kingdom, Alain Chartier, whom she one day found asleep, exclaiming to her astonished attendants—"I do not kiss the man, but the mouth that has uttered so many charming things." Ah! it was worth while to be a poet in those days.

KITCHEN—The burial-place of the epicure's health and fortune.—"What a small kitchen!" exclaimed Queen Elizabeth, after going over a handsome mansion.—"It is by having so small a kitchen, that I am enabled to keep so large a house," replied its owner.

KNOWLEDGE—A molehill removed from the mountain of our ignorance. Where shall we discover a finer illustration of disinterestedness than the outcry raised against the taxes on knowledge by Alderman ——, who can never be affected by the impost.

A knowledge of useful things, of which others are ignorant, is never considered an excuse for an ignorance of trifles that are generally known.

After a scholar has attained a certain age, no knowledge that you can let in upon his mind will do him any harm. Cattle may be admitted into an orchard, to graze it after the trees are grown up, but not when they are young.

"What is the use of so much knowledge?" asks Sydney Smith,—"what is the use of so much life?—what are we to do with the seventy years of existence allotted to us?—and how are we to live them out to the last? I solemnly declare that, but for the love of knowledge, I should consider the life of the meanest hedger and ditcher, as preferable to that of the greatest and richest man! for the fire of our minds is like the fire which the Persians burn in the mountains,—it flames night and day, and is immortal, and not to be quenched! Upon something it *must* act and feed,—upon the pure spirit of knowledge, or upon the foul dregs of polluting passions. Therefore, when I say, in conducting your understanding, love knowledge with a great love, with a vehement love, with a love coeval with life, what do I say, but love innocence,—love virtue,—love purity of conduct,—love that which, if you are rich and great, will sanctify the blind fortune which has made you so, and make men call it justice,—love that which, if you are poor, will render your poverty respectable, and make the proudest feel it unjust to laugh at the meanness of your fortunes."

KNOWLEDGE—of the world. The fancied wisdom of those whose reflections are created by a mirror. There is a class of persons who think they evince prodigious penetration into the human heart, when they ascribe every action to the worst possible motives, taking it for granted, that all men are

sordid, profligate, or designing, all women dissipated, thoughtless, and inconstant. This misanthropical ignorance they presume to term knowledge of the world. So it may be, but it is of that world only which is comprised in their own persons.

LAMPS—When these were brought in at night, the ancient Greeks used to salute them with the words Χαιρε φιλων φως—*Salve amicâ lux!*—The human owls of modern times, when the intellectual light is spreading around them, are so far from hailing it with a blessing, that they retire to their cells and lurking places, and hoot at it as a pestilent innovation. While stabbing at the liberties and happiness of mankind, they would rather cry out, with Macbeth,—

> "Come, thick night,
> And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
> That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
> Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
> To cry, hold! hold!"

LAWS—When I hear any man talk of an unalterable law, the only effect it produces upon me is to convince me that he is an unalterable fool.

LANGUAGES—in several instances have derived their names from a single word. Sismondi writing on the literature of the Trouveres, says, "The Provençal was called the *Langue d'Oc*, and the Wallon the *Langue d'Oil*, or *d'Oui*, from the affirmative word of each language, as the Italian was then called the *Langue de Si*, and the German the *Langue de Ya*." Not only to a whole language, but to a whole life may the word *yes* give its color and character, as many an unhappy wife has found to her cost.

Language, which is the uniting bond and the very medium of communion between men, is at the same time by the great variety of tongues, the means of severing and estranging nations more than any thing else. In this respect it may be compared to the Ourang-outang, which, according to the travelling showman, "forms the connecting link which separates mankind from the human race."

A Frenchman studied with infinite pains for several years a language which he supposed to be Swedish. He did not discover, till he had mastered it, that it was Bas Breton.

LAUGH—A Horse—The sorry hack upon which buffoons and jesters are fain to ride home, when they want to make a retreat, and are at a loss for any other conveyance. Such Merry Andrews save their credit as the Romans did their Capitol, by the cackling of geese. To succeed in this object, all expedients are considered fair; to win the laugh, is to win the battle; if you cannot, therefore, check-mate your adversary by reasoning, dumb-found him by your superior learning, or surpass him in the brilliancy of your wit, knock him down by a poor pun, the worse the better; set the example of a hearty laugh, for this is catching, though wit is not, and make your escape while the company are exercising their risible muscles; they will generally be with you, for they like to see a conqueror capsized. The late Jack Taylor, of pleasant memory, who was no mean proficient in thus turning the tables upon his opponent, when he found himself losing, has recorded one of his exploits. He was rapidly losing ground in a literary discussion, when the opposite party exclaimed, "My good friend, you are not such a rare scholar as you imagine; you are an every day man." "Well, and you are a *weak* one," replied Taylor, who instantly jumped upon the back of a horse laugh, and rode victoriously over his prostrate conqueror.

LAUGHTER—A faculty bestowed exclusively upon man, and one which there is, therefore, a sort of impiety in not exercising as frequently as we can. We may say with Titus, that we have lost a day if it have passed without laughing. The pilgrims at Mecca consider it so essential a part of their devotion, that they call upon their prophet to preserve them from sad faces. "Ah!" cried Rabelais, with an honest pride, as his friends were weeping around his death-bed, "if I were to die ten times over, I should never make you cry half so much as I have made you laugh." "*Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est*," says an anti-risible reader; but if laughter be gen-

uine, and consequently a means of innocent enjoyment, can it be inept?

LAWYERS—generally know too much of law to have a very clear perception of justice, just as divines are often too deeply read in theology, to appreciate the full grandeur and the proper tendencies of religion. Losing the abstract in the concrete, the comprehensive in the technical, the principal in its accessories, both are in the predicament of the rustic, who could not see London for the houses. It has been invidiously said, that lawyers pass their time in taking advantage of their contemporaries; but if we may credit the authority of Foote, they sometimes outwit the undertaker even after their death. That facetious person being once summoned into the country, by the relatives of a respectable practitioner, to whom he had been appointed executor, was asked what directions should be given respecting the funeral? "What may be your practice in the country," said the wag, "I do not exactly know; but in London, when a lawyer dies, his body is disposed of in a very cheap and simple manner. We lock it up in a room over night, and by the next morning it has always totally disappeared. Whither it has been conveyed we cannot tell to a certainty; but there is invariably such a strong smell of brimstone in the chamber, that we can form a shrewd guess at the character of the conveyancer."

LEARNING—very often a knowledge of words, and an ignorance of things; a common act of memory, which may be exercised without common sense. A mere scholar is generally known by his unacquaintance with every thing but languages, which have so filled his head, that they have left room for nothing else. He mistakes the steps for the temple of Minerva; the shrine for the goddess herself; and is as proud of his mind's empty purse, as if there were money in it! Pedantry's jargon will no more improve our understandings, than the importunate clink of a smoke-jack, will fill our bellies. The elaborate trifings of scholiasts and commentators, the jingling sophistries of logic, and what has been technically

termed the learning of the schools, all of which were so many antidotes to sound sense and reflection, may well be thrown overboard, when many a member of our Mechanics' Institutes, possesses useful knowledge that might puzzle a whole convent of college monks.

Of all learning the most difficult department is to unlearn. Drawing a mistake or prejudice out of the head, is as painful as drawing a tooth, and the patient never thanks the operator for the "*demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.*" No man likes to admit that his favorite opinion (perhaps the only child of his mind, and cherished accordingly) is an illegitimate one. Sluggish intellects are ever the most obstinate, for that which has cost us much to acquire, it costs us much to give up; and the older we get, the more tenaciously we cling to our errors, as those weeds are most difficult to eradicate that have had the longest time to root themselves. Harvey could find no physician, turned of forty, who would admit the circulation of the blood. Numbers of these quadragenarian owls are now to be found in every profession, while we have Jesuits enough of all ages, who sigh for the suppressed Inquisition, whenever a political or religious Galileo promulgates any truth that threatens to interfere with established falsehoods. These buzzards have yet to acquire the most useful of all learning—that of unlearning.

LIARS—Verbal forgers, stiflers of truth, and murderers of fact. They will sometimes attempt to conceal their failing, by affecting a scrupulous adherence to veracity. B—, who rarely shamed the Devil, once said of his friend, "Jack is a good fellow, but, it must be confessed, he has his failings. I am sorry to say so, but I will not tell a lie for any man. Amicus Jack—*sed magis amica veritas*,—I love my friend, but I love truth still more." "My dear B—," said a bystander, laying his hand upon his shoulder—"I never expected that you would have preferred a perfect stranger to an old acquaintance."

The *ci-devant* civic dandy, who, from his rising in the east and setting in the west, or, perhaps, from his want of personal

beauty, *quasi lucus à non lucendo*, had acquired the nickname of Apollo, once received a visit from a peer, whose propensity to fibbing is well known. "I find," said his lordship, who is apt to mistake impertinence for jocularity, "that you are going to the fancy ball to-night, and I presume you will appear in the character of Apollo." "I had some such idea," replied ——, "and I am glad your lordship has called, because you can now accompany me as my *lyre*."

LIBEL—Law of—a libel upon the law. Even under the tyranny of some of the Roman emperors, there seems to have been a greater latitude of speech and writing than is permitted by the laws of modern England. Adverting to the reigns of Trajan and Aurelius, Tacitus says—"*Rara temporum felicitate, ubi sentire quæ velis, et quæ sentias dicere licet.*" "By the rare happiness of those days you might think what you wished, and speak as you thought."

The law of the navy is more narrowly circumscribed: "You may think what you please; but must not think *too loud!*"

LIBELLERS—Literary bravos, supported by illiterate cowards. If the receiver of stolen goods be worse than the thief, so must the purchaser of libels be more culpable than their author. As the peruser of a slanderous journal would write what he reads, had he the talent, so the actual maligner would become a malefactor, had he the opportunity and the courage. "*Maledicus à malefico nisi occasione, non differt,*" says Quintilian. "He who stabs you in the dark, with a pen, would do the same with a pen-knife, were he equally safe from detection and the law."

A libeller's mouth has been compared to that of a volcano —the lighter portions of what it vomits forth are dissipated by the winds; the heavier ones fall back into the throat whence they were disgorged. The aspersions of libellers may, perhaps, be better compared to fuller's earth, which, though it may seem to dirt you at first, only leaves you more pure and spotless, when it is rubbed off.

LIBRARY—A precious catacomb, wherein are embalmed and preserved imperishably, the great minds of the dead who will never die.

"Libraries," says Lord Bacon, "are as the shrines where all the relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed."

"In the library of the world," says Champfort, "men have hitherto been ranged according to the form, the size, and the binding. The time is coming when they will take rank and order according to their contents and intrinsic merits."

LIFE—A momentary convulsion between two tranquil eternities;—an avenue to death, as death is the gate that opens to a new and more enduring life.

It is the activity of the mind, not the functional vitality of the body, that constitutes life. By the enlargement of our ideas, and the general diffusion of knowledge, consequent upon our increased powers of locomotion and comparison, we may condense a whole existence into a narrow compass of time, and enjoy a dozen such lives as were passed by the most enlightened of our ancestors. And yet, doubly precious as this state of being has become, how many are compelled to throw away life for a livelihood, *et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.* Nevertheless, their mere vitality, even in spite of their discontents, is an exhaustible source of gratification, and might be rendered much more so, would they but contemplate it in the proper light. "Enjoy thy existence," says Jean Paul Richter, "more than thy manner of existence, and let the dearest object of thy consciousness be the consciousness of life."

Though nothing is so closely allied as life to death, no two things are so utterly different from each other.

The ancient Egyptians considered every part of the universe to be endowed with an inherent life, energy, and intelligence; worshipping the active phenomena of nature, without discriminating cause from effect. They believed the elements themselves to be animated; and why should they not be?—All of them have motion and a voice—the great constituents

of vitality; and, if not themselves alive, they are all instinct with life.

Life has been compared to tragedy, comedy, and farce. It was reserved for Talleyrand to consider it as a one act piece. "I know not why the world calls me a wicked man," said Rulhiere, "for I never, in the whole course of my life, committed more than one act of wickedness."—"But when will this act be at an end?" asked Talleyrand.

LIGHT—The new—It was said of Burns, that the light which led him astray, was light from heaven; a false and unguarded assertion, for no light from heaven can ever lead man astray. The spiritual new light is a Jack-o'-lantern, which sometimes lures its followers into quagmires and pitfalls; or it may be the glitter of gold, and the dazzling lustre of worldly greatness, by which they are lighted to dignities and high places. Of this latter we will cite an instance from the life of Andrew Melville, by Dr. M'Crie:—"When Cowper was made Bishop of Galloway, an old woman, who had been one of his parishioners, and a favorite, could not be persuaded that her minister had deserted the Presbyterian cause. Resolved to satisfy herself, she paid him a visit at the Canongate, where he had his residence, as Dean of the Chapel Royal. The retinue of servants through which she had to pass, staggered the good woman's confidence, and being ushered into a room, where the bishop sat, she exclaimed—'Oh, sir, what's this?—and ye ha' really left the guid cause, and turned prelate!'—'Janet!' said the bishop, 'I have got a new light on this subject.'—'So I see,' replied Janet; 'for when ye was at Perth, ye had but ae candle, and now ye ha' got twa before ye.—That's your *new* light.'"

LIGHT—Like the circulating blood, which returns to the heart, is supposed to return to the sun, after having performed the functions for which it was emitted from that body. Even so will the soul, our intellectual light, return to its divine source, when released from the body, to whose earthly purposes it has ministered.

LITERARY COTERIE—Generally a set of well-dressed prosperous gentlemen, clean, civil personages, well in with people in power,—delighted with every existing institution—and almost with every existing circumstance:—and, every now and then, one of these personages writes a little book;—and the rest praise that little book—expecting to be praised, in their turn, for their own little books.

LITERATI—may be divided into two classes, those who live to study, and those who study to live; the former, tending to elevate literature, and the latter, to degrade it. The first generally survive their own death; the last often die and are forgotten in their lifetime, for that which is written for the day must expire with it.

LITERATURE—American—Wits are not always prophets, whatever airs to that effect they may assume. Not quite forty years ago Sydney Smith spoke thus of American science and literature: "In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book? or goes to an American play? or looks at an American picture or statue? What does the world yet owe to American physicians or surgeons? What new substances have their chemists discovered? or what old ones have they analyzed? What new constellations have been discovered by the telescopes of Americans? What have they done in mathematics?

"Literature the Americans have none—no native literature, we mean. It is all imported. They had a Franklin, indeed; and may afford to live for half a century on his fame. There is, or was, a Mr. Dwight, who wrote some poems; and his baptismal name was Timothy. There is also a small account of Virginia, by Jefferson, and an epic by Joel Barlow; and some pieces of pleasantry by Mr. Irving. But why should the Americans write books, when a six weeks' passage brings them, in their own tongue, our sense, science, and genius, in bales and hogsheads? Prairies, steam-boats, grist-mills, are their natural objects for centuries to come. Then, when they have got to the Pacific Ocean, epic poems, plays, pleasures of

memory, and all the elegant gratifications of an ancient people who have tamed the wild earth, and set down to amuse themselves. This is the natural march of human affairs."

LOVER—See Lunatic—A man, who in his anxiety to obtain possession of another, has lost possession of himself. Lovers are seldom tired of one another's society, because they are always speaking of themselves. Let us not, however, disparage this fond infatuation, for all its tendencies are elevating. He who has passed through life without ever being in love, has had no spring-time—no summer in his existence; his heart is as a flowering plant which hath never blown—never developed itself—never put forth its beauty and its perfume—never given nor received pleasure.

The love of our youth, like Kennel coal, is so inflammable, that it may be kindled by almost any match; but if its transient blaze do not pass away in smoke, its flame, too bright and ardent to last long, soon exhausts and consumes itself. The love of our maturer age is like coke, which, when once ignited, burns with a steady and enduring heat, emitting neither smoke nor flame.

No wonder that we hear so much of the sorrows of love, for there is a pleasure even in dwelling upon its pains.—Revelling in tears, its fire, like that of Naphtha, likes to swim upon water.

Lovers must not trust too implicitly to their visual organs. A tender swain once reproached his inamorata with suffering a rival to kiss her hand, a fact which she indignantly denied. —"But I *saw it.*"—"Nay, then," cried the offended fair, "I am now convinced you do not love me, since you believe your eyes in preference to my word."

LUCK—good and bad is but a synonyme, in the great majority of instances, for good and bad judgment. The prudent, the considerate, and the circumspect, seldom complain of their ill luck; but I should shrewdly suspect the discretion of the grumbler, who protested that Fortune always made clubs or spades trumps, when he had not a single black card

in his hand; and that even when he fell backwards he was sure to break his nose.

LUXURY—The conqueror of conquerors—the consumption of states—the dry-rot of the constitution—the avenger of the defeated and the oppressed. Poverty, conquest, wealth, luxury, decay; such is the Round-Robin history of the world—

"Sævior armis
Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur, orbem."

Mandeville's position, that private vices are public benefits, and that individual luxury, even when pushed to a faulty excess, is a public advantage, cannot be maintained; for nothing that is injurious to one, can be good for many.

MÆCENAS—A man who employs his riches in such a way as to attract the admiration of fools.

MACKINTOSH—Sir James—was an eminent lawyer and judge; but a man of gigantic mind accustomed, to deal with the greatest subjects, and incapable of reducing his visual focus. "If he had to write on pepper," said Sydney Smith, "he would say, 'Pepper may philosophically be described as a dusty and highly-pulverized seed of an Oriental fruit, an article rather of condiment than diet, which, dispersed lightly over the surface of food, with no other rule than the caprice of the consumer, communicates pleasure rather than affords nutrition, and by adding a tropical flavor to the gross and succulant viands of the north, approximates the different regions of the earth, explains the objects of commerce, and justifies the industry of man.'"

MAGNANIMITY—is as often littleness as greatness of mind. There is a cheap species, which prompts us to feel complacently towards our enemy when he has enabled us to make a happy repartee.

We forgive him all his previous attempts to lower us, because he has unintentionally furnished us with a momentary

triumph; so completely does our love of self predominate, even over our dislike of others. The more cruelly we have mauled our poor vanquished opponent, the more tenderly do we regard him; and if we have well-nigh blown him to atoms, we feel as if we could never again injure a hair of his head. As there is no magnanimity so cheap, there is none so gratifying as this, for we like to purchase our virtues on good terms. One of Sheridan's creditors, after having long and vainly dunned him, at length suggested, that if he could not discharge the principal of the debt, he might, at least, pay the interest. "No," said the wag; "it is not my interest to pay the principal, nor my principle to pay the interest." Though he had previously hated the man for his vulgar importunity, it is recorded that he took him into favor from that moment, and actually defrayed the amount of his bill, a rare instance of preference, considering that he seldom discharged any debt till he paid that of nature.

Pleasant enough was the magnanimity of the person who, being reproached with not having revenged himself of a caning he had received, exclaimed, "Sir, I never meddle with what passes behind my back!"

MAN—An image of the Deity, which occasionally acts as if it were anxious to fill up a niche in the temple of the Devil. The only creature which, knowing its mortality and immortality, lives as if it were never to die, and too often dies as if it were never to live:—the soul being gifted with reason, the only one that acts irrational:—the nothing of yesterday—the dust of to-morrow. Man is a fleeting paradox, which the fulness of time alone can explain; a living enigma, of which the solution will be found in death.

MARRIAGE—A state of which it is unnecessary to describe the great happiness, for two reasons:—first, because it would be superfluous to those who are in the enjoyment of its blessings; and secondly, because it would be impossible to those who are not.

Habituated as we are to the association of doves with

loves, it seems startling to learn, on the authority of Pliny, that the Romans considered the hawk a bird of particularly good omen in marriage, because it never eats the hearts of other birds; thus intimating that no differences or quarrels, in the marriage state, ought ever to reach the heart.

"Marriage," says Dr. Johnson, "is the best state for a man in general, and every man is a worse man, in proportion as he is unfit for the married state." It may be doubted, however, whether another of his positions could be maintained—"that marriages in general would be as happy, and often more so, if they were all made by the Lord Chancellor, upon a due consideration of character and circumstances, without the parties having any choice in the matter."

In the pressure that now weighs upon all persons of limited fortune, sisters, nieces, and daughters, are the only commodities that our friends are willing to bestow upon us for nothing, and which we cannot afford to accept, even gratuitously. It seems to have been the same, at a former period, in France. Maitre Jean Picard tells us that, when he was returning from the funeral of his wife, doing his best to look disconsolate, such of the neighbors as had grown-up daughters and cousins came to him, and kindly implored him not to be inconsolable, as they could give him a second wife.—"Six weeks after," says Maitre Jean, "I lost my cow, and, though I really grieved upon this occasion, not one of them offered to give me another."

It has been recorded by some anti-connubial wag, that when two widowers were once condoling together on the recent bereavement of their wives, one of them exclaimed, with a sigh, "Well may I bewail my loss, for I had so few differences with the dear deceased, that the last day of my marriage was as happy as the first."—"There I surpass you," said his friend, "for the last day of *mine was happier!*"

MASQUERADE—A synonyme for life and civilized society. There are two sorts of masquerade, simulation, or pretending to be what you are not: and dissimulation, or concealing what you are, and we are all mummers under one or

the other of these categories, excepting a few performers at the two extremes of life, those who are above, and those who are beneath all regard for appearances. As a secret consciousness of their defects is always prompting hypocrites to disguise themselves in some assumed virtue, the only way to discover their real character, is to read them backwards, like a Hebrew book.

Many masqueraders on the stage of real life, betray themselves by overacting their part.

The Regent of France intending to go to a masquerade in the character of a lackey, and expressing an anxious wish to remain undetected, the Abbé Dubois suggested that this object might easily be attained, if he would allow him to go as his master, and to give him two or three kicks before the whole company. This was arranged accordingly, but the pretended master applied his foot so rudely and so often, that the Regent was fain to exclaim, "Gently, gently, Monsieur l'Abbé! you are disguising me too much!"

MASTER—Being our own master, means that we are at liberty to be the slave of our own follies, caprices, and passions. Generally speaking, a man cannot have a worse or more tyrannical master than himself. As our habits and luxuries domineer over us, the moment we are in a situation to indulge them, few people are in reality so dependent as the independent. Poverty and subjection debar us from many vices by the impossibility of giving way to them: when we are rid and free from the domination of others, we are corrupted and oppressed by ourselves. There was some philosophy, therefore, in the hen-pecked husband, who being asked why he had placed himself so completely under the government of his wife, answered, "To avoid the worse slavery of being under my own."

MEDICAL-PRACTICE—Guessing at Nature's intentions and wishes, and then endeavoring to subtitute man's.

MELANCHOLY—Ingratitude to Heaven. As a good

antidote to gloomy anticipations, we should all of us do well to recollect the saying of Sir Thomas More,

> "If evils come not—then our fears are vain,
> And if they do,—fear but augments the pain."

MEMORY—Rochefoucauld says, "Every one complains of his memory, no one of his judgment." And why? Because we consider the former as depending upon nature; and the latter upon ourselves Alleged want of memory is a most convenient refuge for our self-love, since we can always throw it as a cloak over our ignorance. It is astonishing how much people are in the habit of forgetting what they never knew.

"Strange," says the same writer, "that we can always remember the smallest thing that has happened to ourselves, and yet not recollect how often we have repeated it to the same person."

It is a benevolent provision of nature, that in old age the memory enjoys a second spring—a second childhood, and that while we forget all passing occurrences, many of which are but painful concomitants of old age, we have a vivid and delightful recollection of all the pleasures of youth. Many a graybeard, who seems to be lost in vacancy, as he sits silently twiddling his thumbs, is in fact chewing the mental end of past happiness, and enjoying a tranquil gratification, which youngsters might well envy.

Objects become shadowy to the bodily eye, as they are more remote, but to the mental eye of age, the most distant are the most distinct. A man of eighty may forget that he was seventy, but he never forgets that he was once a boy. Who can doubt the immortality of the soul, when we see that the mind can thus pass out of bodily decrepitude into a state of rejuveniscence? for this process amounts to a Palingenesia —a partial new birth out of a partial disease, preparatory to a total resurrection out of total dissolution.

MINDS—Large ones, like pictures, are seen best at a distance. Their beauties are thus enhanced, and their blemishes

concealed,—a process which is reversed by a close inspection. This is the reason, to say nothing of envious motives, why we generally undervalue our contemporaries, and overrate the ancients.

MINORITIES—It would be an entertaining change in human affairs to determine every thing by minorities. They are almost always in the right.

MIRROR—John Taylor relates in his records, that having restored sight to a boy who had been born blind, the lad was perpetually amusing himself with a hand-glass, calling his own reflection his little man, and inquiring why he could make it do every thing that he did, *except shut its eyes.* A French lover, making a present of a mirror to his mistress, sent with it a poetical quatrain, which may be thus paraphrased :—

"This mirror *my* object of love will unfold,
Whensoe'er your regard it allures:—
Oh! would, when I'm gazing, that I might behold
On its surface the object of *yours!*"

But the following old epigram, on the same subject, is in a much finer strain :—

"When I revolve this evanescent state,
How fleeting is its form, how short its date;
My being and my stay dependent still,
Not on my own, but on another's will;
I ask myself, as I my image view,
Which is the real shadow of the two."

MISADVENTURE—as well as mischance and misfortune, are all the daughters of misconduct, and sometimes the mothers of Goodluck, Prosperity, and Advancement. To be thrown upon one's own resources, is to be cast into the very lap of fortune; for our faculties then undergo a development, and display an energy of which they were previously unsusceptible. Our minds are like certain drugs and perfumes, which must be crushed before they evince their vigor, and put forth

their virtues. Lundy Foot, the celebrated snuff manufacturer, originally kept a small tobacconist's shop at Limerick. One night, his house, which was uninsured, was burnt to the ground. As he contemplated the smoking ruins on the following morning, in a state bordering on despair, some of the poor neighbors, groping among the embers for what they could find, stumbled upon several canisters of unconsumed, but half-baked snuff, which they tried, and found it so grateful to their noses, that they loaded their waistcoat pockets with the spoil. Lundy Foot, roused from his stupor, at length imitated their example, and took a pinch of his own property, when he was instantly struck by the superior pungency and flavor it had acquired from the great heat to which it had been exposed. Treasuring up this valuable hint, he took another house in a place called Black-yard, and preparing a large oven for the purpose, set diligently about the manufacture of that high-dried commodity, which soon became widely-known as Black Yard snuff; a term subsequently corrupted into the more familiar word—Blackguard. Lundy Foot, making his customers pay literally through the nose, raised the price of his production, took a larger house in Dublin, and ultimately made a handsome fortune by having been ruined.

MISANTHROPE—Quite unworthy of Goethe's genial and penetrative mind is his misanthropical remark, that "each of us, the best as well as the worst, hides within him something, some feeling, some remembrance, which, if it were known, would make you hate him." More consonant would it have been to truth, as well as to an enlightened spirit of humanism, had he reversed the proposition, and exclaimed, in the words of Shakespeare—

> "There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
> Would men observingly distil it out!"

Law's observation, "that every man knows something worse of himself than he is sure of in others," savors not of misanthrophy, but of that doubly-beneficial feeling which inculcates individual humility, and universal charity.

Rochefoucauld, and misanthropical writers of the same class, cannot succeed in giving any man, of a generous and clear intellect, an unfavorable opinion of human nature. Like the workers of tapestry, who always behold the wrong side, they themselves may see nothing but unfinished outlines, coarse materials, crooked ends, and glaring defects, and yet produce a portrait which, to those who contemplate it in front, and from a proper point of view, shall be full of grace, beauty, harmony, and proportion.

MISER—One who, though he loves himself better than all the world, uses himself worse; for he lives like a pauper, in order that he may enrich his heirs, whom he naturally hates, because he knows that they hate him, and sigh for his death. In this respect, misers have been compared to leeches, which, when they get sick and die, disgorge, in a minute, the blood they have been so long sucking up. La Bruyere tersely says —"*Jeune on conserve pour la vieillesse: vieux on épargne pour la mort.*"

Pithy enough was the reply of the avaricious old man, who, being asked by a nobleman of doubtful courage what pleasure he found in amassing riches which he never used, answered—"Much the same that your Lordship has in wearing a sword."

Perhaps the severest reproach ever made to a miser, was uttered by Voltaire. At a subscription of the French Academy for some charitable object, each contributor putting in a *louis d'or*, the collector, by mistake, made a second application to a member, noted for his penuriousness.—"I have already paid," exclaimed the latter, with some asperity.—"I beg your pardon," said the applicant: "I have no doubt you paid; I believe it, though I did not see it."—"And I saw it, and do not believe it," whispered Voltaire.

MISFORTUNE—is but another word for the follies, blunders, and vices, which, with a greater blindness, we attribute to the blind goddess, to the fates, to the stars, to any one, in short, but ourselves. Our own head and heart are the heaven

and earth which we accuse, and make responsible for all our calamities.

The prudent make the reverses by which they have been overthrown supply a basis for the restoration of their fallen fortunes, as the lava which has destroyed a house often furnishes the materials for rebuilding it. Fools and profligates, on the contrary, seek solace for their troubles, by plunging into sensual and gross pleasures, as the wounded buffalo rolls himself in the mud.

The misfortune of the mischievous and evil-minded, is the good fortune of the virtuous; the failure of the guilty, is the success of the innocent: to pity, therefore, the former, is, in some sort, to injure the latter, and to destroy the effect of the great moral lesson afforded by both. Let us keep our sympathies for the sufferings of the good. All men might be better reconciled to their fate, if they would recollect that there are two species of misfortune, at which we ought never to repine; —viz.: that which we can, and that which we cannot, remedy;—regret being, in the former case, unnecessary, in the latter unavailing.

The same vanity which leads us to assign our misfortunes or misconduct to others, prompts us to attribute all our lucky chances to our own talent, prudence, and forethought. Not a word of the fates or stars when we are getting rich, and every thing goes on prosperously. So deeply-rooted in our nature is the tendency to make others responsible for our own misdeeds, that we lapse into the process almost unconsciously. When the clergyman has committed a peccadillo, he is doubly severe towards his congregation, and does vicarious penance in the persons of his flock. Men scold their children, servants, and dependents, for their own errors; coachmen invariably punish their horses after they themselves have made any stupid blunder in driving them; and even children, when they have tumbled over a chair, revenge themselves for their awkwardness, by beating and kicking the impassive furniture. Wine, the discoverer of truth, sometimes brings out this universal failing in a manner equally signal and ludicrous. An infant being brought to christen to a country curate, at a

time when he was somewhat overcome by early potations, he was unable to find the service of Baptism in the book; and, after fumbling for some time, peevishly exclaimed—"Confound the brat! what is the matter with it? I never, in all my life, knew such a troublesome child to christen!"

MONASTERY—A house of ill-fame, where men are seduced from their public duties, and fall naturally into guilt, from attempting to preserve an unnatural innocence. "It is as unreasonable for a man to go into a Carthusian convent for fear of being immoral, as for a man to cut off his hands for fear he should steal. When that is done, he has no longer any merit, for though it is out of his power to steal, he may all his life be a thief in his heart. All severity that does not tend to increase good or prevent evil, is idle."

MONEY—A very good servant, but a bad master. It may be accused of injustice towards mankind, inasmuch as there are only a few who make false money, whereas money makes many men false. We hate to be cheated, not so much for the value of the commodity, as because it makes others superior to ourselves. Being defrauded would be nothing were it not so galling to be outwitted. Crates, the Greek philosopher, left his money in the hands of a friend, with orders to pay it to his children in case they should be fools; for, said he, if they are philosophers, they will not want it. Money is more indispensable now than it was then, but, still, a wise man will have it in his head rather than his heart.

MORALITY—Keeping up appearances in this world, or becoming suddenly devout when we imagine that we may be shortly summoned to appear in the next.

MORAL CHOLERA—"It is easier," says St. Gregory Nazianzen, "to contract the vices of others than to impart to them our own virtues; just as it is easier to catch their diseases than to communicate to them our own good health."*

* Facilius est vitium contrahere quam virtutem impertire; quem-admodum facilius est morbo alieno inflci, quam sanitatem largiri.

MOTHERS—Four good mothers have given birth to four bad daughters:—Truth has produced hatred; Success, pride; Security, danger; Familiarity, contempt. And, on the contrary, four bad mothers have produced as many good daughters, for Astronomy is the offspring of astrology; Chemistry, of alchemy; Freedom, of oppression; Patience, of long-suffering.

MOUNTAINEERS—are rarely conquered, not so much on account of the facility for defence afforded by their craggy heights as from their hardier habits and greater patriotism. In the rich lowlands, art becomes the principal pursuit; art leads to riches and luxury, and these to enervation and subjection. On the high and barren places, man's occupations render him more conversant with nature, an intercourse which inseparably attaches him to "the mountain nymph—sweet Liberty." When in danger of being worsted, Highlanders are renovated, like Antæus, by a touch of their native earth; and so might we, when attacked by the cares and sickliness of money-getting and money-spending, if we would only quit our crowded cities, take a walk in the fields, and touch the earth. When the leafless and embittering metropolis turns our moral honey into gall, we may always reverse the process by straying amid the flowers in the country.

MOUTH—A useless instrument to some people, in its capacity, by the organs of speech, of rendering ideas audible; but of special service to them in its other capacity of rendering victuals invisible.

MUSES—The—Nine blue-stocking old maids, who seem to have understood all arts except that of getting husbands, unless their celibacy may be attributed to their want of marriage portions. These venerable young ladies are loudly and frequently invoked by poetasters, writers in albums and annuals, and other scribblers; but, like Mungo in the farce, each of them replies, "Massa, massa!—the more you call the more me won't come." One of our tourists, at Paris, observing that there were only statues of eight muses on the Opera

House, which was then incomplete, inquired of a laboring mason what had become of the ninth. "*Monsieur, je ne vous dirois pas,*" replied the man;—"*mais probablement elle s'amuse avec Apollon!*" An English operative would hardly have given such an answer. A gentleman once expressed his surprise that in so rich a literary country as England the Muses should not attain their due honors. "Impossible!" cried a whist-playing old lady: "They are nine, and of course cannot reckon honors."

MUSIC—"Music, like a man himself, derives all its dignity from its subornation to a loftier and more spiritual power. When, divorcing itself from poetry, it first sought to be a principle instead of an accessory, to attach more importance to a sound than to a thought, to supersede sentiment by skill, to become, in short, man's playfellow, rather than his assistant teacher, a sensual instead of an intellectual gratification, its corruption, or at least its application to less ennobling purposes, had already commenced. As the art of music, strictly so called, was more assiduously cultivated, as it became more and more perplexed with complicated intricacies, only understood by a few, and less and less an exponent of the simple feelings and sentiments that are intelligible to all, it may be said to have lost in general utility and value, what it gained in science, and to have been gradually dissolving that union between sound and sense, which imparted to it its chief interest and influence."

So entirely do I agree with the writer from whom the above extract is taken, that I have often rode back after a morning concert, to my residence in the country, that I might enjoy the superior pleasures of natural music. It was upon such an occasion, while strolling in the fields, that my thoughts involuntarily arranged themselves, as the novelists say, into the following stanzas:

There's a charm and zest when the singer thrills
The throbbing breast with his dulcet trills,
And a joy more rare than the sweetest air
Art ever combined,

When the poet enhances,
By beautiful fancies,
The strain, and entrances
Both ear and mind.
The triumph, O music! is ne'er complete,
Till the pleasures of sense and of intellect meet.

II.

Delights like these, to the poor unknown,
Are reserved for the rich and great alone,
In diamonds and plumes, who fill the rooms
Of some grand abode,
And think that a guinea,
To hear Paginini,
Or warbling Rubini,
Is well bestow'd;
Since then, only then, they the pleasure share
Of science, voice, instrument—equally rare.

III.

But the peasant at home, in gratuitous boon,
Has an opera dome and orchestral saloon,
With melody gay from the peep of day
Until evening dim;
Whenever frequented,
With flowers it is scented,
It seems all invented
And painted by him,
Who suspended its blazing lamps on high,
And its ceiling formed of the azure sky.

IV.

Oh! what can compare with the concert sublime,
When waters, earth, air, all in symphony chime?
The wind, herds, and bees, with the rustle of trees,
Varied music prolong;
On the spray as it swingeth,
Each bird sweetly singeth,
The sky-lark down flingeth
A torrent of song—
Till the transports of music, devotion, and love,
Waft the rapturous soul to the regions above.

MUSICIANS—Machines for producing sounds; human instruments, generally so completely absorbed by their own art, that they are either ignorant of all others, or undervalue them. In a company at Vienna, where the conversation was

nearly engrossed by the praises of Goethe, Catalini exclaimed, with great *naïveté*, "Who is this Goethe? I have never heard any of his music!" A poor German composer being introduced to Mozart, whom he considered the greatest man in the world, was so overcome with awe, that he dared not lift his eyes from the ground, but remained, for some time, stammering, "Ah, Imperial Majesty! Ah, Imperial Majesty!" In the same spirit Cafarielli, when told that Farinelli had been made a sort of Prime Minister in Spain, replied, "No man deserved it better, for his voice is absolutely unrivalled."

MYSTERY—To him who has been sated and disappointed by the actual and the intelligible, there is a profound charm in the unattainable and the inscrutable. Infants stretch out their hands for the moon; children delight in puzzles and riddles, even when they cannot discover their solution; and the children of a larger growth desire no better employment than to follow their example, however it may lead them astray. The mystery of the Egyptian hieroglyphics was a frequent source of idolatry; the type being taken for the prototype, until leeks and onions received the homage originally meant for their divine Giver. At which we need the less wonder, if we remember the confession of the pious Baxter, that, in order to awaken an interest in his congregation, he made it a rule, in every sermon, to say something that was above their capacity.

There is a glorious epoch of our existence, wherein the comprehensible appears common and insipid, and in abandoning ourselves to the enthusiasm of imagination, we attain a middle state between despair and deification—a beatific ecstasy, when the spirit longs to fly upward—when the finite yearns for the infinite, the limited in intellect for the omniscient, the helpless for the omnipotent, the real for the impossible. Thus to flutter above the world, on the extended wings of fancy, is to be half a deity. And yet the forward-springing and ardent mind, which, running ahead of its contemporaries, stands upon the forehead of the age to come, only renders itself the more conspicuous mark for obloquy and assault. Like

a Shrovetide cock, tethered to the earth, it can but partially raise itself, when it again sinks down, amid the sticks and stones of its cruel persecutors.

NAMES—The character of different eras may, to a certain extent, be discovered by the various ways in which our ambitious nobility, and others, have endeavored to achieve an enduring celebrity. When chivalry was the rage, they gave their names to new inventions in arms and armor: now-a-days, they court notoriety by standing godfathers to some new fashions in clothes and cookery, and eclipsing all competitors in their coats, cabs, and castors. A ducal Campbell, whose ancestors were always spilling hot blood, endeavors to win celebrity in another way, by inventing an Argyle for preserving hot gravy; a Sandwich embalms his name between two slices of bread and ham; a Pembroke immortalizes himself in a table; a Skelmersdale goes down to future ages, like an Egyptian divinity, in a chair; a Standish, surpassing the bottle conjuror, creeps into an inkstand, by which means "he still keeps his memory BLACK in our souls;" a Stanhope expects to be wheeled down to posterity, by harnessing his name to a gig of a peculiar construction; a Petersham, hitting upon the easiest device by which he could prove to after ages that he wore a head, gives his title to a hat. Another nobleman, *clarum et venerabile nomen*, one who was said to have driven all the tailors into the suburbs, by compelling them to live on the skirts of the town, wraps up his name in the mummy-cloth of a Spencer, and secures a long-enduring fame by inventing a short coat.

It is not generally known, that names may be affected, and even completely changed, by the state of the weather. Such, however, is unquestionably the case. The late Mr. Suet, the actor, going once to dine about twenty miles from London, and being only able to get an outside place on the coach, arrived in such a bedraggled state from an incessant rain, and so muffled up in greatcoats and pocket-handkerchiefs, that his friend inquired, doubtingly—"Are you *Suet?*"—"No!" replied the wag—"I'm *dripping!*"

Contracting a name sometimes lengthens the idea. Kean mentions an actor of the name of Lancaster, whom his comrades usually called Lanky, for shortness.

NOBLEMAN—One who is indebted to his ancestors for a name and an estate, and sometimes to himself for being unworthy of both. It was said of an accomplished and amiable earl, who was weak enough to be always boasting his title and his birth—"What a pity he is a nobleman; he really deserves to have been born a commoner."

NONSENSE—Sense that happens to differ from our own, supposing that we have any. If matter and mind, blending together in two incoherent substances, form the connecting link that separates physics from metaphysics, the real from the imaginary, and the visible from the unapparent, it follows as a precursive corollary, that the learned comments of the scholiasts, the dogmas of theologians, and the elaborate treatises of the Byzantine historians, can never be recognized as evidences of a foregone conclusion. Statistics and algebra, as well as logic and analogy, equally rebut the inference that in a case of so complicated a nature, the deposition of a mere functionary can be received as the spontaneous evidence of a compulsory principal. Cases may doubtless arise, where legal deductions, drawn from federal rather than from feudal institutes, will vary the superstructure upon which the whole theory was based; but in the present instance, such objections must be deemed rather captious than analytical. On the whole it is presumed that the reader who has carefully perused and reconsidered our arguments, will be at little loss to understand the nature of the word, of which we have written this clear and explanatory definition. Should he, however, not be satisfied, he is referred to Voltaire's Galimathias, beginning "*Un jour qu'il faisoit nuit*," &c.

NON SEQUITUR—A grammatical Adam, being a relative without an ante-cedent:—something that is *apropos* to nothing, and comes after without following from. Of this figure there are various sorts; but the most common form is putting the

cart before the horse, or taking the effect for the cause. The industrious, prudent, and enlightened people of this country have thriven and grown great and rich, not always in consequence of good, but in spite of bad government. Their native shrewdness and energy have enabled them to triumph over impediments, political, fiscal, and commercial, which would have completely crushed a less active and enterprising nation. When, therefore, they are desired to reverence the misgoverned and the unreformed institutions, to which alone they are told to consider themselves indebted for all the advantages they enjoy, one cannot help recalling the *non sequitur* of the Carmelite friar, who instanced as a striking proof of the superintendence and goodness of Providence, that it almost invariably made a river run completely through the middle of every large city. Somewhat akin to this instance of *naïveté* was the reply of the Birmingham boy, who being asked whether some shillings, which he tendered at a shop, were good, answered with great simplicity, "Ay, that they be, for I seed father make 'em all this morning."

NOVELIST—An autocrat of tremendous power. If four or five men are in a room, and show a disposition to break the peace, no human magistrate (not even Mr. Justice Bayley) could do more than bind them over to keep the peace, and commit them if they refused. But the writer of the novel stands with a pen in his hand, and can run any of them through the body, —can knock down any one individual, and keep the others upon their legs; or, like the last scene in the first tragedy written by a young man of genius, can put them all to death. Now, an author possessing such extraordinary privileges, should not suffer his hero to have a black eye, or to be pulled by the nose. The Iliad would never have come down to these times if Agàmemnon had given Achilles a box on the ear. We should have trembled for the Æneid, if any Tyrian nobleman had kicked the pious Æneas in the 4th book. Æneas may have deserved it; but he could not have founded the Roman Empire after so distressing an accident.

NOVELTY—What we recover from oblivion. We can fish little out of the river Lethe that has not first been thrown into it. The world of discovery goes round without advancing, like a squirrel in its cage, and the revolution of one century differs but little from that of its predecessors. New performers mount the stage, but the piece and its accompaniments remain pretty much the same. Trumpets and taxes are the characteristics of the present era. No security without immense standing armies, no army without pay, no pay without taxes. It is a grievance which we cannot avoid, and of which, therefore, it were as well to say nothing; but if Tacitus is not silent on the subject, who *can* be? "*Neque quies gentium*," says that historian, "*sine armis, neque arma sine stipendiis, neque stipendia sine tributis haberi queunt.*"

In the two extremes of life we have the most acute sense of novelty. To the boy all is new: to the old man, when this world no longer offers variety or change, is presented the most stimulating of all novelties—the contemplation of a new existence.

Shakspeare "exhausted worlds, and then imagined new;" but this is a privilege conceded to none but the chosen sons of genius. Common writers can only become original, when they have exhausted nature, by becoming unnatural. Like a mountebank at a fair, they surprise our attention by their extravagance, but they cannot keep it. We shrug our shoulders, and forget them. Many are the writers, nevertheless, who prefer a momentary fool's cap to a distant laurel.

NOVEMBER—The period at which most Englishmen take leave of the sun for nine months, and not a few of them for ever. A demure Scottish lady having been introduced to the Persian ambassador when in London, exclaimed with an incredulous air, "Is it possible that ye are such idolaters in Persia as to worship the sun?" "Yes, madam," was the reply, "and so you would in England, if you ever saw him."

OATH—Legal—Making the awful and infinite Deity a party to all the trivial and vulgar impertinences of human life: an act of profanation equally required from a church-warden and an

archbishop, from a petty constable and the chief justice of England. "Let the law," says Paley, "continue its own functions, if they be thought requisite; but let it spare the solemnity of an oath, and, where it is necessary, from the want of something better to depend upon, to accept a man's word or own account, let it annex to prevarication penalties proportionable to the public consequence of the offence."

Where they are made a test of religious belief, for the purpose of excluding any class of our fellow-subjects from their civil rights, oaths, being equally opposed to Christianity, policy, and justice, ought to be totally and finally abolished. He who first devised the oath of abjuration, profligately boasted that he had framed a test which should "damn one half of the nation, and starve the other;"—a vaunt well worth the consideration of those who have placed themselves within the first clause of his prophecy.

To the utterance of oaths, as execrations, a practice equally hateful for its blasphemy and vulgarity, there seems to be little other inducement than its gratuitous sinfulness, since it communicates no pleasure, and removes no uneasiness, neither elevates the speaker, nor depresses the hearer. "Go," said Prince Henry, the son of James I., when one of his courtiers swore bitterly at being disappointed of a tennis match—"Go! all the pleasures of earth are not worth a single oath."

OBEDIENCE—Military—must be implicit and unreasoning. "Sir," said the Duke of Wellington to an officer of engineers, who urged the impossibility of executing the directions he had received, "I do not ask your opinion; I gave you my orders, and I expect them to be obeyed." It might have been difficult, however, to yield a literal obedience to the adjutant of a volunteer corps, who, being doubtful whether he had distributed muskets to all the men, cried out—"All you that are without arms will please to hold up your hands."

ODORS—Bad—The silent voice of nature, made audible by the nose. The worst may, in some degree, be sweetened to our sense by a recollection of the important part they perform

in the economy of the world. Those emitted by dead animals, attract birds and beasts of prey from an almost incredible distance, who not only soon remove the nuisance, but convert it into new life, beauty, and enjoyment. Should no such resource be at hand, as is often the case in inhabited countries, the pernicious effluvia disengaged from these decaying substances, occasion them to be quickly buried in the ground, where their organized forms are resolved into chemical constituents, and they are fitted to become the food of vegetables. The noxious gas is converted into the aroma of the flower, and that which threatened to poison the air, affords nourishment and delight to man and beast. Animals are thus converted into plants, and plants again become animals;—change of form and not extinction—or, rather, destruction for the sake of reproduction, being the system of nature. Pulverized human bones are now largely imported into England for manure, and the corn thus raised will again be eventually reconverted into human bones.

OLD AGE—need not necessarily be felt in the mind, as in the body; time's current may wear wrinkles in the face that shall not reach the heart: there is no inevitable decrepitude or senility of the spirit, when its tegument feels the touches of decay. We sometimes talk of men falling into their second childhood, when we should rather say that they have never emerged from their first, but have always been in an intellectual nonage. Vigorous minds very rarely sink into imbecility, even in extreme age. Time seems rather to drag them backwards to their youth, than forwards towards senility. Like the Glastonbury thorn, they flower in the Christmas of their days. Hear how beautifully the venerable Goethe, in the Dedication to the first part of *Faust*, abandons himself to this Palingenesia.

"Ye approach again, ye shadowy shapes, which once, in the morning of life, presented yourselves to my troubled view! Shall I try, this time, to hold you fast? Do I feel my heart still inclined towards that delusion? Ye press forward! well then, ye may hold dominion over me as ye arise around out of vapor and mist. My bosom feels youthfully agitated by the magic breath which atmospheres your train.

"Ye bring with you the images of happy days, and many loved shades arise; like to an old, half-expired tradition, rises First-love with Friendship in its company. The pang is renewed; the plaint repeats the labyrinthine, mazy course of life, and names the dear ones who, cheated of fair hours by fortune, have vanished away before me.

"They hear not the following lays—the souls to whom I sang the first. Dispersed is the friendly throng—the first echo, alas, has died away! My sorrow voices itself to the stranger many: their very applause makes my heart sick; and all that in other days rejoiced in my song, if still living, stray scattered through the world.

"And a yearning, long unfelt, for that quiet, pensive Spirit-realm seizes me. 'Tis hovering even now, in half-formed tones, my lisping lay, like the Æolian harp. A tremor seizes me: tear follows tear; the austere heart feels itself growing mild and soft. What I have, I see as in the distance; and what is gone becomes a reality to me."

What a cordial is this apocalypse of youth to all "grave and reverend seniors!"—Why should any of us doubt that the mind may be progressive, even when the body loses ground? If we are wiser to-day than yesterday, what is to prevent our being wiser to-morrow than to-day?—Women rarely die during pregnancy; and while the mind can be made to conceive and bear children, we may be assured that nature means to preserve its full vitality and power.

Privation of friends by death is the greatest trial of old age; for, though new ones may succeed to their places, they cannot replace them. For this, however, as for all other sorrows, there is a consolation. When we are left behind, and feel as exiles upon earth, we are reconciled to the idea of quitting it, and yearn for that future home, where we shall be united to our predecessors, and whither our survivors will follow us.

Old age is still comparative, and one man may be younger at eighty than another at forty. "Ah! madam!" exclaimed the patriarch Fontenelle, when talking to a young and beautiful woman—"if I were but fourscore again!"

How powerful is sympathy! the mere mention of this anecdote has sent me courting to the muse, and has thrown into verse what I had intended further to say on the subject of

OLD AGE.

Yes, I am old;—my strength declines,
  And wrinkles tell the touch of time,
Yet might I fancy these the signs
  Not of decay, but manhood's prime;
For all within is young and glowing,
Spite of old age's outward showing.

Yes, I am old;—the ball, the song,
  The turf, the gun, no more allure;
I shun the gay and gilded throng;
  Yet, ah! how far more sweet and pure
Home's tranquil joys, and mental treasures,
Than dissipation's proudest pleasures!

Yes, I am old;—Ambition's call,—
  Fame, wealth, distinction's keen pursuit,
That once could charm and cheat me—all
  Are now detected, passive, mute.
Thank God! the passions and their riot
Are barter'd for content and quiet.

Yes, I am old;—but as I press
  The vale of years with willing feet,
Still do I find life's sorrows less,
  And all its hallow'd joys more sweet;
Since Time, for every rose he snatches,
Takes fifty thorns with all their scratches.

My wife—God bless her! is as dear
  As when I plighted first my truth;
I feel, in every child's career,
  The joys of renovated youth:
And as to Nature—I behold her
With fresh delight as I grow older.

Yes, I am old;—and death hath ta'en
  Full many a friend, to memory dear;
Yet, when I die, 'twill soothe the pain
  Of quitting my survivors here,
To think how all will be delighted,
When in the skies again united!

Yes, I am old;—experience now,
That best of guides, hath made me sage,
And thus instructed, I avow
My firm conviction, that old age,
Of all our various terms of living,
Deserves the warmest, best thanksgiving!

"OLD MEN,"—says Rochefoucauld, "like to give good advice, as a consolation for being no longer in a condition to give a bad example." May we not turn the dictum of the writer against himself, and infer that he gave us all his bad advice from a contrary feeling? Well may the portrait be dark, when the misanthrope draws from himself!

OMEN—The imaginary language of heaven speaking by signs. An oracle is the same, speaking by human tongues, but both have now become dumb. If we wish to know who believes in this Latin word, we must get our Latin answer by reading it backwards.

OPINION—A capricious tyrant to which many a freeborn man willingly binds himself a slave. Deeming it of much more importance to be valued than valuable—holding opinion to be worthier than worth, we had rather stand well in the estimation of others, even of those whom we do not esteem, than of ourselves. This is, indeed, the

"Meanness that soars, and pride that licks the dust."

The greater the importance we attach to our opinions, the greater our intolerance, which is wrong, even when we are right, and doubly so when we are in error; so that persecution for opinion's sake, can *never* be justifiable. Our own experience might teach us better, for every man has differed, at various times, from himself, as much as he ever has differed at any one time from others.

Suffering others to think for us, when Heaven has supplied us with reason and a conscience for the express purpose of enabling us to think for ourselves, is the great fountain of all human error. "There cannot," says Locke, "be a more dan-

gerous thing to rely on than the opinion of others, nor more likely to mislead one; since there is much more falsehood and error among men than truth and knowledge; and if the opinions and persuasions of others, whom we know and think well of, be a ground of assent, men have reason to be heathens in Japan, Mahometans in Turkey, Papists in Spain, Protestants in England, and Lutherans in Sweden." *

Were a whole nation to start upon a new career of education, with mature faculties, and minds free from prepossessions or prejudices, how much would be quickly abandoned that is now most stubbornly cherished! If we have many opinions, in our present state, that have once been proscribed, it is presumable that we cling to many more which future generations will discard. The world is yet in its boyhood—perhaps in its infancy; and our fancied wisdom is but the babble of the nursery. However quickly we may take up an error, we abandon it slowly. As a man often feels a pain in the leg that has been long amputated, so does he frequently yearn towards an opinion after it has been cut off from his mind,—so true is it that

> "He that's convinced against his will,
> Is of the same opinion still."

So wedded are some people to their own notions, that they will not have any persons for friends, or even for servants, who do not entertain similar views. Lord L—— makes a point of strictly cross-questioning his domestics, as to their religious and political faith, before he engages them. While residing on his Irish estates, a groom presented himself to be hired, resolving, beforehand, not to compromise himself by any inconsiderate replies. "What are your opinions?" was the peer's first demand. "Indeed, then, your lordship's honor! I have just none at all at all." "Not any! nonsense! —you must have some, and I insist upon knowing them." "Why, then, your honor's glory, they are for all the world just the same as your lordship's." "Then you can have no

* On the Human Understanding, l. iv. c. xv.

objection to state them, and to confess frankly what is your way of thinking." "Och! and is it my way of thinking you mane by my opinions?—Why, then, I am exactly the same way of thinking as Pat Sullivan, your honor's gamekeeper, for, says he to me, as I was coming up stairs, Murphy, says he, I'm thinking you'll never be paying me the two-and-twenty shillings I lent you, last Christmas was a twelvemonth. Faith! says I, Pat Sullivan! I'm quite of your way of thinking."

OPTIMISM—A devout conviction that, under the government of a benevolent and all-powerful God, every thing conduces ultimately to the best in the world he has created, and that mankind, the constant objects of his paternal care, are in a perpetual state of improvement, and increased happiness. This is a great and consoling principle, the summary of all religion and all philosophy, the reconciler of all misgivings, the source of all comfort and consolation. To believe in it, is to realize its truth, so far as we are individually concerned; and indeed it will mainly depend upon ourselves, whether or not every thing shall be for the best. Let us cling to the moral of Parnell's hermit, rather than suffer our confidence in the divine goodness to be staggered by the farcical exaggerations of Voltaire's Candide. If the theory of the former be a delusion, it is, at least, a delightful one; and, for my own part—"*malim cum Platone errare, quam cum aliis recté sentire*"—where the error is of so consolatory and elevating a description.

An optimist may be wrong, but presumption and religion are in his favor; nor can we directly pronounce any thing to be for final evil, until the end of all things has arrived, and the whole scheme of creation is revealed to us. "Does not every architect complain of the injustice of criticizing a building before it is half finished?—Yet, who can tell what volume of the creation we are in at present, or what point the structure of our moral fabric has attained?—Whilst we are all in a vessel that is sailing under sealed orders, we shall do well to confide implicitly in our government and captain."

ORATORY—The power to talk people out of their sober and matured opinions. Oratory is a dangerous talent. Few men are fit to be trusted with it, for few are able to resist the temptations to use it for their own ends. True orators are more scarce than is generally imagined. Rank is oftener found than eloquence. The genuine orator is inspired, and does not need a prompter—as did that notorious "second-rate blunderer," Sir Frederick Flood. He had a droll habit, of which he could never break himself; whenever a person at his back whispered or suggested any thing to him while he was speaking in public, he without a moment's reflection involuntarily repeated the suggestion *literatim*. Sir Frederick was once making a long speech in the Irish parliament, lauding the transcendent merits of the Wexford magistracy. As he was closing his turgid oration, by declaring that "the said magistracy ought to receive some signal mark of the lord lieutenant's favor," John Egan, who was rather mellow, and sitting behind him, jocularly whispered, "And be whipped at the cart's tail." —"And be whipped at the cart's tail!" repeated Sir Frederick unconsciously, amid uproarious laughter from the whole house.

ORIGINALITY—Unconscious or undetected imitation. Even Seneca complains, that the ancients had compelled him to borrow from them what they would have taken from him, had he been lucky enough to have preceded them. "Every one of my writings," says Goethe, in the same candid spirit, "has been furnished to me by a thousand different persons, a thousand different things: the learned and the ignorant, the wise and the foolish, infancy and age, have come in turn, generally without having the least suspicion of it, to bring me the offering of their thoughts, their faculties, their experience: often have they sowed the harvest I have reaped. My work is that of an aggregation of human beings, taken from the whole of nature; it bears the name of Goethe."

It is in the power of any writer to be original, by deserting nature, and seeking the quaint and the fantastical; but literary monsters, like all others, are generally short-lived. "When I

was a young man," says Goldsmith, "being anxious to distinguish myself, I was perpetually starting new propositions; but I soon gave this over, for I found that generally what was new was false." Strictly speaking, we may be original, without being new: our thoughts may be our own, and yet commonplace.

P's and Q's—The origin of the phrase "Mind your P's and Q's" is not generally known. In ale-houses, where chalk scores were formerly marked upon the wall, or behind the door of the tap-room, it was customary to put these initial letters at the head of every man's account, to show the number of pints and quarts for which he was in arrears; and we may presume many a friendly rustic to have tapped his neighbor on the shoulder, when he was indulging too freely in his potations, and to have exclaimed, as he pointed to the score, "Giles! Giles! mind your P's and Q's."

When Toby, the learned pig, was in the zenith of his popularity, a theatrical wag, who attended the performance, maliciously set before him some peas; a temptation which the animal could not resist, and which immediately occasioned him to lose his *cue*. The pig exhibitor remonstrated with the author of the mischief on the unfairness of what he had done, when he replied, that his only wish was, to see whether Toby knew his P's from his Q's.

PANACEA—Advertised—*See* Poison. There would be little comfort for the sick, either in body or mind, were there any truth in the averment, that philosophy, like medicine, has plenty of drugs and quack medicines, but few remedies, and hardly any specifics. So far from admitting this discouraging statement, a panacea may be prescribed, which, under ordinary circumstances, will generally prevent, and rarely fail to alleviate, most of the evils that flesh is heir to. The following are the simple ingredients:—occupation for the mind, exercise for the body, temperance and virtue for the sake of both. This is the *magnum arcanum* of health and happiness. Half of our illness and misery arises from the perversion of that

reason which was given to us as a protection against both. We are led astray by our guide, and poisoned by our physician.

PARENT—It may be doubted, whether a man can fully appreciate the mysterious properties, and the thought-elevating dignity of his nature, until, by becoming a parent, he feels himself to be a creator as well as a creature. The childless man passes through life like an arrow through the air, leaving nothing behind that may mark his flight. A tombstone, stating that they were born and died, is the sole brief evidence of existence, which the mass of bachelors can transmit to the succeeding generation. But the father feels that he belongs to the future, as well as the present; he has, perhaps, become a permanent part and parcel of this majestical world "till the great globe dissolve; for his descendants may not impossibly make discoveries, or effect reforms, that shall influence the destiny of the whole human race, and thus immortalize their name. These may be baseless dreams, fond and doating reveries, but, like all the aspirations connected with our offspring, they serve to soothe and meliorate the heart, while they send the delighted spirit into the future, wreathed with laurels, and mounted upon a triumphal car of glorious hopes.

PARTY-SPIRIT—A species of mental vitriol, which we bottle up in our bosoms, that we may squirt it against others; but which, in the mean time, irritates, corrodes, and poisons our own hearts. Personality and invective are not only proofs of a bad argument, but of a bad arguer; for politeness is perfectly compatible with wit and logic, while it enhances the triumph of both. By a union of courtesy and talent, an adversary may be made to grace his own defeat, as the sandal tree perfumes the hatchet that cuts it down. Cæsar's soldiers fought none the worse for being scented with unguents, nor will any combatant be weakened by moral suavity. The bitterness of political pamphlets, and newspaper writing, so far from acting as a tonic, debilitates and dishonors them. A furious pamphleteer, on being reproached with his unsparing acrimony, exclaimed, "Burke, and Curran, and Grattan, have

written thus, as well as I." "Ay," said his friend, "but have you written thus *as well* as they?" Political writers and orators must not mistake the rage, the mouthing, and the contortions of the Sibyl for her inspiration.

It is a melancholy thing to see a man, clothed in soft raiment, lodged in a public palace, endowed with a rich portion of the product of other men's industry, using all the influence of his splendid situation, however conscientiously, to deepen the ignorance, and inflame the fury, of his fellow-creatures. These are the miserable results of that policy which has been so frequently pursued for these fifty years past, of placing men of mean, or middling abilities, in high stations.

PASSIONS—Were it not for the salutary agitation of the passions, the waters of life would become dull, stagnant, and as unfit for all vital purposes as those of the Dead Sea. It should be equally our object to guard against those tempests and overflowings which may entail mischief, either upon ourselves or others; and to avoid that drowsy calm, of which the sluggishness and *inertia* are inevitably hostile to the health and spirits. In the voyage of life, we should imitate the ancient mariners, who, without losing sight of the earth, trusted to the heavenly signs for their guidance. Happy the man, the tide of whose passions, like that of the great ocean, is regulated by a light from above!

St. Evremond compares the passions to runaway horses, which you must tame by letting them have their run; a perilous experiment, in which the rider may break his neck. Much better to restrain and conquer them before they get head; for if they do not obey, they will be sure to command, you.

PASSIVE RESISTANCE—succeeding to that doctrine of passive obedience, which was once so strenuously inculcated, promises to be not less efficient as a public weapon, than the helplessness of woman is often found to be in private life. This formidable, though negative power, may be compared to a snowball,—the more you push against it, the greater it becomes;

it continues giving way before you, until it finally comes to a stand still, conquers your strength, and defies your utmost endeavors to move it.

PATRIOTISM—There is a cowardly kind much in vogue among the politicians of the present day, which is evidently copied from the upholsterer in Foote's farce, who sits up whole nights watching over the British constitution.

PEN—The silent mouthpiece of the mind, which gives ubiquity and permanence to the evanescent thought of a moment.

PERSECUTION—Disobeying the most solemn injunctions of Christianity, under the sham plea of upholding it. How admirable the humility of the spiritual persecutor, when he kindly condescends to patronize the Deity, to assist Omniscience with his counsels, and lend a helping hand to Omnipotence! In such an attempt the failure is generally as signal as the folly, the cruelty, and the impiety; for martyrs, like certain plants, spring up more stubbornly, the more you endeavor to crush and trample them down. The rebound is always proportioned to the percussion, the recoil to the discharge. To conquer fanaticism you must tolerate it: the shuttlecock of religious difference soon falls to the ground, when there are no battledores to beat it backwards and forwards.

PESSIMISTS—Moral squinters, who, being incapable of a straightforward view, "imagine that penetration is evinced by universal suspicion and mistrust; who hope, perhaps, to exalt themselves by degrading others; who discredit every thing that is noble, believe all that is base; who would persuade their hearers, that the pure wholesome temple of moral beauty and virtue is a lazar-house of noisome corruption and festering abomination. A more false and pestilent treason against human nature, a more impious profanation of the divinity of goodness that is within us, a more self-condemning calumny

upon the world, it is not easy to conceive; and yet, upon this paltry, mischievous basis, have weak-headed and bad-hearted men, in all ages, not only contrived to obtain a reputation for shrewdness and sagacity, but sometimes have been enabled to distress, with painful misgivings, those nobler spirits, who would wish to sympathize with fellow-creatures, in the fulness of love and charity, and to believe themselves surrounded with congenial hearts and kindred souls."

PHILANTHROPY—was not ill-defined by Cicero, when he says, alluding to the purpose of man's creation—"*Ad tuendos conservandosque homines, hominem natum esse. Homines hominum causâ sunt generati, ut ipsi inter se alii aliis prodesse possint. Hominem, naturæ obedientem, homini nocere non posse.*"

Why was man made with wide-spreading arms, except, as Dryden beautifully supposes,

"To satisfy a wide embrace?"

The only way we can evince our gratitude to our great Creator and Benefactor, for all that he has given us, is to be as useful as we can to his creatures, and "to love our neighbor as ourselves."

"I fear," said a country curate to his flock, "when I explained to you in my last charity sermon, that Philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have understood me to say *specie*, which may account for the smallness of the collection. You will prove, I hope, by your present contributions, that you are no longer laboring under the same mistake."

PHYSICIANS—always cherish a sneaking kindness for cooks, as more certain and regular purveyors of patients than plague and pestilence; and there is this advantage in their advice, that no two of them agree, so that the taste of an invalid may always be accommodated. "Are you out of sorts," says Montaigne, "that your physician has denied you the enjoyment of wine, and of your favorite dishes?—Be not uneasy; apply to me, and I engage to find you one of equal

credit, who shall put you under a regimen perfectly opposite to that settled by your own adviser."

Blunt, and even rude, as he sometimes was, Abernethy would not have hazarded so unfeeling a speech as is recorded of Andrea Baccio, the celebrated Florentine physician. Being called on to attend a woman of quality, he felt her pulse, and asked her how old she was.—She told him, "About four score." "And how long *would* you live?" demanded the surly practitioner quitting her hand and making the best of his way out of the house.

Physicians may well smile at the many jokes and malicious pleasantries of which they are the butt, for they must share the consciousness of their patients, that there is no greater benefactor to his species than the successful practitioner. No wonder that such men received divine honors in the olden times, since they seem to approximate to the attributes of the gods.—"*Neque enim ullâ aliâ re homines propius ad Deos accedunt, quam salutem hominibus dando.*"

PHYSIOGNOMY—Reading the handwriting of nature upon the human countenance. If a man's face, as it is pretended, be like that of a watch, which reveals without what it conceals within, silence itself is no security for our thoughts, for a dial tells the hour as well as a clock. If, in addition to this self-betrayal, the suggestion of Momus could be realized, and a window be placed in our bosoms, so that "he who runs may read," the best of us might well change color, for many a heart would look black when it was *read.*

PHONOGRAPHY—as at present practised, is highly useful and very near perfection. Nevertheless little mistakes will now and then occur. A member of the House of Representatives was making a speech, in which he intimated that truth was much dearer to him than party, quoting the Latin, "*Amicus Socrates, amicus Plato est, sed major veritas*"—"Sócrates is my friend, Plato is my friend, but truth is much more my friend." This appeared the next day in the report as follows: "'I may cuss Socrates, I may cuss Plato,' said

Major Veritas!" The sounds were somewhat like, but then there was a little difference in the meaning.

PIC-NIC—The most unpleasant of all parties of pleasure.

If sick of home and luxuries,
You want a new sensation,
And sigh for the unwonted ease
Of *un*accommodation,—
If you would taste, as amateur,
And vagabond beginner,
The painful pleasures of the poor,
Get up a Pic-nic dinner.

Presto! 'tis done—away you start,
All frolic, fun, and laughter,
The servants and provision cart
As gayly trotting after.
The spot is reach'd, when all exclaim,
With many a joyous antic,
"How sweet a scene!—I'm glad we came!
How rural—how romantic!"

Pity the night was wet!—but what
Care gypsies and carousers?
So down upon the swamp you squat
In porous Nankeen trousers.—
Stick to what sticks to you—your seat,
For thistles round you huddle,
While nettles threaten legs and feet,
If shifted from a puddle.

Half starved with hunger—parch'd with thirst,
All haste to spread the dishes,
When lo! 'tis found, the ale has burst
Amid the loaves and fishes;
Over the pie, a sodden sop,
The grasshoppers are skipping,
Each roll's a sponge, each loaf a mop,
And all the meat is dripping.—

Bristling with broken glass, you find
Some cakes among the bottles,
Which those may eat who do not mind
Excoriated throttles.
The biscuits now are wiped and dried,
When squalling voices utter,
"Look! look! a toad has got astride
Our only pat of butter!"

Your solids in a liquid state,
Your cooling liquids heated,
And every promised joy by fate
Most fatally defeated;
All, save the serving men are sour'd,
They smirk, the cunning sinners!
Having, before they came, devour'd
Most comfortable dinners.

Still you assume, in very spite,
A grim and gloomy gladness,
Pretend to laugh—affect delight—
And scorn all show of sadness.—
While thus you smile, but storm within,
A storm without comes faster,
And down descends in deaf ning din
A deluge of disaster.

'Tis *sauve qui peut;*—the fruit dessert
Is fruitlessly deserted,
And homeward now you all revert,
Dull, desolate, and dirtied,
Each gruffly grumbling, as he eyes
His soaked and sullen brother,
"If these are Pic-nic pleasantries,
Preserve me from another!"

PLAGIARISTS—Purloiners, who filch the fruit that others have gathered, and then throw away the basket.

PLEASING ALL PARTIES—This hopeless attempt usually ends by pleasing none, for time-servers neither serve themselves nor any one else. As the endeavor involves a contemptible compromise of principle, it is generally despised by the very parties whom we seek to conciliate. What opinion can we have of a man who has no opinion of his own? A neutral, we can understand and respect; but a Janusfaced double-dealer, who affects to belong to both sides, will not be tolerated by either. His fear of giving offence is the greatest of all offences. Of this, a ludicrous instance was afforded at the time of the riots, in 1780, when every one was obliged to chalk "No Popery" upon the wall of his house, in order to protect it from violence. Delphini, the clown, particularly anxious to win "golden opinions from all sorts of men," since

his benefit was close at hand, scrawled upon his house, in large letters—"No Religion."

PLEASURES—*See* WILL-O'-THE-WISP. Some, like the horizon, recede perpetually, as we advance towards them; others, like butterflies, are crushed by being caught. Pleasure unattained, is the hare which we hold in chase, cheered on by the ardor of competition, the exhilarating cry of the dogs—the shouts of the hunters—the echo of the horn—the ambition of being in at the death. Pleasure attained, is the same hare hanging up in the sportsman's larder, worthless, disregarded, despised, dead.

The keenest pleasures of an unlawful nature are poisoned by a lurking self-reproach, ever rising up to hiss at us, like a snake amid the flowers—

"——— medio de fonte leporum,
Surgit aliquid amari;"

while there is a secret consolation, even in the heaviest calamity, if we feel that it has not been incurred by our own misconduct. Upon this subject, the great and golden rule is, so to enjoy present, as that they may not interfere with future, pleasures. Burns has happily compared sensual pleasure to snow that falls upon a river,

"A moment white, then gone forever."

POETRY—The music of thought conveyed to us in the music of language—the art of embalming intellectual beauty, a process which threatens to be speedily enrolled, together with the Egyptian method of immortalizing the body, among the sciences which are lost.

The harmony of the works of nature is the visible poetry of the Almighty, emblazoned on the three-leaved book of earth, sea, and sky.

If Hayley could talk even in *his* days, of "the cold blank booksellers' rhyme-freezing face," what would he say in ours, when we have seen Crabbe, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, con-

demned to an involuntary silence; Moore, the first lyrical writer of the age, "*vir nulla non donandus lauru*," one whose very soul is poetry, driven to the ungenial toil of Biography; and Southey, not only necessitated to waste his fine poetical talents and kindly feelings in the fierce arena of criticism and politics, but absolutely obliged to consult the public taste, or rather the total want of it, by discontinuing the Laureate odes.

Absurd as it was to expect a rational answer from T. H., I ventured to ask him how it came that all our best poets were obliged to write prose?—"Because poetry is *proscribed*," was his reply.

POETS—Merchants are counted shrewd men. A trader in the modern Athens being asked the character of one given to poetry, described him as "one of those men who have soarings after the indefinite, and divings after the unfathomable, but who never pay cash."

POINT—One good one. So various are the estimates formed of us by our fellow-creatures, that there never, perhaps, existed an individual, however unpraiseworthy, who was not acknowledged to have *one* good point in his character, though it by no means follows that this admission is always to be taken as a compliment. A gentleman, travelling on a Sunday, was obliged to stop, in order to replace one of his horse's shoes. The farrier was at church; but a villager suggested, that if he went on to Jem Harrison's forge he would probably be found at home. This proved to be true, when the rustic who had led the horse to the spot exclaimed—"Well, I must say that for Jem—for it is the only good point about him—he do never go to church!"

POLITENESS—of the person exhibits itself in elegance of manners, and a strict adherence to the conventional forms and courtesies of polished life. Politeness of the heart consists in an habitual benevolence, and an absence of selfishness in

our intercourse with society of all classes. Each of these may exist without the other.

POLITICIANS—Advice to—There is only one principle of public conduct: Do what you think is right, and *take place* and *power as an accident.* Upon any other plan office is shabbiness, labor, and sorrow.

POMPOSITY—There is nothing pompous gentlemen are so much afraid of as a little humor. It is like the objection of certain cephalic animalculæ to the use of small-tooth combs, —"Finger and thumb, precipitate powder, or any thing else you please; but for Heaven's sake no small-tooth combs!"

POPULARITY—The brightness of a falling star,—the fleeting splendor of a rainbow,—the bubble that is sure to burst by its very inflation. The politician, who, in these lunatic times, hopes to adapt himself to all the changes of public opinion, should qualify for the task, by attempting to make a pair of stays for the moon, which assumes a new form and figure every night.

POSSIBLE—In order to effect the utmost possible, we must be careful not to throw away our strength in straining after the impossible and the unattainable, lest we exemplify the fable of the dog and the shadow. "Search not into the things above thy strength."

"Sors tua mortalis; non est mortale quod optas."

POSTHUMOUS GLORY—A revenue payable to our ghosts; an *ignis fatuus;* an exhalation arising from the ashes and corruption of the body; the glow-worm of the grave; a Jack-o'-lantern, of which a skeleton is the Jack, and the lantern a dark one; protracted oblivion; the short twilight that survives the setting of the vital sun, and is presently quenched in the darkness of night. "Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust," may be said of our fame, as well as of our frame: one is

buried very soon after the other. When the rattling earth is cast upon our coffin, it sends up a hollow sound, which, after a few faint echoes, dies, and is buried in oblivious silence. That fleeting noise is our posthumous renown. Living glory is the advantage of being known to those whom you don't know; posthumous glory is enjoying a celebrity from which you can derive no enjoyment, and enabling every puppy in existence to feel his superiority over you by repeating the old dictum, that a living dog is better than a dead lion, or by quoting from Shakspeare—"I like not such grinning honors as Sir Walter hath!"

POSTS AND PLACES—It was a complaint of D'Alembert, that men so completely exhausted their industry in canvassing for places, as to have none left for the performance of their duties. Query—Have public men improved in this respect since the days of D'Alembert?

POVERTY—To the generous-minded, it is the greatest evil of a narrow fortune that they must sometimes taste the humiliation of receiving, and can rarely enjoy the luxury of conferring benefits. None can feel for the poor so well as the poor, and none, therefore, can so well appreciate the painfulness of being unable to relieve the distress with which they so keenly sympathize.

Riches, it was once observed, only keep out the single evil of poverty. True! was the reply—but how much good do they let in! Whatever may be the talents of a poor man, they will not have their fair share of influence; for few will respect the understanding that is of so little advantage to its owner, and still fewer is the number of those who will doubt the abilities that have made a fool rich. Nevertheless, there are many chances in favor of the sufferers under impecuniosity; for, if Necessity be the mother of Invention, Poverty is the father of Industry; and the child of such parents has a much better prospect of achieving honors and distinction than the rich man's son. Chief Justice Kenyon once said to a wealthy friend, who asked his opinion as to the probable suc-

cess of his son at the bar, "Let him spend his own fortune forthwith; marry, and spend his wife's, and then he may be expected to apply with energy to his profession."

PRACTICE—does not always make perfect. Curran, when told by his physician, that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, replied, "That is odd enough, for I have been practising all night."

PRAISE—That which costs us nothing, and which we are, nevertheless, the most unwilling to bestow upon others, even where it is most due, though we sometimes claim it the more for ourselves, the less we deserve it; not reflecting that the breath of self-eulogy soils the face of the speaker, even as the censer is dimmed by the smoke of its own perfume.

Which of us would desiderate the expressive silence recommended by Scaliger as the most appropriate compliment to Virgil? "*De Virgilio nunquam loquendum; nam omnes omnium laudes superat.*" Few people thank you for praising the qualities they really possess; to win their hearts, you must eulogize those in which they are deficient. As this is the most subtle of all flattery, so is it the most acceptable. In general, we have little reason to be grateful to those who speak the strict truth of us, and we are the more bound to acknowledge the kindness of those who flatter us by agreeable falsehoods. Stratonice, the bald wife of Seleucus, gave six hundred crowns to a poet who extolled the beauty and profusion of her hair. One thing I would counsel to authors—never to make any allusion to themselves. If from sheer modesty, they speak disparagingly of their own works, their averments are set down for gospel; if they assume the smallest modicum of merit, their claim is cited as an instance of inordinate vanity. Silence is sapience.

The best praise which you can bestow on an author, or an artist, is to show that you have studied and understand his works. When Augustin Caracci pronounced a long discourse in honor of the Laocoon, all were astonished that his brother Annibal said nothing of that celebrated *chef-d'œuvre*. Divining

their thoughts, the latter took a piece of chalk, and drew the group against the wall as accurately as if he had it before his eyes; a silent panegyric, which no rhetoric could have surpassed.

"Our praise of beginners," says Rochefoucauld, "often proceeds from our envy of those who have already succeeded." This is a secret well known to critics; but they do not seem to be aware that sincerely to praise merit is, in some degree, to share it.

PRAYER—

"Prayer highest soars when she most prostrate lies,
And when she supplicates she storms the skies.
Thus to gain heaven may seem an easy task,
For what can be more easy than to ask?
Yet oft we do by sad experience find,
That, clogged with earth, some prayers are left behind,
And some like chaff blown off by every wind.
To kneel is easy, to pronounce not hard,
Then why are some petitioners debarr'd?
Hear what an ancient *oracle* declared:
Some *sing* their prayers, and some their prayers *say*,
He's an Elias, who his prayers can pray.
Reader, remember, when you next repair
To church or closet, this memoir of prayer."

PRECEPT—without example, is like a waterman who looks one way and rows another. What avails the knowledge of good and evil, if we do what we ought to avoid, and avoid what we ought to do? A direction post may point out the right road, without being obliged to follow it; but human finger posts, especially teachers and preachers, have not the same privilege. When a man's life gives the lie to his tongue, we naturally believe the former, rather than the latter. Pharisaical professions are but as a tinkling cymbal; we cannot listen patiently to the voice of the hypocrite, charm he never so wisely; but there is a silent eloquence in the morality of a whole life, that is irresistible. Precept and example, like the blades of a pair of scissors, are admirably adapted to their end, when conjoined: separated they lose the greater portion of their utility. Tertullian says, that even our writings blush

when our actions do not correspond with them. Ought not this inconsistency rather to produce a contrary effect, and to prevent our writings from being *read?*

He who teaches what he does not perform, may be compared to a sun-dial on the front of a house, which instructs the passenger, but not the tenant. "*Equidem beatos puto*," says Pliny, "*quibus Deorum munere datum est, aut facere scribenda, aut legenda scribere; beatissimos verè quibus utrimque.* Happy are they to whom the gods have given the power, either to perform actions worthy to be recorded, or to write things worthy to be read: happier still are they in whom both powers are united."

PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN—whose early intellectual development is often the harbinger of a premature decay, may be compared to Pliny's Amygdala, or almond tree, of which the early buds and immature fruits were cut off by the frosts of spring.

PRESS—The steam-engine of moral power, which, directed by the spirit of the age, will eventually crush imposture, superstition, and tyranny. The liberty of the press is the true measure of all other liberty, for all freedom without this must be merely nominal. To stifle the nascent thought is a moral infanticide, a treason against human nature. What can a man call his own, if his thought does not belong to him? King Hezekias is the first recorded enemy to the liberty of the press: he suppressed a book which treated of the virtues of plants, for fear it should be abused, and engender maladies; a shrewd and notable reason, well worthy of a modern attorney-general.

PRIDE—"My brethren," said Swift in a sermon, "there are three sorts of pride—of birth, of riches, and of talents. I shall not now speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice."

If we add to our pride, what we cut off from less favorite

faults, we are merely taking our errors out of one pocket to put them into another.

PRIMOGENITURE—Disinheriting a whole unoffending family, in order that the accident of an accident, viz., the eldest son of an eldest son, very possibly the last in merit, though the first in birth, may be endowed with the patrimony of his brothers and sisters, each of whom may exclaim—

> "Sum pauper, non culpa mea, sed culpa parentum,
> Qui me fratre meo non genuere prius."

Equally opposite to nature, reason, morality, and sound policy, this barbarous remnant of the doctrine which maintains the many to be made for the few, not the few for the many, has been a pregnant source of private as well as public corruption. The father whose estate is entailed has lost much of his moral influence over his children, being equally unable to reward the duty and affection of the juniors, or to control and punish the excesses of his heir, whose independence too often occasions him to be prematurely extravagant, profligate, and unfilial.

"I must live," sorrowfully exclaimed a poor *cadet*, when soliciting a small loan from the heir of a rich family. "*Je n'en vois pas la nécessité*," was the brother's reply.

It has been urged that the abolition of primogeniture and entail would rapidly pauperize the land, by its continual subdivision into small allotments. But it is already pauperized, where it is not fattened into disease; for the few are as much too rich, as the many are too poor; and if that be the best system which confers the greatest happiness upon the greatest number, a more equal distribution of the general wealth would surely be an improvement for all. The fine arts might suffer, for want of wealthy patrons; but the useful arts would receive an impulse from the greater diffusion of competency; and what would be gained in the latter direction might well atone for the loss in the former. A nation may pay too dear for the arts. It is, doubtless, fine to talk of an Augustan era, and

Augustus himself was said to boast that he had found Rome of brick, and left it of marble; but if he had added, as in truth he might, that he had found Rome free, and had left it enslaved, what patriot would not have felt the city dishonored by its architectural honors?

The constant reports in our papers, of lawsuits between relations, mostly originating in the unjust system of primogeniture, reminds one of Malherbe, when he was reproached for being always at law with his family. "With whom, then," he asked, "would you have me be at variance? The Turks and Muscovites will not quarrel with me."

It was well said, by one whose elder brother, a dissolute and unhappy man, had been vaunting the extent of the family estate—"I should envy you for what you have, did I not pity you for what you are." The same, when once walking with his senior, suddenly seized his arms, hurried him on, and exclaimed, with a look of pretended alarm—"Away! away! your life is in danger—save me from the entailed estate!"—at the same time pointing to a board set up in an old gravel pit, with the following inscription—"Any one may shoot rubbish here." T. H. is made responsible for the truth of this anecdote, though it may possibly be as old as the venerable Josephus Molitor.

PROGRESS—Nothing is more common or more stupid, than to take the actual for the possible—to believe that all which is, is all which can be; first, to laugh at every proposed deviation from practice as impossible—then, when it is carried into effect, to be astonished that it did not take place before.

The world owes all its onward impulses to men ill at ease. The happy man inevitably confines himself within ancient limits.

PROVERBS—Brief fallacies. Thus, "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day," which is one of "Poor Richard's" rascally and narrow-minded maxims, by which he inculcated the divine duty of making money, is notably contradicted by Aaron Burr who says, "Never do to-day what

you can put off till to-morrow," for something may occur to make you regret your premature action.

There is, however, one proverb worthy of all commendation: "Never judge a book by the cover." It is to be hoped that the buyer of this book will form his judgment upon a perusal of the inside.

PRUDERY—The innocence of the vicious—external sanctimony, assumed as a cover for internal laxity. Whenever we smell musk or other pungent perfumes, we may fairly suspect that the wearer must have some strong effluvium to conquer; and where we observe a Pharisaical display of prudery and piety, we shall seldom err in pronouncing that it is the disguise of some wolf in sheep's clothing. A nice man, according to Swift, is a man of nasty ideas; and a pretender to superior purity will often be found much dirtier than his neighbors. Some of these Pharisees will occasionally betray themselves by over-acting their part. "I never saw such an indelicate gentleman as that at the opposite house!" exclaimed a young female saint; "he must have seen that I did not choose to pull down the blind, and yet he has been watching me the whole time I have been changing my dress." Two damsels, of the same puritanical stamp, encountering Dr. Johnson, shortly after the publication of his Dictionary, complimented him on his having omitted all the gross and objectionable words. "What, my dears!" said the doctor, "have you been looking out for them already?"

PUNS—The wit of words. They are exactly the same to words which wit is to ideas, and consist in the sudden discovery of relations in language. A pun, to be perfect in its kind, should contain two distinct meanings; the one common and obvious, the other more remote: and in the notice which the mind takes of the relation between these two sets of words, and in the surprise which that relation excites, the pleasure of a pun consists. Miss Hamilton, in her book on education, mentions the instance of a boy so very neglectful that he could never be brought to read the word *patriarchs;*

but whenever he met with it he always pronounced it *partridges.* A friend of the writer observed to her, that it could hardly be considered as a mere piece of negligence, for it appeared to him that the boy, in calling them partridges, was *making game* of the patriarchs. Now here are two distinct meanings contained in the same phrase: for to make game of the patriarchs is to laugh at them; or to make game of them is, by a very extravagant and laughable sort of ignorance of words, to rank them among pheasants, partridges, and other such delicacies, which the law takes under its protection and calls *game;* and the whole pleasure derived from this pun consists in the sudden discovery that two such different meanings are referable to one form of expression. Puns are in very bad repute, and so they *ought* to be. The wit of language is so miserably inferior to the wit of ideas that it is very deservedly driven out of good company. Sometimes, indeed, a pun makes its appearance which seems for a moment to redeem its species; [see this work *passim* for such redeeming specimens;] but we must not be deceived by them: it is a radically bad race of wit. By unremitting persecution it has been at last got under, and driven into cloisters,—from whence it must never again be suffered to emerge into the light of the world. One invaluable blessing produced by the banishment of punning is, an immediate reduction of the number of wits. It is a wit of so low an order, and in which some sort of progress is so easily made, that the number of those endowed with the gift of wit would be nearly equal to those endowed with the gift of speech. The condition of putting together ideas in order to be witty operates much in the same salutary manner as the condition of finding rhymes in poetry;—it reduces the number of performers to those who have vigor enough to overcome incipient difficulties, and makes a sort of provision that that which need not be done at all, should be done *well* whenever it *is* done.

A gentleman named Cary, expressing an uncertainty to what profession he should devote the younger Cary, Lamb said, "Make him an apotheCary."

"Don't be yarning with that fellow," said I to a friend

who was talking to an old salt. "Do you think I should be worsted?" was the interrogative reply.

In my high opinion of Lord Brougham, I have sometimes been too prone to fatigue my friends with his praises; a tendency which, upon one occasion, elicited a pun bad enough to be recorded. My assertion, that he was the greatest man in England, being warmly contested, I loudly exclaimed, "Where is there a greater?"—"Here!" said the punchmaking T. H., with a look of exquisite simplicity, at the same time holding up a nutmeg *grater*.

PUNISHMENTS—being meant for prevention, not revenge, should be so regulated—"*ut pœna ad paucos, metus ad omnes perveniat.*" Wise is that maxim which says, "*Non minus turpe principi multa supplicia, quam medico multa funera;*" and yet we have only lately made the discovery in England, that hanging is the very worst use that a man can be put to.

Some writers have thought that the state should be not less solicitous to recompense good deeds, than to punish evil ones; but, perhaps, it is better not to disturb the moralizing impression, that virtue is its own best reward. The noblest actions, too, would instantly become liable to a tainting suspicion of motives, if the virtues were to be scheduled, and remunerated according to a fixed tariff. Experience has shown us to what infamous purposes the rewards for the apprehension of malefactors have been perverted by trading informers, and other dealers in *blood money*.

Disproportionate punishments are attended with five evils: they deter prosecutors from coming forward—they draw attention to the crime—awaken pity for the criminal—excite hatred of the law—and occasion the magnitude of the temptation to offence to be measured by the magnitude of the punishment.

PURGATORY—One of the few inventions of priestcraft that almost deserves to be true; for a medium was wanting between the two extremes of perdition and salvation. Que-

vedo, in his Visions, tells us, that an old Spanish nobleman once met his coachman in purgatory, when the latter exclaimed —"O master, master! what can ever have brought so good a Catholic as you into this miserable place?"—"Ah, my worthy Pedro! I am justly punished for spoiling that reprobate son of mine. But you, who were ever such a sober, steady, well-conducted man, what can have brought you hither?"—"Ah, master, master!" snivelled Pedro, "I am brought here for being the father of that reprobate son of yours!"

"QUARRELS—would never last long," says Rochefoucauld, "if the fault were only on one side." The Spanish proverb, which tells us to beware of a reconciled friend, inculcates an ungenerous suspicion. In the case of lovers, we have the authority of Terence for affirming that—*Amantium ira amoris redintegratio est;* and many are the instances among friends, where a momentary rupture has only served to consolidate the subsequent attachment, as the broken bone, that is well set, usually becomes stronger than it was before.

QUIBBLE — QUIRK — QUIDDET — *See* LAW PROCEEDINGS. "True!' cried a lady, when reproached with the inconsistent marriage she had made; "I have often said I never would marry a parson, or a Scotchman, or a Presbyterian; but I never said I would not marry a Scotch Presbyterian parson."

Roger Kemble's wife had been forbidden to marry an actor, and her father was inexorable at her disobedience; but, after having seen her husband on the stage, he relented, and forgave her, with the observation of, "Well, well, I see you have not disobeyed me after all; for the man is not an actor, and never will be an actor."

QUID PRO QUO—Every one has heard the reply of Montague Matthew, when he was spoken to for Matthew Montague,—that there is a great difference between a chestnut horse and a horse chestnut; but this seems to have been forgotten, nevertheless, by an unlucky wight, who, being engaged to dine

at the Green Man at Dulwich, desired to be driven to the Dull Man, at Greenwich, and lost his dinner by a *quid pro quo.*

T. H. observed of the mate of a Whitby merchant ship, who could do nothing without his quid, that he had classical authority for "*Nil actum reputans dum* quid *superesset agendum.*"

QUILLS—are things that are sometimes taken from the pinions of one goose to spread the opinions of another!

RAILLERY—has been compared to a light which dazzles, but does not burn: this, however, depends on the skill with which it is managed; for many a man, without extracting its brilliance, may burn his fingers in playing with this dangerous pyrotechnic. Pleasant enough to make game of your friends, by shooting your wit at them, but if your merry bantering degenerates into coarse and offensive personality, nobody will pity you, should you chance to be knocked down by the recoil of your own weapon. He who gives pain, however little, must not complain should it be retorted with a disproportionate severity; for retaliation always adds interest in paying off old scores, and sometimes a very usurious one. Wags should recollect, that the amusement of fencing with one's friends is very different from the anatomical process of cutting them up.

A coxcomb, not very remarkable for the acuteness of his feelings or his wit, wishing to banter a testy old gentleman, who had lately garnished his mouth with a complete set of false teeth, flippantly inquired,—"Well, my good sir! I have often heard you complain of your masticators—pray, when do you expect to be again troubled with the tooth-ache?"—"When you have an affection of the heart, or a brain fever," was the reply. Not less ready and biting was the retort of the long-eared Irishman, who, being banteringly asked,—"Paddy, my jewel! why don't you get your ears cropped? They are too large for a man!" replied—"And yours are too small for an ass."

A well-known scapegrace, wishing to rally a friend who had a morbid horror of death, asked him, as they were passing a country church during the performance of a funeral, whether

the tolling bell did not put him in mind of his latter end. "No; but the rope does of yours," was the caustic rely.

REASON—The proud prerogative which confers on man the exclusive privilege of acting and conversing irrationally. No man is opposed to reason, unless reason is opposed to him; to protest against it, is to confess that you fear it, and they who interdict its use, on account of the danger of its abuse, may as well build a house without windows, for fear the lightning should enter it, or put out their eyes, lest they should go astray. To give reasons against the employment of reason, is to refute yourself, and to close up your mind till it resembles the bower described by Shakspeare,—

> "Where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun,
> Forbid the sun to enter."

Prohibiting the exercise of this faculty, in matters of opinion, is but an imitation of the Papists, who will not allow the senses to be judges in the case of transubstantiation. Strange! that instinct, which is the reason of animals, is to be allowed to the feathered, and not to the featherless biped. These irrationalists seem to think, that the intellectual faculties of man are like hemlock and henbane, poisonous to the human, but not to the feathered race—*Hyosciamus et cicula homines perimunt, avibus alimentum præbent.* Reason, however, does us all yeoman's service in the defence of any thing unreasonable. When Paley was asked why he always kept his horse three miles off, he replied, "For exercise." "But you never ride." "That is the reason why I keep him at such a distance, for I get all the exercise of the walk."

Still more ingenious was the logic of the schoolboy, whose companion thought it absurd that Homer should describe Vulcan as being a whole day in falling from the clouds to the earth. "Nay," argued the acute youth, "this shows his close adherence to nature; for you can hardly expect Vulcan to fall as fast as another man, when you recollect that he was lame." His lameness being the consequence of his fall, it must

be confessed, that there was unreasonableness enough in this reason to satisfy the most zealous irrationalist.

RECREATION—(says Bishop Hall) is intended to the mind as whetting is to the scythe, to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He, therefore, that spends his whole time in recreation is ever whetting, never mowing; his grass may grow and his steed may starve; as, contrarily, he that always toils and never recreates, is ever mowing, never whetting; laboring much to little purpose.

REFORM—An adaptation of institutions to circumstances and knowledge, or a restoration to the original purposes, from which they have been perverted, demanded as a right by those who are suffering wrongs, and only denied and abused by those who have been fattening upon abuse. The real Conservatives are the Reformers, the real revolutionists are the corruptionists, who, by opposing quiet, will compel violent change. When the ultras, and men of this class, whose long misrule and denial of justice have inflamed the public mind, charge the Reformers with having thrown the whole country into a blaze, thus accusing the extinguisher of being the firebrand, one is reminded of the incendiary, who, in order to avoid detection, turned round and collared the foreman of the engines, exclaiming, "Ha, fellow! have I caught you? This is the rascal who is first and foremost at every fire—seize him! seize him!" There is no Reform Bill in Turkey,—no factious opposition,—no free press,—no twopenny trash,—yet in no country are revolutions so frequent.

Reform, however, to be useful and durable, must be gradual and cautious. To those radical gentry of the movement party, who would be always at work, without calculating the mischief or the cost of their vaunted improvements, I recommend the consideration of the following anecdote:—The celebrated orator Henley advertised, that, in a single lecture, he would teach any artisan of ordinary skill how to make six pair of good shoes in one day;—nay, six-and-twenty pair, provided there was a sufficiency of materials. The sons of Crispin

flocked in crowds, willingly paying a shilling at the door, to be initiated in such a lucrative art, when they beheld the orator seated at a table, on which were placed six pair of new boots. "Gentlemen!" he exclaimed, "nothing is so simple and easy as the art which I have undertaken to teach you. Here are a new pair of boots,—here a large pair of scissors;—behold! I cut off the legs of the boots, and you have a new pair of shoes, without the smallest trouble; and thus may they be multiplied, *ad infinitum*, supposing always that you have a sufficiency of materials."

RELIGION—has been called an insurance against fire in the next world, whereof honesty is the best policy. Sydney Smith says that people often imagine themselves pious when they are only bilious; by which he meant that they do not properly appreciate the difference between a serious disposition and a serious indisposition. It has been well said that some men's religious opinion is only a stake driven in the ground—does not grow—shoots out no green—remains just *there*, and just *so*.

RELIGION — FASHIONABLE — Going to church; making devotion a matter of public form and observance between man and man, instead of a governing principle, or silent communion between the heart and its Creator;—converting the accessory into the principal, and mistaking the symbol and stimulant of pious inspiration for the inspirer; — worshipping the type, instead of the archetype;—being visibly devout, that is to say, when anybody sees you.

RELIGION — GENERAL — An accidental inheritance, for which, whether it be good or bad, we deserve neither praise nor censure, provided that we are sincere and virtuous.

Let us not, however, be mistaken. Far be it from us to assert, that men should be indifferent to the choice of religion, still less that all are alike. We maintain only, that in the great majority of instances, little or no choice is allowed; and it is our object to inculcate that humility as to our own

opinions, and that toleration for others, in which the most devout are very apt to be the most deficient.

> "Religion is the mind's complexion,
> Govern'd by birth, not self-election,
> And the great mass of us adore
> Just as our fathers did before.
> Why should we, then, ourselves exalt
> For what we casually inherit,
> Or view, in others, as a fault,
> What, in ourselves, we deem a merit?"

The religion that renders good men gloomy and unhappy, can scarcely be a true one. Dr. Blair says, in his Sermon on Devotion, "He who does not feel joy in religion, is far from the kingdom of heaven." Never can a slavish and cowering fear afford a proper basis for the religion of so dignified a creature as man, who, in paying honor, must feel that he keeps his honor, and is not disunited from himself, even in his communion with God. Reverence of ourselves is, in fact, the highest of all reverences; for, in the image of the Deity, we recognize the prototype; and thus elevated in soul, we may humbly strive to imitate the divine virtues, without pride or presumption. Religion has been designated as the love of the good and the fair, wherever it exists, but chiefly when absolute and boundless excellence is contemplated in "the first good, first perfect, and first fair." With this feeling in their hearts, the virtues could never wander from the right faith; and yet, how many good men seek it amid the dry spinosities and tortuous labyrinths of theology! It was a homely saying of Selden, "that men look after religion, as the butcher did after his knife, when he had it in his mouth."

Even a sincere religion may be unconsciously mixed up with carnal impulses; for when we cannot bring heaven down to earth, we are very apt to take earth up to heaven. That ardent adoration of the Virgin Mary, which has procured for Catholicism the not inappropriate designation of the Marian Religion, was derived probably from the days of chivalry, when a sexual feeling impassioned the worship paid to the celestial idol, and a devout enthusiasm sanctified the homage

offered to the earthly one. These spiritual lovers would have done well to perpend the fine saying of the philosopher, Marcus Antoninus—"Thou wilt never do any thing purely human in a right manner, unless thou knowest the relation it bears to things divine; or any thing divine, unless thou knowest all the relations it has to things human."

RELIGION—PURE AND UNDEFILED BEFORE GOD AND THE FATHER—We have placed this last, because it is the last that enters into the contemplation of the numerous classes of Christians, most of whom are too busy in fashioning some fantastical religion of their own, to seek for it in the Scriptures. The devout and rational reader is referred to the twenty-seventh verse of the first chapter of James. And if he still harbor a doubt which be the works of the flesh, and which of the Spirit, let him peruse St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, chap. v. vers. 19–26.

REPARTEE—A smart rejoinder, which, when given *impromptu*, even though it should be so hard a hit as to merit the name of a knock-down blow, will still stand excused, partly from the ready wit it implies, and partly from its always bearing the semblance of self-defence. When time, however, has been taken to concoct a retort, and an opportunity sought for launching it, not only does it lose all the praise of extemporaneous quickness, but it assumes a character of revenge rather than of repartee.

Those repartees are the best which turn your adversary's weapons against himself, as David killed Goliath with his own sword. Abernethy, the celebrated surgeon, finding a large pile of paving stones opposite to his door, on his returning home one afternoon in his carriage, swore hastily at the pavior, and desired him to remove them. "Where will I take them to?" asked the Hibernian. "To hell!" cried the choleric surgeon. Paddy leant upon his rammer, and then looking up in his face, said with an arch smile, "Hadn't I better take them to heaven?—sure they'd be more out of your honor's way."

The Earl of Rutland (Manners) said to Sir Thomas More,

when the latter was knighted, "*Honores mutant Mores.*" "It will do better in English," was the retort: "*Honors change Manners.*"

REPLY—a ready one. "Carnivorous animals," said a collegian to the Rev. S. S——, "are always provided with claws and talons to seize their prey; hoofed animals are invariably graminivorous. Is it, therefore, consistent with the analogies of nature to describe the devil when he goes about seeking whom he may devour, as having a cloven foot?" "Yes," replied the divine; "for we are assured, on scriptural authority, that all flesh is grass." Few better replies are upon record than that of the young polemic, to whom a bishop once said, "If you will tell me where God is, I will give you an orange?" "If you will tell me where He is *not*, I will give you two," was the child's answer.

REQUEST—a modest one. When the Duke of Ormonde was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in Queen Anne's reign, one of his friends applied to him for some preferment, adding that he was by no means particular, and was willing to accept either a bishopric, or a regiment of horse—or to be made Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. This, however, is surpassed by Horace Walpole's anecdote of a humane jailer in Oxfordshire, who made the following application to one of his condemned prisoners: "My good friend! I have a little favor to ask of you, which, from your obliging disposition, I doubt not you will grant. You are ordered for execution on Friday week. I have a particular engagement on that day: if it makes no difference to you, *would* you say *next* Friday instead?"

RESOLUTION—He who sets out by considering all obstacles well—*non obstantibus quibuscunque*, has half-accomplished his purpose, for the difficulty in human affairs is more often in the mind of the undertaker, than in the nature of the undertaking. With this feeling, and the *nil actum reputans dum quid superesset agendum*,—nothing is impossible.

RESPECTABILITY — Keeping up appearances, paying your bills regularly, walking out now and then with your wife, and going occasionally to church. On the trial of a murderer, a neighbor deposed that he had always considered him a person of the highest respectability, as he had kept a gig for several years. This could only have occurred in England, where it is held that a man who is worth money, must be a man of worth.

RETIREMENT—from business. A mistake in those who have not an occupation to retire *to*, as well as *from*. Such men are never so well or so happily employed, as when they are following the avocation which use has made a second nature to them. The retired butcher in the neighborhood of Whitby, must have found idleness hard work, when he gave notice to his friends, that he should kill a lamb every Thursday, just by way of amusement.

RETORT-COURTEOUS—"I said his beard was not cut well; he was in the mind it was; this is called the retort-courteous," says one of the characters in Shakspeare; but this *lucus à non lucendo*, does not come up to our modern idea of the term, which should involve some portion of the sharpness or smartness of a repartee. Lord G——, who is vehemently suspected of being descended from Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, since he never opens his mouth without fibbing, made some disparaging statement at White's concerning one of the members. The party implicated, who happened to overhear him, came up to his accuser, and said emphatically, "My Lord, you have made an assertion," inferring, as a matter of course, that he had uttered a falsehood. It is impossible to imagine a more polite, and yet more cutting way of giving the lie.

Two of the guests at a public dinner having got into an altercation, one of them, a blustering vulgarian, vociferated, "Sir, you are no gentleman!" "Sir," said his opponent in a calm voice, and with a derisive smile, "you are no judge." Both these *bons mots* are complete and literal instances of the retort-courteous.

There are retorts uncourteous, which can only be justified by the occasion. Talleyrand being pestered with importunate questions by a squinting man, concerning his broken leg, replied, "It is quite crooked,—as you see."

H. C——, a keen sportsman, provoked by a cockney horseman who had ridden over two of his hounds, could not forbear swearing at him for his awkwardness. "Sir!" said the offender, drawing up both himself and his horse, and assuming a very consequential look, "I beg to inform you, that I did not come out here to be damned."—"Why then, sir, you may go home and be damned."

"Ah! Dr. Johnson," exclaimed a Scotchman, "what would you have said of Buchanan, had he been an Englishman?" "Why, sir," replied Johnson, "I should not have said of Buchanan, had he been an Englishman, what I will now say of him as a Scotchman, that he was the only man of genius his country ever produced."

REVENGE—A momentary triumph, of which the satisfaction dies at once, and is succeeded by remorse; whereas forgiveness, which is the noblest of all revenges, entails a perpetual pleasure. It was well said by a Roman emperor, that he wished to put an end to all his enemies, by converting them into friends.

REVIEW—A work that overlooks the productions it professes to look over, and judges of books by their authors, not of authors by their books.

RHETORIC—Appealing to the passions instead of the reason of your auditors, and claiming that value for the workmanship, which ought to be measured by the ore alone. An orator is one who can stamp such a value upon counterfeit coin as shall make it pass for genuine. Rhetoric, says Plato, is the art of ruling the minds of men. Rhetoric, says a later writer, is the application of logic to mankind. By reasoning we satisfy ourselves. By rhetoric we satisfy others. "Oratory," said Dr. Johnson, "is the power of beating down your adversary's arguments, and putting better in their places."

Most modern orators and rhetoricians content themselves with fulfilling the first part only of this proposition. It is well said by Lord Herbert of Cherbury, that there are two parts of eloquence necessary and recommendable; one is, to speak hard things plainly, so that when a knotty or intricate business, having no method or coherence in its parts, shall be presented, it will be a singular part of oratory to take those parts asunder, set them together aptly, and so exhibit them to the understanding. And this part of rhetoric I much commend to everybody; there being no true use of speech but to make things clear, perspicuous, and manifest, which otherwise would be perplexed, doubtful, and obscure.

Sydney Smith, in his celebrated Peter Plimley letters, affords a notable illustration of the powers of rhetoric in written eloquence. As instance this passage, apropos of the English Embargo act, by which, among other things, drugs were for the moment excluded from France: Such a project is well worthy the statesman who would bring the French to reason by keeping them without rhubarb, and exhibit to mankind the awful spectacle of a nation deprived of neutral salts. This is not the dream of a wild apothecary indulging in his own opium; this is not the distempered fancy of a pounder of drugs, delirious from smallness of profits; but it is the sober, deliberate, and systematic scheme of a man to whom the public safety is intrusted, and whose appointment is considered by many as a masterpiece of political sagacity. What a sublime thought, that no purge can now be taken between the Weser and the Garonne; that the bustling pestle is still, the canorous mortar mute, and the bowels of mankind locked up for fourteen degrees of latitude! When, I should be curious to know, were all the powers of crudity and flatulence fully explained to his majesty's ministers? At what period was this great plan of conquest and constipation fully developed? In whose mind was the idea of destroying the pride, and the plasters of France first engendered? Without castor oil they might, for some months, to be sure, have carried on a lingering war; but can they do without bark? Will the people live under a government where antimonial powders cannot be procured. Will they bear the loss of mer-

cury? "There's the rub." Depend upon it, the absence of the materia medica will soon bring them to their senses, and the cry of *Bourbon and bolus* burst forth from the Baltic to the Mediterranean.

RICHES—are seldom really despised, though they may be vilipended upon the principle of the fox, who imputed sourness to the unattainable grapes. We cannot well attach too much value to a competency, or too little to a superfluity, but we may and do err in generally defining the former as a little more than we already possess. Riches provide an antidote to their bane, for though they encourage idleness, they will purchase occupation, by change of scene, variety of company, pastimes of all sorts, and by that noblest employment of any, the exercise of beneficence. Robinson Crusoe might despise riches—so may a savage; but no sane and civilized man will hold them in contempt.

"If you live," says Seneca, "according to the dictates of nature, you will never be poor; if according to the notions of the world, you will never be rich."

ROMAN CATHOLIC RELIGION—Horace Walpole in his Letters mentions a sceptical *bon-vivant*, who, upon being urged to turn Roman Catholic, objected that it was a religion enjoining so many fasts, and requiring such implicit faith:—"You give us," he observed, "too little to eat, and too much to swallow."

SATIRE—A glass in which the beholder sees everybody's face but his own.

SAW—A sort of dumb alderman which gets through a great deal by the activity of its teeth.—N. B. A bona-fide alderman is not one of the "wise saws" mentioned by Shakspeare, at least in "modern instances."

SCANDAL—What one half of the world takes a pleasure in inventing, and the other half in believing.

SCANDALOUS REPORTS—says Boerhaave, are sparks, which if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves. They have, perhaps, been better compared to volcanic explosions, of which the lighter portions are dispersed by the winds, while the heavier fall back into the mouth whence they were ejected. Scandalous journals, professedly dealing in personality and abuse, have been justly termed the opprobrium of the age. Nuisances as they are, it is, perhaps, wise not to molest them, but to let them die of their own stench. Prosecutions for libel avail little against men of straw, and as to personal chastisement, the rogues

> "Have all been beaten till they know
> What wood the cudgel's of by the blow;
> Or kick'd, until they can tell whether
> A shoe be Spanish or neat leather."

SCHOOLMASTER—A dealer in boys and birch: often an academical tyrant, who, in his utter ignorance of proper management, renders his victims intractable by maltreatment, and then treats them worse for being intractable. Cudgel a little jackass as often as you will, and if he survives your cruelty, he will only end by being a great jackass. Many of our pedagogues, ever ready to ply the birch and the ferula, make no allowance for natural deficiency of talent, while they will often terrify a lad of good abilities, but weak nerves, into an asinine stupidity. The boys from whom they gather their harvest, they seem to consider as so much corn, which must be threshed and knocked about the ears before any grains of sense can be extracted; or perhaps they liken them to walnut trees, which shower down their fruit in return for being well beaten. "The schoolmaster's joy is to flog," says Swift; since when a hundred years have elapsed, and it still remains the favorite pastime of our pedagogues, who seem to think that boys, as well as syllabubs, are to be raised by flogging. Ships and fishes may make their way when steered by the tail; but when we attempt to guide or impel youngsters by a similar process, we only retard or turn them out of their right line. Flagellation, whether of pupils or of soldiers, invariably

hardens and depraves those whom it seeks to reclaim. In nothing is a thorough reform so much wanted as in some of our old-fashioned seminaries and teachers.

An empty-headed youth once boasted that he had been to two of the most celebrated schools in England. "Sir," said a bystander, "you remind me of the calf that sucked two cows." "And what was the consequence?" "Why, sir, he was a very great calf."

SCOTCHMEN—The inhabitants of every country except their own. "No wonder," says Dean Lockier, "that we meet with so many clever Scotchmen, for every man of that country, who has any sense, leaves it as fast as he can."

SCOTT—Sir Walter—Twenty-two bad poets have already written epitaphs upon this celebrated author. What a gain would it be to the world if Sir Walter were now writing theirs!

SCULPTURE—The noble art of making an imperishable portrait in marble or bronze. There are various ways of contemplating these exquisite productions of genius. We may be delighted by the beauty of a statue, amazed by the triumph of manual dexterity which it exhibits, or we may be interested in its associations with the past or the future. Or there is a utilitarian and economical way of considering the matter, which was well illustrated by two artisans, when Chantrey's bronze statue of George the Fourth was first exhibited: "What a lot o' penny pieces all this here copper would have made," observed one.—"Ay, never mind, Jack!" said his companion, pointing at the figure—"it will cost a deal less to keep he, than it does to keep the live un!"

A contemporary writer has asked, why we attach so little value to the wax figures in the perfumers' shops, which approach much nearer to nature than the most elaborate marble bust; but he must have forgotten that all works of art are estimated in the mingled ratio of their difficulty, utility, and permanence, not by their mere similitude to the object im-

itated. "You would not value the finest head cut out upon a carrot," said Dr. Johnson. Here he was right, but he was wrong when he added that the value of statuary was solely owing to its difficulty; for its durability, we might almost say its perpetuity, gives it an almost immeasurable advantage over a perishable painting.

SEA—The—Three-fourths of what we might call the earth—the dwelling-place of whales, walruses, porpoises, seals, sailors, and other monsters.

Strange that we often lose our way in travelling by land, where we have only to follow our nose, pursue the high roads chalked out for us, and read the sign-posts set up for our guidance; while in traversing the pathless deep, with none to ask, and no sea-marks to direct, with nothing to peruse but the blank main and the illegible sky, a vessel seldom fails, however long and remote may be her voyage, to steer direct into her destined harbor. This is the proudest victory of science; the greatest triumph of man over the elements. The little round compass is the ring that marries the most distant nations to each other. Commerce is the parent of civilization; the coasts and ports of a country will be always found more polished than the inland parts. The sea, therefore, shall ever receive the homage of my profound respect, but I cannot admire it. Hunt has justly defined it as a great, monotonous idea. So little do I like it, that I care not to dwell upon it, even with my pen.

SECRETS—A secret is like silence—you cannot talk about it, and keep it; it is like money—when once you know there is any concealed, it is half discovered. "My dear Murphy!" said an Irishman to his friend, "why did you betray the secret I told you?" "Is it betraying you call it? Sure, when I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to somebody that could?"

SECTS—Different clans of religionists, the very variety and number of which should inculcate mutual respect and

toleration, instead of hatred, and that odious self-worship which many people imagine to be worship of the Creator.

"Embracing those whom Europe holds,
The Christian catalogue unfolds
About a hundred different sects,
And due indulgence it should teach
To every follower of each;
If for a moment he reflects,
The chances are against his own,
Just as one hundred are to one."

SELF-LOVE—Thinking the most highly of the individual that least deserves our regard. The self-love of most men consists in pleasing themselves, but there are some cases where it displays itself in pleasing others. In neither is it altogether to be condemned, for our sensibilities may be too weak, as well as too strong, and they who feel little for themselves will feel little or not at all for others. Nothing can be more different than fortitude and insensibility; the one being a noble principle, the other a mere negation; and yet they are often confounded.

SERMONS—Sometimes theological opiates—sometimes religious discourses, attended by many who do not attend to them, and when published, purchased by many who do not read them.

"How comes it," demanded a clergyman of Garrick, "that I, in expounding divine doctrines, produce so little effect upon my congregation, while you can so easily arouse the passions of your auditors by the representation of fiction?" The answer was short and pithy. "Because I recite falsehoods as if they were true, while you deliver truths as if they were false."

SERVANTS—Liveried deputies, upon whose tag-rag-and-bobtail shoulders we wear our own pride and ostentation; household sinecurists, who invariably do the less, the less they have to do; domestic drones, who are often the plagues, and not seldom the masters of their masters. Many who have

now become too grand for grand liveries, and will not shoulder the shoulder-knot, are only to be distinguished from those whom they serve by their better looks and figures, and more magisterial air. Let no man expect to be well attended in a large establishment; where there are many waiters, the master is generally the longest waiter. A Grand Prior of France, once abusing Palapret for beating his lackey, he replied in a rage, "Zooks, sir, he deserves it; I have but this one, and yet I am every bit as badly served as you who have twenty."

SET-DOWN—That species of rebuke familiarly termed a set-down, when it has been merited by the offending party, and is inflicted without an undue severity, is generally very acceptable to every one but its object. An empty coxcomb, after having engrossed the attention of the company for some time with himself and his petty ailments, observed to Dr. Parr, that he could never go out without catching cold in his head. "No wonder," cried the doctor, pettishly, "you always go out without any thing in it." Another of the same stamp, who imagined himself to be a poet, once said to Nat. Lee, "Is it not easy to write like a madman, as you do?" "No; but it is very easy to write like a fool, as you do."

SETTLER—Tom Hood, in one of his delightful Comic Annuals, has an engraving of a colonist meeting a settler in the form of an infuriated lion, who with bristling mane seems prepared to give the stranger a passport down his throat. We may encounter a less formidable, but equally conclusive settler, without stirring from our own firesides, and afford a proof at the same time, that a bad thing put into the mouth will sometimes bring a good thing out of it. An epicure, while eating oysters, swallowed one that was not fresh. "Zounds, waiter!" he ejaculated, making a wry face, "what sort of an oyster do you call this?" "A native, sir," replied the wielder of the knife. "A native!—*I* call it a *settler*, so you need not open any more. What's to pay?"

SHOOTING THE LONG-BOW—Stretching a fact till

you have made it as long as you want it. Lord Herbert of Cherbury's tastes have descended to some of our modern nobility, for he tells us in his Autobiography, "The exercises I chiefly used, and most recommended to my posterity, were, riding the great horse and fencing. I do much approve likewise of *shooting in the long-bow*." So does our ingenious contemporary, Lord G——, who never suffers himself to be outstripped in the marvellous. The Marquis of H—— had engaged the attention of a dinner party, by stating that he had caught a pike, the day before, which weighed nineteen pounds. "Pooh!" cried Lord G——, "that is nothing to the salmon I hooked last week, which weighed fifty-six pounds." "Hang it," whispered the Marquis to his neighbor, "I wish I could catch my pike again; I would add ten pounds to him directly."

SICKNESS—without reference to the religious impressions it is calculated to awaken, is well worth enduring, now and then, not only for the pleasure of convalescence, but that we may learn a due and grateful sense of the blessing of health. "Every recovery," says Jean Paul Richter, "is a *palingenesia*, and bringing back of our youth, making us love the earth, and those that are on it, with a new love."

SIDE WIND ATTACK—The not uncommon custom of pelting a friend, after he has left the company, seems to have been derived from the practice of the ancient tribes, who erected a monument to a departed hero, by throwing stones upon him.

SILENCE—A thing which it is often difficult to keep, in exact proportion as it is dangerous not to keep it. So frail that we cannot even speak of it without breaking it, and yet as easily and as completely to be restored as it was destroyed, few people understand the use, or appreciate the value of this mysterious quality. All men, when they talk, think that they are conferring pleasure upon others, because they feel it themselves; but none suspect that the same object may sometimes

be more effectually obtained by their silence. A good listener is much more rare than a good talker, because the conversation of general society seldom fixes the attention, and thus, in the hopelessness of curing the evil, we aggravate it. "When I go into company," said L——, "I am compelled to become as great a chatterbox as the rest, because I had rather hear my own nonsense than that of other people. "After all," observed his niece one day, when he was twitting her with her loquacity, "I know many men who talk more than women."—"Ay," was the reply, "more to the point."

L—— was once overturned in a carriage with his niece, who finding, after all her screams, that she had received no hurt, asked her uncle how, in such an imminent danger, he could have preserved so perfect a silence. "Because I was tolerably sure that death would not be frightened away by my making a noise."

Socrates, when a chatterbox applied to him to be taught rhetoric, said that he must pay double the usual price, because it would first be necessary to teach him to hold his tongue. We may be sometimes gainers by practising this difficult art, even at a festive meeting. "Silence," exclaimed an epicure to some noisy guests, "you make so much noise that we don't know what we are eating."

SILK—The refuse of a reptile, employed to give distinction and dignity to the lord of the creation. Compare the caterpillar in its cocoon with the king's counsel in his silk gown, and in adjusting the claims of the rival worms, the palm of ingenuity must be conceded to the former, because it spins and fashions its own covering, whereas the latter can only spin out the thread of empty elocution, and weave a web of sophistry. The Abbé Raynal calls silk, "*l'ouvrage de ce ver rampant, qui habille l'homme de feuilles d'arbres élaborées dans son sein.*" Hear how the pompous Gibbon gives the same information. "I need not explain that silk is originally spun from the bowels of a caterpillar, and that it composes the golden tomb, whence a worm emerges in the form of a butterfly." There is an Arabian proverb which conveys the

same fact in a much more moral and poetical form. "With patience and perseverance the leaf of the mulberry tree becomes satin."

SLANDERER—A person of whom the Greeks showed a due appreciation, when they made the word synonymous with devil. Slanderers are at all events economical, for they make a little scandal go a great way, and rarely open their mouths, except at the expense of other people. We must allow that they have good excuse for being defamatory, if it be their object to bring down others to their own level. It may be further urged in their extenuation, that they are driven to their trade by necessity; they filch the fair character of others, because they have none of their own; and with this advantage, that the stolen property can never be found upon them. There is a defence also for their covert and cowardly mode of attacking you, for how can you expect that backbiters should meet you face to face? Nay, they have even a valid plea for being so foul-mouthed, considering how often they have been compelled to eat their own words. Hang them! let us do the fellows justice!

SLOTH—The sloth, in its wild state, spends its life in trees, and never leaves them but from force or accident. The eagle to the sky, the mole to the ground, the sloth to the tree; but what is most extraordinary, he lives not *upon* the branches, but *under* them. He moves suspended, rests suspended, sleeps suspended, and passes his life in suspense—like a young clergyman distantly related to a bishop.

SMITH—Alexander—A noted manufacturer of and wholesale dealer in Images. The subjoined Sonnet to the Sun is evidently by a cook who has thoroughly imbibed the spirit of his great master, the Image-monger:—

"Day is done brown, and set away to cool;
And Evening, like a salad fresh and moist,
And pepper'd with her muster'd stars, comes on;—
The moon, like a large cheese, cut just in half,

Hangs o'er the landscape most invitingly ;—
The milky-way reveals her silver stream
'Mid the blanc-mange-like clouds that fleck the sky ;—
The cattle dun, sleeping in pastures brown,
Show like huge dough-nuts 'mid the deep'ning gloom.
How like a silver salver shines the lake !
While mimic clouds upon its surface move,
Like floating islands in a crystal bowl.
The dews come down to wash the flower-cups clean,
And night-winds follow them to wipe them dry.

" On such an eve as this 'tis sweet to sit
And thus commune with Nature, as she brings
Familiar symbols to the thoughtful breast,
And spreads her feast of meditative cheer.
Day with its broils and fiery feuds is o'er,
Its jars discordant and its seething strifes,
And all its boiling passions hush'd to peace.
Old Earth, hung on her spit before the sun,
Turns her huge sides alternate to his rays,
Basted by rains and dews, and cooks away,
And so will cook, till she is done,—and burnt.

SNUFF—Dirt thrust up the nostrils with a pig-like snort, as a sternutatory, which is not to be sneezed at. The moment he has thus defeated his own object, the snuffling snuff-taker becomes the slave of a habit, which literally brings his nose to the grindstone ; his Ormskirk has seized him as St. Dunstan did the devil, and if the red-hot pincers could occasionally start up from the midst of the rappee, few persons would regret their embracing the proboscis of the offender. Lord Stanhope has very exactly calculated that in forty years, two entire years of the snuff-taker's life will be devoted to tickling his nose, and two more to the agreeable processes of blowing and wiping it, with other incidental circumstances. Well would it be if we bestowed half the time in making ourselves agreeable, that we waste in rendering ourselves offensive to our friends. Society takes its revenge by deciding, that no man would thrust dirt into his head, if he had got any thing else in it.

SOCIETY—If persons would never meet except when they have something to say, and if they would always separate

when they have exhausted their pleasant or profitable topics, how delightful, but alas! how evanescent would be our social assemblages.

SOLDIER—A man machine, so thoroughly deprived of its human portion, that at the breath of another man machine, it will blindly inflict or suffer destruction. Divested of his tinsel trappings, his gold lace, feathers, music, and the glitter of the false glory with which it has been attempted to dazzle the world as to his real state, it is difficult to imagine any thing more humiliating than the condition of a soldier.

Nothing so much shows the triumph of opinion and usage over fact, of the conventional over the abstract, as that a profession, apparently so much at variance with all their feelings, should be chosen by gentlemen of independence, humanity, and reflection. Nothing is more redeeming to our common nature, than that such men, placed in a sphere so expressly calculated to make them both slavish and tyrannical, should generally preserve their good qualities from contamination. Why they ever entered it, we presume not to inquire, but we are bound to believe that the motive was not less rational and amiable than that of the affectionate Irishman, who enlisted in the seventy-fifth regiment, in order to be near his brother, who was a corporal in the seventy-sixth.—(*Vide* Josephus Molitor.)

SPECULATION—A word that sometimes begins with its second letter.

SPELLING—Bad—is sometimes the best, as in the case of the Beer vendor, who wrote over his shop-door, "*Bear* sold here," manifestly implying, as was observed by my friend T. H——, that it was his own *Bruin*. Not less ingenious was the device of the quack doctor, who announced in his printed handbills, that he could instantly cure, "the most obstinate *agues*," thus satisfactorily proving that he was no conjuror, and did not attempt to cure them *by a spell*.

SPINSTER—An unprotected female, and of course a fine subject for exercising the courage of cowards, and the wit of the witless.

STEAM—Strange that there should slumber in yonder tranquil pond a power so tremendous, that, could we condense and direct its energies, it might cleave the solid earth in twain, and yet so gentle that it may be governed, and applied, and set to perform its stupendous miracles by a child! The discovery that water would resist being boiled above 212 degrees, has conferred upon England its manufacturing supremacy, and will eventually produce changes, both moral and physical, of which it is difficult to limit the extent. One bushel of coals, properly consumed, will raise seventy millions of pounds weight a foot high. The Menai Bridge, weighing four millions of pounds, suspended at a medium height of 120 feet, might have been raised where it is by seven bushels of coals. M. Dupin estimated in 1820 the steam engines of England to possess a moving power equivalent to that of 6,400,000 men at the windlass. And this stupendous agent is at present only in its infancy!

STOMACH—The epicure's deity. Buffon gave it as his deliberate conviction, that this portion of our economy was the seat of thought, an opinion which he seems to have adopted from Persius, who dubs it a master of arts, and the dispenser of genius. So satisfied are we of its reflecting disposition, that we call a cow, or other beast with two stomachs, a ruminating animal *par excellence*. To judge by the quantity they eat, we might infer some of our own species to have two stomachs; but when we listen to their discourse we find it difficult to include them in the class of ruminating animals.

STONE—The Philosopher's—The folly of those who have inherited Midas's ears without his touch. A will-o'-the-wisp, however, does not always lead us into quagmires; in running after shadows we sometimes catch substances, and in following illusions overtake the most valuable realities. The pursuit of

the philosopher's stone has by no means been a vain one. Alchemy has given us chemistry, and we are indebted to the astrologers for the elucidation of the most difficult problems in astronomy. The clown who, in running to catch a fallen star, stumbled, and kicked up a hidden treasure, has found many an unintentional imitator among scientific visionaries and star-gazers. Perhaps more has been gained by long and vainly seeking the quadrature of the circle, the longitude, and perpetual motion, than would have arisen from immediate success. Morals, too, have their philosopher's stone, in other shapes than those of Plato's Atlantis, or More's Utopia; and it is healthy to chase such chimeras, if it were only for the sake of air and exercise, in an atmosphere of purity. Many real virtues may be acquired by straining after an imaginary and unattainable perfection. *Crede quòd habes, et habes.* When a thing is once believed possible, it is half realized.

STONE—to pelt with. Dr. Magee affirms that the Roman Catholics have a Church without a religion—the Dissenters, a religion without a Church—the Establishment, both a Church and a religion. "This is false," observes Robert Hall of Leicester; "but it is an excellent stone for a clergyman to pelt with."

STUPIDITY—is often more apparent than real; it may be indisposition rather than incapacity. The human mind is not like logic—the major does not always contain the minor; and men who feel themselves fit for great things, cannot always accomplish little ones. Claude Lorraine was dismissed by the pastry-cook to whom he had been apprenticed, for sheer stupidity. The difficulty did not consist in bringing his mind up, but in bringing it down to the manufacture of bunns and tartlets.

STYLE—To have a good style in writing you should have none; as perfect beauty of face consists in the absence of any predominant feature. Mannerism, whether in writing or painting, can never be a merit. Swift is right when he de-

cides, that "Proper words in proper places make the true definition of a good style."

"He who would write well," says Roger Ascham, "must follow the advice of Aristotle,—to speak as the common people speak, and to think as the wise think." Style, however, is but the coloring of the picture, which should always be held subordinate to the design. "We may well forgive Tertullian his iron style," says Balzac, "when we recollect what excellent weapons he has forged out of this iron, for the defence of Christianity and the defeat of the Marcionites and Valentinians."

SUBSCRIPTIONS—Private—Paying your creditors by taxing your friends; an approved method for getting rid of both. Many years ago, a worthy and well-known baronet, having become embarrassed in his circumstances, a subscription was set on foot by his friends, and a letter, soliciting contributions, was addressed to the late Lord Erskine, who immediately despatched the following answer:—

"My dear Sir John,

I am in general an enemy to subscriptions of this nature; first, because my own finances are by no means in a flourishing plight; and secondly, because pecuniary assistance, thus conferred, must be equally painful to the donor and the receiver. As I feel, however, the sincerest gratitude for your public services, and regard for your private worth, I have great pleasure in *subscribing*—(Here the worthy Baronet, big with expectation, turned over the leaf, and finished the perusal of the note, which terminated as follows:)—in *subscribing* myself,

"My dear Sir John,

"Yours very faithfully,

"Erskine."

SUGGESTION—A friendly one. A man who had had his ears cuffed in a squabble, without resenting the affront, being shortly afterwards in a party, and in want of a pinch of snuff, exclaimed, "I cannot think what I have done with my box;

it is not in either of my pockets."—"Try your ears," said a bystander.

SUPPER—A receipt for indigestion, and a sleepless night. A Spanish proverb says—A little in the morning is enough; enough at dinner is but little; a little at night is too much. This agrees pretty nearly with the Latin dictum—

> "Pone gulæ metas, ut sit tibi longior ætas,
> Esse cupis sanus?—Sit tibi parca manus."

SYMPATHY—A sensibility, of which its objects are sometimes insensible. It may be perilous to discourage a feeling, whereof there is no great superabundance in this selfish and hard-hearted world; but even of the little that exists, a portion is frequently thrown away. Such is the power of adaptation in the human mind, that those who seem to be in the most pitiable plight have often the least occasion for our pity. A city damsel, whose ideas had been Arcadianized by the perusal of pastorals, having once made an excursion to a distance of twenty miles from London, wandered into the fields in the hope of discovering a *bona fide* live shepherd. To her infinite delight, she at length encountered one, under a hawthorn hedge in full blossom, with his dog by his side, his crook in his hand, and his sheep round about him, just as if he were sitting to be modelled in china for a chimney ornament. To be sure, he did not exhibit the azure jacket, jessamine vest, pink tiffany inexpressibles, peach-colored stockings, and golden buckles of those faithful portraitures. This was mortifying; still more so, that he was neither particularly young nor cleanly; but, most of all, that he wanted the indispensable accompaniment of a pastoral reed, in order that he might beguile his solitude with the charms of music. Touched with pity at this privation, and lapsing, unconsciously, into poetical language, the civic damsel exclaimed—"Ah! gentle shepherd, tell me where's your pipe?"—"I left it at home, Miss," replied the clown, scratching his head, "'cause I ha'nt got no baccy."

A benevolent committee-man of the Society for superseding the necessity of climbing boys, seeing a sooty urchin weeping

bitterly, at the corner of a street, asked him the cause of his distress. "Master has been using me shamefully," sobbed the sable sufferer; "he has been letting Jem Hudson go up the chimney at No. 9, when it was my turn! He said it was too high, and too dangerous for me, but I'll go up a chimney with Jem Hudson any day in the year; that's what I will!"

There is a local sympathy, however, in which we cannot well be mistaken, and which it is lamentable not to possess; for that man—to use the words of Dr. Johnson—"is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

Even the most obdurate and perverse natures cannot always resist the power of sympathy. Indecorous as it is, we must quote Lord Peterborough's observation on the celebrated Fénélon;—"He is a delicious creature; I was forced to get away from him as fast as I possibly could, else he would have made me pious." As a profane man may be pleased with piety, so may a wise one be occasionally pleased with folly, through sympathy with the pleasures of others.

Most misplaced and mischievous of all, is that spurious sympathy, by which some of our journalists and novel writers seek to enlist our feelings in the cause of the basest malefactors. "To make criminals the object of a sentimental admiration, and of a sort of familiar attachment; to hold up as a hero the treacherous murderer, whose life has been passed in reckless profligacy, merely because, at his death, he displays a firmness which scarcely ever deserts the vilest, is a task as unworthy of literary talents as it is unfit for cultivated and liberal minds."

TACT—Talent is something, but tact is every thing. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable; tact is all that, and more too. It is not a seventh sense, but is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch: it is the interpreter of all riddles—the surmounter of all difficulties—the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times: it is

useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world. Talent is power—tact is skill: talent is weight—tact is momentum: talent knows what to do—tact knows how to do it: talent makes a man respectable—tact will make him respected: talent is wealth—tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life tact carries it against talent—ten to one. Take them to the theatre, and pit them against each other on the stage, and talent shall produce you a tragedy that will scarcely live long enough to be damned, while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its successful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent, there is no want of dramatic tact, but they are seldom together; so we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful. Take them to the bar, and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry: talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent has many a compliment from the bench, but tact touches fees from attorneys and clients. Talent speaks learnedly and logically—tact triumphantly. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster, tact excites astonishment that it gets on so fast; and the secret is, that it has no weight to carry: it makes no false steps—it hits the right nail on the head—it loses no time—it takes all hints—and by keeping its eye on the weathercock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows. Take them into the church. Talent has always something worth hearing; tact is sure of abundance of hearers. Talent may obtain a living, tact will make one. Talent gets a good name, tact a great one. Talent convinces, tact converts. Talent is an honor to the profession, tact gains honor from the profession. Take them to court. Talent feels its weight, tact finds its way. Talent commands, tact is obeyed. Talent is honored with approbation, and tact is blessed by preferment. Place them in the Senate. Talent has the ear of the House, but tact wins its heart and has its votes. Talent is fit for employment, but tact is fitted for it. It has a knack of slipping into place with a sweet silence and glibness of movement, as a billiard-ball insinuates itself into the pocket.

It seems to know every thing without learning any thing. It has served an invisible and extemporary apprenticeship. It wants no drilling. It never ranks in the awkward squad. It has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on no looks of wondrous wisdom, it has no air of profundity; but plays with the details of place as dexterously as a well-taught hand flourishes over the keys of the piano-forte. It has all the air of common-place, and all the force and power of genius. It can change sides with a *hey-presto* movement, and be at all points of the compass, while talent is ponderously and learnedly shifting a single point. Talent calculates clearly, reasons logically, makes out a case as clear as daylight, and utters its oracles with all the weight of justice and reason. Tact refutes without contradicting, puzzles the profound with profundity, and without wit outwits the wise. Set them together on a race for popularity, pen in hand, and tact will distance talent by half the course. Talent brings to market that which is wanted; tact produces that which is wished for. Talent instructs; tact enlightens. Talent leads where no one follows; tact follows where the humor leads. Talent is pleased that it ought to have succeeded; tact is delighted that it has succeeded. Talent toils for a posterity which will never repay it; tact throws away no pains, but catches the passion of the passing hour. Talent builds for eternity; tact on a short lease, and gets good interest. Talent is certainly a very fine thing to talk about, a very good thing to be proud of, a very glorious eminence to look down from; but tact is useful, portable, applicable, always alive, always alert, always marketable; it is the talent of talents, the availableness of resources, the applicability of power, the eye of discrimination, the right hand of intellect.

TALENT—Such are the changes and chances of the world, and so difficult is it to ascertain our own understandings, or those of others, that most things are done by persons who could have done something else better. If you choose to represent the various parts in life by holes upon a table, of different shapes,—some circular, some triangular, some square, some

oblong,—and the persons acting these parts by bits of wood of similar shapes, we shall generally find that the triangular person has got into the square hole, the oblong into the triangular, and a square person has squeezed himself into the round hole. The officer and the office, the doer and the thing done, seldom fit so exactly that we can say they were almost made for each other.

TALENT—Acquired—What we want in natural abilities may generally and easily be made up in industry; as a dwarf may keep pace with a giant, if he will but move his legs a little faster. "Mother!" said the Spartan boy, going to battle, "my sword is too short." "Add a step to it," was the reply.

TALKERS—Great—not only do the least, but generally say the least, if their words be weighed, instead of reckoned. He who labors under an incontinence of speech, seldom gets the better of his complaint; for he must prescribe for himself, and is sure of having a fool for his physician. How many a chatterbox might pass for a wiseacre, if he could keep his own secret, and put a drag chain, now and then, upon his tongue. The largest minds have the smallest opinion of themselves; for their knowledge impresses them with humility, by showing the extent of their ignorance, and this discovery makes them taciturn. Deep waters are still; wise men generally talk little, because they think much: feeling the annoyance of idle loquacity in others, they are cautious of falling into the same error, and keep their mouths shut, when they cannot open them to the purpose.

Small wits, on the contrary, are usually great talkers. Uttering whatever comes uppermost, and every thing being superficial, their shallowness makes them noisy, and their confidence offensive. If we might perpetrate, at the same time, a pun and paradox, we should affirm, that the smaller the calibre of the mind, the greater the *bore* of a perpetually open mouth. Human heads are like hogsheads—the emptier they are, the louder report they give of themselves. The chatterbox, according to the Italians, "*parla prima e pensa poi*," (speak

first, and think after;) but we have specimens in this country, who never think either before or after. The clock of their word-mill is heard, even when there is no wind to set it going, and no grist to come from it.

M. de Bautré, being in the antechamber of Cardinal Richelieu, at the time that a great talker was loudly and incessantly babbling, begged him to be silent, lest he should annoy the Cardinal. "Why do you wish me not to speak?" asked the chatterbox; "I talk a good deal, but I talk well." "*Half* of that is true," said M. de Bautré.

TASTE—A quick and just perception of beauty and deformity in works of art. This is one definition. In general taste is a metaphorical expression; and it is a mere word of classification, including several distinct feelings of the mind, exactly as the primary taste includes several distinct feelings of the body. It includes the feeling of beauty in all its very numerous meanings, the feeling of novelty, the feeling of grandeur, the feeling of sublimity, the feeling of propriety, and perhaps many others.

Precisely in the same manner, the natural taste includes the taste of sweet, sour, hot, cold, moist, savory, and many others, which are so pleasantly exemplified every day in this great town; so that, when we use the word *taste*, we must recollect that there is no single feeling of the mind which has obtained that name, but that it is a *classifying, comprehensive word*, embracing a great number of distinct feelings.

As for the uses of the word; in the lighter parts of morals it may perhaps be brought in, but in the greater virtues and vices, certainly not. If a man were to kill the minister and church-wardens of his parish, nobody would accuse him of want of taste. The Scythians always ate their grandfathers; they behaved very respectfully to them for a long time, but as soon as their grandfathers became old and troublesome, and began to tell long stories, they immediately eat them: nothing could be more improper, and even disrespectful, than dining off such near and venerable relations; yet we could not with any propriety accuse them of bad taste in morals. Neither is

the word taste used in subjects of pure reasoning. We could not say, that he who discovered an error in a mathematical problem had a good taste for reasoning; that he who made the error had a bad taste;—to find that 12 times 12 is 144, is not a business of taste. Neither can we use the word taste with respect to very useful inventions. We could not say that Bolton and Watt exhibited a great deal of taste in the improvements they made upon the steam-engine; nor could we say that Archimedes exhibited a fine taste in the machines he invented for dashing to pieces the Roman galleys, and knocking out the brains of the Roman soldiers. Some of these things appear too important for the application of that word; others, too certain. It seems to have been intended that the metaphor should apply to feelings connected with pleasure and pain, not with duties and crimes; with the superfluous, the lighter, and more luxurious sensations of the mind, not with those which become the subjects of approbation and disapprobation.

TASTE—Natural—The subject of taste has given rise to a very curious controversy;—whether every feeling of taste depends upon accidental association, or whether, by the original constitution of nature, it is connected with any particular object of sense, it is admitted on all hands that the feeling of beauty and sublimity very frequently, and even in a great majority of instances, depends upon mere association. For one instance:—in the estimation of Europeans, part of the beauty of a face is the color of the cheek; not that there is something in that particular position of red color, which, I believe, is of itself beautiful,—but habit has connected it also with the idea of health. An Indian requires that his wife's face should be of the color of good marketable sea-coal; another tribe is enamored of deep orange; and a cheek of copper is irresistible to a fourth. Every color is agreeable, in each of these instances, which is connected with the idea of youth and beauty; the beauty is not in the color itself, but in the notions which the color summons up.

To prove, however, that there exists, in the human heart,

a natural and innate feeling which may be called taste, it is only necessary to cast one's eyes down the table at a public dinner or an aldermanic banquet; to look at men when (as Bishop Taylor says) they are "gathered round the eels of Syene, and the oysters of Lucrinus, and when the Lesbian and Chian wines descend through the limbec of the tongue and larynx; when they receive the juice of fishes, and the marrow of the laborious ox, and the tender lard of Apulian swine, and the condited stomach of the scarus."

TAVERN—A house kept for those who are not housekeepers.

TAXES—What a nation pays for glory; national glory being obtained in general under the Manifest-Destiny Dispensation. Sydney Smith has well enumerated the fruits of an insane desire for national aggrandizement, as including: "Taxes upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot—taxes upon every thing which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste—taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion—taxes on every thing on earth, and the waters under the earth—on every thing that comes from abroad, or is grown at home—taxes on the raw material —taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man—taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health—on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal—on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice—on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbons of the bride—at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay. The schoolboy whips his taxed top—the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid 7 per cent., into a spoon that has paid 15 per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid 22 per cent.,—and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from 2 to 10 per cent. Besides the

probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers—to be taxed no more."

TEXT—Scriptural—A fertile source of delusion and bigotry to those particularly clear-sighted people, who prefer the letter which killeth, to the spirit which giveth life.

"From drugs intended to impart
Relief to sickness, care, and pain,
The chemist, with transmutive art,
Extracts a poison and a bane.
So does the bigot's art abuse
The sacred page of love and life;
And turn its sweet and hallowed use
To deadly bitterness and strife.

"As purblind or short-sighted elves
Measure their glasses by themselves,
And deem those spectacles most true
Which suit their own distorted view,
So every weak, fanatic creature,
Makes of himself a Bible-meter;
Chooses those portions of the word
Which with his blindness best accord,
And closes up his darken'd soul
Against the spirit of the whole.

"Learn this, ye flounderers in the traps
Of insulated lines and scraps,—
Though all the texts of Scripture shoot,
Like hairs within a horse's tail,
From one consolidated root,
Where beauty, strength, and use prevail,
Singly, they're fit, like single hairs,
Only for springes, nets, and snares."

Tertullian gives the best advice upon this subject when he says—"We ought to interpret Scripture, not by the sound of words, but by the nature of things."—*Malo te ad sensum rei, quam ad sonum vocabuli exerceas.*

THOUGHT—is the spirit of which words are the embodiment. How a fine idea frets till it finds its own true word-

bride! In the union of noble thoughts and fair phrases the sons of God still marry the daughters of men.

TIME—The vehicle that carries every thing into nothing. We talk of *spending* our time, as if it were so much interest of a perpetual annuity; whereas we are all living upon our capital, and he who wastes a single day, throws away that which can never be recalled or recovered.

TINDER—A thin rag—such for instance as the dresses of modern females, intended to catch the sparks, raise a flame, and light up a match.

TITHES—It is maintained by some, that in England the tithes are no hardship, or that they solely affect the landlord: nay, it is affirmed by one writer, that the agricultural interest in general desire their conservation. My friend T. H.—who *will* have his joke, however serious may be the subject, or pitiful the pun it elicits—asserts, that the burden of this impost falls upon the farmer, and that if he be really in favor of the tithe, it must be for the same reason that the Mahometan respects Mecca—because it is the burial-place of his *prophet.*

TITLES OF BOOKS—Decoys to catch purchasers. There can be no doubt that a happy name to a book is like an agreeable appearance to a man; but if in either case the final do not answer to the first impression, will not our disappointment add to the severity of our judgment? "Let me succeed with my first impression," the bibliopolist will cry, "and I ask no more. The public are welcome to end with condemning, if they will only begin with buying. Most readers, like the Tuft-hunters at college, are caught by titles." How inconsistent are our notions of morality! No man of honor would open a letter that was not addressed to him, though he will not scruple to open a book under the same circumstances. Colton's "Lacon" has gone through thirteen editions, and yet it is addressed "TO THOSE WHO THINK." Had the author substituted for these

words "those who think they are thinking," it might not have had so extensive a sale, although it would have been directed to a much larger class. He has shown address in his address.

TOLERATION—Being wise enough to have no difference with those who differ from us. The mutual rancor of conflicting sects is inversely as their distance from each other; no one hating a Jew or a Pagan half so much as a fellow-Christian, who agrees with him in all but one unimportant point.

If a Hindoo or Mahometan philosopher were to contemplate five hundred different sects of Christians, spitting fire and eternal perdition at each other, in flagrant defiance of the very Scriptures which they profess to teach and obey, would he not be tempted to exclaim—"Unhappy men! ye are all likely to be equally right in your denunciations, for when ye condemn each other, ye condemn yourselves!"

"Fain would the bard on all impress
The hatred of intolerance,
Teach them their fellow-men to bless,
Whatever doctrines they advance,
Bid every fierce, contending sect
Humble its passions, and reflect,
That real Christians love the souls
Of those by whom their own are doom'd,
As frankincense perfumes the coals
By which it is itself consumed."

TOMB—A house built for a skeleton: a dwelling of sculptured marble, provided for dust and corruption: a monument set up to perpetuate the memory of—the forgotten.

TONGUE—The mysterious membrane that turns thought into sound. Drink is its oil—eating its drag chain.

TRAVELLERS—The mass of travellers are asses. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing; and especially the very little knowledge of a country and people attainable by a few months' residence. Dickens spent two months in a journey through sixteen of the United States, and left our shores with the impression that all American men chew tobacco and talk through

the nose, and all American women are ignorant. A more ludicrous instance still is that of a M. Fievée, a Frenchman, who in the beginning of this century spent some weeks in England, and collected during that time sufficient material for a book, wherein he makes the following charges against the English: That they do not understand fireworks as well as the French; that they charge a shilling for admission to the exhibition; that they have the misfortune of being incommoded by a certain disgraceful privilege, called the liberty of the press; that the opera band plays out of tune; that the English are so fond of drinking, that they get drunk with a certain air called the gas of Paradise; that the privilege of electing members of parliament is so burdensome, that cities sometimes petition to be exempted from it; that the great obstacle to a parliamentary reform is the mob; that women sometimes have titles distinct from those of their husbands—although, in England, anybody can sell his wife at market with a rope about her neck. To these complaints he adds—that the English are so far from enjoying that equality of which their partisans boast, that none but the servants of the higher nobility can carry canes behind a carriage; that the English have no family affections, and love money so much, that their first question, in an inquiry concerning the character of any man, is, as to his degree of fortune. Lastly, M. Fievée alleges against the English, that they have great pleasure in contemplating the spectacle of men deprived of their reason. And indeed we must have the candor to allow that the hospitality which M. Fievée experienced, seems to afford some pretext for this assertion.

TRIALS—Moral ballast, that often prevents our capsizing. Where we have much to carry, God rarely fails to fit the back to the burden; where we have nothing to bear, we can seldom bear ourselves. The burdened vessel may be slow in reaching the destined port; but the vessel without ballast becomes so completely the sport of the winds and waves, that there is danger of her not reaching it at all.

Danjeau, the French grammarian, when told that a revolution was approaching, exclaimed, rubbing his hands: "Well,

come what may, I have two hundred verbs well conjugated in my desk."

TRIFLES—may be not only tolerated but admired, when we respect the trifler. Little things, it has been said, are only valued when coming from him who can do great things. It has been affirmed that trifles are often more absorbing than matters of importance; but this can only be true when said of a trifler—of a mean mind pursuing mean objects. Mirabeau maintains that morality in trifles is always the enemy of morality in things of importance; a position not less untrue than dangerous; for it is precisely in trivial affairs that a delicate sense of honor and rectitude is most certainly exhibited, as we throw up a feather and not a stone to ascertain the direction of the wind.

TROPICS—Insects are the curse of tropical climates. The bête rouge lays the foundation of a tremendous ulcer. In a moment you are covered with ticks. Chigoes bury themselves in your flesh, and hatch a colony of young chigoes in a few hours. They will not live together, but every chigoe sets up a separate ulcer and has his own private portion of pus. Flies get entry into your mouth, into your eyes, into your nose; you eat flies, drink flies, and breathe flies. Lizards, cockroaches, and snakes, get into the bed; ants eat up the books; scorpions sting you on the foot. Every thing bites, stings, or bruises; every second of your existence you are wounded by some piece of animal life that nobody has ever seen before, except Swammerdam and Meriam. An insect with eleven legs is swimming in your teacup, a nondescript with nine wings is struggling in the small beer, or a caterpillar with several dozen eyes in his belly is hastening over the bread and butter! All nature is alive, and seems to be gathering all her entomological hosts to eat you up, as you are standing, out of your coat, waistcoat, and breeches. Such are the tropics. All this reconciles us to our dews, fogs, vapors, and drizzle—to our apothecaries rushing about with gargles and tinctures—to our cold.

TRUTHS—Many a truth is like a wolf which we hold by the ears—afraid to let it escape, and yet scarcely able to retain it. And why should we let it go, if it be likely to worry or annoy our neighbor. To promulgate truth with a malicious intention, is worse than to infringe it with a benevolent one, inasmuch as a pleasant deception is often better than a painful reality. It was a saying of the selfish Fontenelle, that if he held the most important truth, like a bird in his hand, he would rather crush it than let it go. Lessing, the German, on the contrary, found such a delight in the investigation of truth, that he professed his readiness to make over all claim as its discoverer, provided he might still be allowed to pursue it. Nor can we wonder at his holy ardor, for to follow truth to its source, is to stand at the footstool of God.

A new truth has to encounter three normal stages of opposition. In the first it is denounced as an imposture; in the second—when it is beginning to force itself into notice—it is curiously examined and plausibly explained away; in the third, or *cui bono* stage, it is decried as useless. And when it is finally admitted, it passes only under a protest that it has been perfectly known for ages—a proceeding intended to make the new truth ashamed of itself, and wish it had never been born.

When Algernon Sydney was told that he might save his life by telling a falsehood—by denying his handwriting—he said: "When God has brought me into a dilemma in which I must assert a lie or lose my life, He gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is to prefer death to falsehood.

UGLINESS—An advantageous stimulus to the mind, that it may make up for the deficiencies of the body. Medusa's head was carried by Minerva; and it will generally be found, that as beauty remains satisfied with exterior attractions, plainness strives to recommend itself by interior beauty. Talent and amiability, which are more lovable than mere loveliness, will always impart a charm to their possessor, as the want of them will render even a Venus unattractive. Countenance or moral beauty, the reflection of the soul, is as superior to super-

ficial comeliness, as mind is to matter. It is a halo, which indicates the *mens divinior*, and will win worshippers, however unadorned may be the shrine whence it emanates, for she who looks good cannot fail to be good-looking.

UMBRELLA—An article which, by the morality of society, you may steal from friend or foe, and which, for the same reason, you should not lend to either.

USURY—Law of—Punishing a man for making as much as he can of his money, although he is freely allowed to make as much money as he can. Usury (*ab usu æris*) is rent for money, as rent is usury for land.

VANITY—like laudanum, and other poisonous medicines, is beneficial in small, though injurious in large quantities. No man, who is not pleased with himelf, even in a personal sense, can please others; for it is the belief of his own grace that makes him graceful and gracious. If it be a recommendation to dress our minds to the best advantage, and to render ourselves as agreeable as possible, why should it be an objection to bestow the same pains upon personal appearance? Dress often influences character; for the man whose well-regulated mind has a due sense of propriety and fitness, will train himself from the outside inwards, and act up to his externals. Our present uniformity, and plainness of attire, have given a monotony to character, and lowered the general standard of manners. Who can look on a cloth sleeve and drab trowsers with the elevating feelings inspired by embroidered silk and the dangling sword, which, in determining the rank, conferred, to a certain degree, the sentiments and the demeanor of a gentleman? When men, too, wore different dresses according to their age, they naturally adapted their deportment and conversation to their attire, which tended still further to produce individual consistency, and general variety. As old and young now wear the same habiliments, there is as little difference in their manners as in their coats; a sameness which cannot be right in one direction, and may be wrong in both.

A fool in a high station is like a man in a balloon—everybody appears little to him, and he appears little to everybody.

VERSE—There seems to be no peculiar adaptation of the rhythm or verse to the subject, whether grave or gay, which custom and association may not conquer. The French Alexandrine, in which Racine composed his tragedies, and Voltaire his Henriade, is the burlesque verse of the English. Compare the following, or any other line of the *Phèdre*—

"D'un mensonge—aussi noir—justement—irrité,"

and its rhythm will be found nearly identical with this, from Anstey's Bath Guide—

"For his wig—had the luck—a cathartic—to meet."

On the contrary, the French burlesque verse is nearly the same as the heroic ten syllable verse of the English.

VICE—Miscalculation; obliquity of moral vision; temporary madness. A single vice, thrown aside only because it was worn out, is often considered a valid set-off against all those that we still retain. Heaven, it is said, rejoices over one penitent sinner, more than over ninety and nine that have never erred; but it is not written that one sin, by which we have been abandoned, is to give us acquittance for the ninety and nine that we continue to practise. And yet there are many who seem to imagine, that squeamishness upon a single point will give them warrant for a want of scruple upon all others. Brissot, to whose writings and conduct the horrid massacres of the Tuileries, on the 10th of August, 1792, have been principally ascribed, exclaimed, in defending himself to Dumont,—"Look at the extreme simplicity of my dwelling, and see whether you can justly reproach me with dissipation or frivolity. For two years I have not been near a theatre!" the man whose starch morality will not allow him to witness tragedies at a playhouse, may surely be allowed to perpetrate them on the stage of real life!

It may be doubted, whether vice be so effectually repressed by the fear of future, as of immediate punishment. Jack Ketch exercises a more potent influence than the devil; for none can doubt the existence of the former, while evil men have a strong motive to be sceptical as to the existence and avenging power of the latter. The hope of future reward is the best consolation to the good under affliction; but the belief that virtue and vice are their own reward and punishment, even in this world, will moralize many from a sense of interest, who might not have been so certainly reclaimed by a sense of duty.

VULGARITY—is not found in uncivilized life, because, in that state, there is little difference of rank, and less of manners; nor is it, in a civilized country, a deficiency of politeness or refinement, as compared with the most polished classes; or a peasant may be a gentleman, and a peer a vulgarian.

Vulgarity of manners may coexist with a polished mind, and urbanity with a vulgar one; the union of both constitutes the gentleman, whatever may be the grade in which it is found.

WAGS AND WITS—Lamps that exhaust themselves in giving light to others. Their gibes, their gambols, their songs, their flashes of merriment, their puns and bon-mots, and bright, and sharp, and pointed sayings, are but as so many swords, which, the oftener they are drawn forth, do but the sooner wear out the scabbard. It is much easier to make others forget time, than to prevail on old Chronos to forget us. The *fêtes* to which a man of wit is invited, only afford an excuse to the fates for shortening his thread. He finds it is no joking; his stomach and his convivial reputation fail him at once; his jests die because he cannot digest; so many good things have gone into his mouth, that none can come out of it; and the fellow of mark and likelihood, without whom no party was deemed complete, no laughter-loving guests assured of constant coruscations and cachinnations, becomes used up, worn out, stultified, superannuated, and is left to his

obscure lodging, to digest, if he can, his own indigestions, to be taken by the hand by no one but the gout, and to try solitary conclusions with the grim sergeant—death. An old joke, especially if it be very little of its age, is a bad thing, as the readers of this work must often have exclaimed; but an old joker is a sad thing, as many a facetious ancient has found to his cost.

WANTS—Suicides and self-destroyers. Man's bodily wants have been the great stimulus to all the arts, sciences, and discoveries, which have elevated him to his present civilization. The nakedness, helplessness, and necessities of the "bare forked animal," combined with the amazing powers and lofty aspirations of his reason, have enabled him to become the true lord of the creation, to conquer the elements by which he is surrounded, and to make them minister not only to the removal of his minutest wants, but to the supply of his most superfluous luxuries. Had he been born with the fur coat, or the stomach of a bear, he would have remained a brute, or at best a savage.

WAR—National madness. An irrational act confined to rational beings; the pastime of kings and statesmen, the curse of subjects. Admitting the social instinct of man, Montesquieu was not afraid to confess, that the state of war begins with that of society; but this desolating truth, which Hobbes has abused to praise the tranquillity of despotism, and Rousseau, to celebrate the superior independence of savage life, is with the philosopher the sacred and salutary plea for government and laws, which are an armistice between states, and a treaty of perpetual peace between citizens.

WHISKERS—"I cannot imagine," said Alderman H., "why my whiskers should turn gray so much sooner than the hair of my head." "Because you have worked so much more with your jaws than your brains," observed a wag.

WINDMILLS—Machines which are only kept going by being perpetually puffed, in which respect they bear a pointed

resemblance to certain authors. The latter raise the wind by increasing their sales, whereas the former diminish their sail as the wind increases.

WISDOM OF OUR ANCESTORS—The experience of the inexperienced, and the superior knowledge of the ignorant. Old women in pantaloons, who object to the smallest reform in our antiquated establishments, because they suited our forefathers, recall to memory the debate in the assembly of the Sorbonne upon the propriety of ordering new table-cloths. "What!" exclaimed a gray-bearded doctor, the conservative of the college, "are we wiser than our grandfathers? Are not these the identical cloths of which they so long made use?" "Yes," said another, "and that is the reason why they are completely worn out."

WIT—consists in discovering likenesses—judgment in detecting differences. Wit is like a ghost, much more often talked of than seen. To be genuine, it should have a basis of truth and applicability, otherwise it degenerates into mere flippancy; as, for instance, when Swift says,—"A very little wit is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with a few words spoken plain by a parrot;" or when Voltaire remarks, that "Ideas are like beards; women and young men have none." This is a random facetiousness, if it deserves that term, which is equally despicable for its falsehood and its facility.

Where shall we discover that rarer species of wit, which, like the vine, bears the more clusters of sweet grapes the oftener it is pruned; or, like the seven-mouthed Nile, springs the faster from the head, the more copiously it flows from the mouth?

The sensations excited by wit are destroyed, or at least impaired, if it excites the stronger emotions, or even if it be connected with purposes of utility and improvement. We may laugh where it is bitter, as the Sardinians did when they had tasted of their venomous herb; but this is the risibility of the

muscles, allied to convulsions rather than to intellectual pleasure.

Leigh Hunt devotes forty pages of one of his books—and fails to elucidate the mystery at last. Johnson defines wit as "the faculty of associating dissimilar images in an unusual manner." Sydney Smith, in his "Lectures on Moral Philosophy," shows the fallacy of this definition, gives a better, and broaches the startling doctrine that wit, so far from being necessarily a natural gift, might be studied as successfully as mathematics. It is a question if Sheridan was witty when, staggering along, half tipsy, he was eyed by a policeman, and exclaimed, confidentially, "My name is Wilberforce—I am a religious man—don't expose me."

Talleyrand, when asked by a lady famous for her beauty and stupidity how she should rid herself of some of her troublesome admirers, replied,

"You have only to open your mouth, Madame."

This, if witty, was also ill-natured.

Lord Chatham rebuked a dishonest Chancellor of the Exchequer by finishing a quotation the latter had commenced. The debate turned upon some grant of money for the encouragement of art, which was opposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who finished his speech against Lord Chatham's motion by saying, "'Why was not this ointment sold and the money given to the poor?'" Chatham rose, and said, "Why did not the noble lord complete the quotation, the application being so striking? As he has shrunk from it, I will finish the verse for him—'This Judas said, not that he cared for the poor, but because *he was a thief, and carried the bag.*'"

It was coarse wit when Lord Byron, who was groaning with agony from a severe attack of colic, and exclaiming, "Lord help me! I am dying," was told by Trelawney, "not to make such an infernal fuss about dying."

Luttrell tells a story of Sir F. Gould, who had a habit of adding the phrase "on the contrary" to every thing he said; a gentleman saying to him, "So I hear, Gould, you eat three eggs every morning for breakfast?" "No," replied Sir Francis, "you are mistaken; on the contrary—" "What the devil,"

said Luttrell, "does the *contrary of eating* three eggs mean?" "*Laying* them, of course!" said Sheridan. This was ready wit.

Rowland Hill compared a sinner to an oyster, which opened its shell, all mouth, to take in the water; just as the sinner, with his mouth at full stretch, took in the tide of iniquity. "Heavenly grace," he said, was "like a rump of beef—cut and come again—no mêagre fare, my dear brethren."

Lydia White, an English magazine writer, was an invalid, and fancied herself continually at death's door, and used to invite people to see her die. A friend, who had gone several times by special invitation, and come away disappointed, at last refused to attend, pleading that he "could not afford to waste so much time on a mortuary uncertainty."

Scotchmen are notoriously unable to appreciate a joke. Sydney Smith, who knows them well, says: "It requires a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotch understanding. Their only idea of wit, or *wut*, as they call it, is laughing immoderately at stated intervals."

Some of the Irish judges of olden times were equally dull. One, in giving his dictum on a certain will case, said he "thought it very clear that the *testator* intended to keep a *life interest* in the estate himself." To it Curran frankly replied, "Very true, my lord, very true; testators generally do secure life interests to themselves, but in this case, I think your worship takes the *will* for the *deed*."

Some stupid people repel wit as useless. But it may be asked what is labor without wit? A pair of hands without a head; strength without mind; a solitary, silent, painstaking thing, moving through the dull earth, and blind as the earth in which it works. Labor is a brute beast, which wit harnesses and guides. Labor is wit's slave. By labor a man may live, but it is only by wit that he can live well. By labor, food and clothing may be produced, but by wit come life's ornaments and embellishments. Labor grasps a handful of earth, wit compasses the globe; labor has but two hands, wit works with a thousand; labor digs, wit ploughs; labor toils heavily at the oar, wit spreads the broad sail or imprisons the struggling power of steam; labor writes and slowly multi-

plies the copies of its thoughts, wit prints, and its wisdom flies through the world on a myriad of wings at once; labor grinds wearily at the hand-mill, wit catches the vagrant winds, binds up the strength of the lazily flowing stream, and makes them work its will; labor has no legs but its own, wit appropriates the speed of the horse, or flies unwearily on the wings of the wind; labor sits spinning at its solitary wheel, and slowly produces its fruits, while wit sets a thousand wheels at work at once, and the fable of Briareus ceases to be a romance; labor is a man's humiliation, that brings him and binds him down to the earth, sensualizing his mind, and making him feel as though the very end of his being were but mere existence; labor asks no questions, has no doubts, no thoughts, no aspirations, no intellectual ambition; it sees nothing in nature but night and day, darkness and light—the night to sleep in and the day to work in; and so it moves its melancholy, monotonous round, till it sinks to the dust and sleeps in a forgotten grave. But by wit man lives to all that is around him, above him, or beneath him. It is the ubiquity of the mind that converses at once with the course of the planets and the customs of the antipodes. It is ever busy in seeking to solve the great riddle of being. It is the living principle of life, and is that whereby a man feels that he is. It is the exercise that strengthens but wearies not. It is the activity of intellect that finds as much pleasure in the arising of new doubts as in the solution of its old ones. It is the muscle and nerve of the soul, that longs for difficulties to wrestle with, and has an appetite for mental conflict. Labor, if it thinks at all, thinks only of and for itself; wit, though it thinks for itself, thinks of others; it makes universal acquaintance with universal nature, it reads human thoughts, and sympathizes with human interests. Labor is selfish even in its generosity; wit is generous in its selfishness.

To conclude, you may sometimes show that you have not got your own wits about you, by thinking that other people *have*. When Mrs. M'Gibbon was preparing to act Jane Shore, at Liverpool, her dresser, an ignorant country girl, informed her that a woman had called to request two box orders,

because she and her daughter had walked four miles on purpose to see the play. "Does she know me?" inquired the mistress. "Not at all," was the reply. "What a very odd request!" exclaimed Mrs. M'G.—"Has the good woman got her faculties about her?"—"I think she have, ma'am, for I see she ha' got summut tied up in a red silk handkercher."

WOMAN—An exquisite production of nature, between a rose and an angel, according to a German poet; the female of the human species, according to the zoologists; the redeeming portion of humanity, according to politer fact and experience. Woman is a treasure of which the profligate and the unmarried can never appreciate the full value, for he who possesses many does not possess one. Malherbe says in his Letters, that the Creator may have repented the creation of man, but that he had no reason to repent having made woman. Who will deny this; and which of us does not feel, though in due subjection to a holier religion, the devotion of Anacreon, who, when he was asked, why he addressed so many of his hymns to women, and so few to the deities, answered, "Because women are my deities?"

In England the upper classes are generally so much occupied with public affairs, or with local and magisterial duties, to say nothing of the uncongenial sports of the field, that women are obliged to associate with frivolous danglers and idlers, to whose standard they necessarily lower their minds and their conversation. To appear a *blue-stocking*, subjects a female to certain ridicule with those coxcombs who adopt the silly notion of *Lessing*, "that a young lady who thinks, is like a man who rouges," and who maintain that she should address herself, not to the sense, but to the senses of her male companions. Politics have thus tended to effect a mental dissociation of the sexes, the jealousy of dunces to trivialize the conversational intercourse that still subsists, and women, whose unchecked intellectual energies would be "Dolphin-like, and show themselves above the element they move in," are compelled to bow to this subjection, unless they have the courage to set up for blue-stockings—and old maids. Were their supremacy to effect no

change in the present general character of the sex, I believe the world would be an incalculable gainer by making them lords of their lords, and committing to them the sole direction of all affairs, both national and domestic. As some of our most distinguished sovereigns have been females, is it unreasonable to conclude that we should ensure permanent good government for the whole human race, by acknowledging the sovereignty of the sex?

To the French must be assigned the honor of the following just encomium, "*Sans les femmes les deux extrémités de la vie seraient sans secours, et le milieu sans plaisirs.*"

WORDS—Sometimes signs of ideas, and sometimes of the want of them. When so many are coining new words, it is a security against a superfluous supply to know that old ones are occasionally lost. An Eton scholar, whose faculties had been bemuddled with the spondees and dactyls of prosody, having got out of nominal into real nonsense verses, carried up a *soi-disant* Latin epigram to his master. After reading it over two or three times very carefully, the pedagogue exclaimed, "I cannot find any verb here." "That is the reason that I brought it to you," said the boy with great *naïveté;* "I thought you might perhaps tell me where it was."

WORLD—The—A great inn, kept in a perpetual bustle by arrivals and departures: by the going away of those who have just paid their bills, (the debt of nature,) and the coming of those who soon have a similar account to settle:—*Decessio pereuntium, et successio perituroruni.*

WRITING—Painting invisible words—giving substance and color to immaterial thought, enabling the dumb to talk to the deaf.

WRONG—may be aggravated without any increase of evil doing, as good may be diminished without any abatement of actual beneficence. "Joyful remembrances of wrong actions," says Jean Paul, "are their half repetitions, as repentant remem-

brances of good ones are their half abolishment. In law, the intention, not the act, constitutes the crime; and in the moral law, virtue should be measured by the same standard.

YAWNING—Opening the mouth when you are sleepy, and want to shut your eyes; an infectious sensation very prevalent during the delivery of a tedious sermon, or the perusal of a dull novel, but never experienced when reading a work like the present!

YEARS—of discretion. The young and giddy reader is requested to see—Greek Calends.

YOUTH—A magic lantern, that surrounds us with illusions which excite pleasure, surprise, and admiration, whatever be their nature. The old age of the sensual and the vicious is the same lantern without its magic—the glasses broken, and the illusions gone, while the exhausted lamp, threatening every moment to expire, sheds a ghastly glare, not upon a fair table-cloth, full of jocund associations, but upon what appears to be a dismal shroud, prepared to receive our remains.

And now, gentle reader, or rather may I call you simple, if you have waded through this strange farago, here will I bring it to a close, hoping by its example the better to impress upon you the pithy precept, that all our follies and frivolities, all our crude and undigested notions, all our "bald and disjointed talk," should, like this little volume, terminate with —YOUTH.

THE END.

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